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THE

BENGAL MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY



THE REV. LAL BEHARI DAY.

VOL. I.

AUGUST 1872 TO JULY 1873.



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PROSPECTUS.

It is proposed to start, from the month of August next, a Monthly Magazine which, besides containing articles on light literature, will take up all important questions connected with Indian politics and society. The Magazine will be conducted in the English language, and will be called THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE will be edited by the REV. LAL BARI DAY. No pains will be spared to make the Magazine worthy of the best educated and most advanced section of the Bengali community. The following gentlemen have kindly promised to contribute:—

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Hooghly College.

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Mr. H. C. Dutt.

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College.

Gour Das Basack, *Dpty. Magistrate, Howrah.*

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE will at first consist of 48 pages, demy octavo. It will be issued regularly on the first day of every month. The first number of the Magazine will come out on the first day of August next. The rate of subscription will be six Rupees a year, free by post, *when paid in advance*. Parties who do not pay for a whole year before the issue of the second number, will be charged at the rate of 12 Annas a number, or 9 Rupees a year.

All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor Hooghly College, Chinsurah; and all communications on business to the Managing Proprietor, Baboo Nemye Chand Seal, Chinsurah.

All remittances to be made in Money Orders on the H^{on}ble Treasury, in Currency Notes of five Rupees, or postage stamps, half-anna only.

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STATE OF THE EMPIRE.

By the Editor.



In commencing a monthly journal, in the pages of which will be discussed, from time to time, various important questions connected with Indian politics and society, it will not, we trust, be deemed unseasonable to take, at the outset, a rapid survey of the present state of that magnificent empire which England has reared in Eastern Asia. Viewing this vast country both in its external and internal aspects, we may say in one word that the *empire is peace*. The last shot has long ago been fired against the Lushais and other savage tribes on the eastern frontiers of Bengal ; and the general harmony which pervades the empire is, at this moment, undisturbed by a single note of discord from Peshawur to the banks of the Irrawady and from Cape Comorin to the foot of the Himalayas. Nor is there any likelihood, at least for some time to come, of the breaking out either of an external war or of an internal insurrection. As regards external war, the only quarter where it can break out is the North Western Frontier ; but on the tops of the mountains that gird those regions no clouds are visible,—no, not a single cloud even of the size of a man's hand. The sky is still and serene, and no sounds are heard except the screams of the mountain eagle and falcon. It is true that the lair of the Russian bear is not far from our frontiers ; but, besides that we have a trusty friend in the present ruler of Cabul whose war-like subjects must be exterminated before the Cossack or a put foot on Indian soil, the attention of the northern *Ursus* has begun, to a large extent, to be diverted— and will continue for a long time to be diverted—from Central Asian politics to those of Central Europe; in consequence partly of the internal agitations in the Austro-Hungarian kingdom, and partly of the solidarity of the German States under the hegemony of Prussia. The turning the Black Sea into a Russian lake, which the wily Czar has virtually effected,

may raise the surmise that he has some designs upon Turkey, but the other great powers of Europe will scarcely allow the "sick man" of Constantinople to be prematurely cut off ; while the approaching settlement of the "*Alabama Claims*" will put an end to the idea of a possible union of Russia with the United States against England. We are, indeed, told of the "fanatic host" of Wahabis ready to pour upon us in bodies ; but that fanatic host, as a source of danger to the empire, is to be found, not so much on our frontiers, as in the lively imagination of Dr. Hunter. In the east, Burmah is powerless ; the Himalayas present an insurmountable barrier on the north ; and the illimitable ocean which washes our shores on the south is England's own element.

Turning to the internal state of the empire, we find it equally peaceful. The most warlike nations, like the Sikhs and Mahrattas, have been disarmed ; the great feudatories, like Scindia and Holkar, seem well content to repose under the shadow of British protection ; and there is no native power in the country that is able to contend against the might of England. It is true that there are inflammable materials in the empire which may readily take fire, and create a disturbance. There are the Wahabis scattered in various parts of the country ; and Sir Donald Macleod tells us—we know not on what authority—that there are about one hundred thousand Kukas who are greatly disaffected towards the Government : but the activity of those politico-religious fanatics seems to have been effectually checked, and, even if they be now secretly concerting their plans, they are too weak to endanger the safety of the empire.

That there should be discontent amongst a population of one hundred and fifty millions of souls held in subjection by a few thousand foreigners, is no marvel ; the marvel is that there is so little of it. This discontent, seldom rising however, except in the case of the Wahabis and the Kukas, into political disaffection springs from what has been called the "unsympathizing" character of the Government. And yet for a Government, placed in the circumstances in which the British Indian is, it is hard, we be-

almost said, impossible to have a community of feeling and interest with the vast millions over which it holds sway. India is not inhabited by one homogeneous people ; it is dwelt in by twenty different nations, each having laws, institutions, manners and customs dissimilar to those of the rest ; and all of them separated by a wide gulf from the nation which rules over them. Race, nationality, language, civilization, religion—difference in any one of these is sufficient to estrange one nation from another ; in India, all these potent influences combined together have made it impossible that there should be perfect sympathy between the conquerors and the conquered. Hence it is that the ruling of a large country, like India, by a foreign nation, like the British, is one of the most difficult problems in the science of government. The difficulty arises chiefly from the responsibilities which the civilized Governments of modern times have, even among a conquered people, been made to assume to themselves. The old Romans met with no such difficulty, simply because they maintained their power by an absolute military despotism, which despoiled the subject races of all political and many civil rights, and deprived them of all liberty, except, perhaps, in matters of religion. In modern times, and amongst civilized and Christian nations, the problem of government, especially over subject races, has become an extremely complicated one. The conquered races are not only not deprived of all liberty, but they are actually educated and trained to self-government—how to reconcile this liberty with the maintenance of foreign domination is the great problem of the day ; and we must say that this problem is being worked out in India in as satisfactory a manner as it is reasonable to expect.

A great deal has been recently written, and is now being written, on what has been called the disloyalty of the vernacular press in Bengal. Any one that reads the Bengali papers attentively must know that the charge is an utterly groundless one. It is true that the language in which some of the Bengali papers sometimes criticise the measures of Government is strong ; but *bona fide* criticism, however strong, is one thing, and seditious language,

quite another. We are pretty regular readers of the Bengali newspapers, and we can honestly say that we have seldom met in their columns any passages which might be fairly construed into the language of sedition. We fear some "able editors" of Anglo-Indian newspapers understand the phrase "seditious language" in a different sense from the rest of the world. Whenever a European, or a body of Europeans, are denounced, owing to questionable practices, by the Bengali press, those denunciations are construed into seditious language, as if every British loafer that preys upon the country is to be identified with the Government. Seditious writing, as we understand the expression, is an inflammatory piece of composition, which is calculated to create disaffection against the Government and to raise an insurrection. Understanding the phrase in this sense, we confess we have not found seditious writing in the Bengali newspapers ; and Anglo-Indian editors have not been able as yet to produce from them extracts which would be pronounced seditious in any court of justice in India or England. There is, we admit, very strong writing, but such writing is less the effect of a spirit of disaffection, or of ignorance, to which latter cause a respected weekly contemporary ascribes it, than of vanity and conceit. Intoxicated with the sweets of new-found liberty, generously conceded to them by an indulgent Government, some of the editors of vernacular newspapers, who are for the most part young men, imagine themselves to be patriots—the Brutuses and Hampdens of their race—and make use of language which a little reflection would lead them to eschew. Having command of the columns of a newspaper, "with fire in each eye", they enact the *role* of paper-patriotism, denounce, in scathing language, judges, magistrates and Lieutenant Governors, and, as the Bengali adage has it, "kill viziers and kings". But their thunder and lightning are innocuous enough; they do harm to no mortal, excepting perhaps to their manufacturers; and for Government seriously to interfere and to gag the vernacular press, as some Anglo-Indian editors propose, would

" Resemble ocean into tempest wrought,

To waft a feather or to drown a fly."

It is a thousand pities, however, that Bengali writers, of all people in the world, should use strong language against the British Government. Of all people in British India, Bengalis have the least reason to be discontented with the Government. The Mahomedan, whose dominion has been overthrown, the Mahratta and the Sikh, whose independence has been subverted, may have some reason for disaffection ; the Bengali, none. The Bengali never had dominion ; and he had been deprived of his liberty half a millennium before the Anglo-Saxon set foot on Bengal. And during those dreary centuries he was the prey of every rapacious conqueror. He was despised by the Hindustani, robbed by the Mahratta, and treated as a slave by the Mahomedan. It is only since the ascendancy of British power that the Bengali has begun to look up. It would, in our opinion, be an act of the blackest ingratitude, if Bengalis showed any disaffection to that very government to whose beneficence they owe their present advance over the rest of the people of India. But the manifestation of such a spirit of disaffection on the part of Bengalis would be not only an ungrateful but a suicidal act. Suppose, for a moment, that the British power in India were overthrown—God grant that the shadow of the British Lion may never grow less !—but make the supposition, however improbable it may be, that, by a hitherto unheard-of combination of all the Princes and Chieftains of India, and by a sudden and simultaneous rising of the Sikhs, the Mahrattas and the Rajputs, the British power were overthrown—we should like to know where the Bengalis would then be. Physically the weakest people in all India, without exaggeration, and the least warlike, they would be an easy prey to any adventurer that chose to lord it over them. Nor would Universities, Colleges, Schools, and the Degrees of Bachelors and Masters of Arts, be of any avail on that terrible day. The stalwart Sikh, the energetic Mahratta, and the brave Rajput, would laugh at our hopeless weakness, our English learning, and our loud talk, and, regarding us as the *protege* of the hated *Feringhi*, would rob us of our riches and of our honour, would render our condition more miserable than

have been in the worst days of British domination,—thus making us objects of commiseration to a pitying universe. It is on these grounds that we would advise our brethren of the vernacular press to abstain from all talk, to rest and be thankful ; and if they have any representations to make to the “powers that be,” to make them in decent, moderate and respectful language.

We have said above, that it is no marvel, if there should be some discontent among a population of one hundred and fifty millions of souls held in subjection by a few thousand foreigners ; but this discontent, which it is natural to expect, has, we fear, been increased by the manner in which the finances of this empire have been recklessly managed. Far be it from us to reflect on the financial policy of the present Chancellor of the Indian Exchequer, Sir Richard Temple. Sir Richard is no better and no worse than any of his predecessors, James Wilson not excepted. It is not this or that particular financier that is to blame ;—for that matter, if Mr. Gladstone himself, who is looked upon as one of the ablest financiers in England, were to come out and take charge of our Indian finance, we suspect he would not be one whit more successful than Sir Richard Temple. It is the system and not the individual that is to blame. The whole system of our finance is rotten to the core. The result of this system has been a fearful increase of taxation, and increase of taxation is but another name for increase of discontent. It is true that, under British rule, the people of India are enjoying more material advantages, of a certain description, than they did under Mahomedan or Hindu rule ; but it is also true that they are now more heavily taxed than in any period of their history. No doubt, as civilization increases, taxation must increase ; but we submit that the increase of taxation in India is not in all proportion with the increase of material prosperity. The Indian revenue now amounts to fifty millions of pounds sterling ; and yet with this magnificent revenue we are not only unable to cover all our expenses but are actually hampered with a deficit of upwards of one hundred and eighty millions. What is the cause of this ruinous state of things ? When Demosthenes

was asked what the first qualification of an orator was, he is said to have replied—action ; when asked what the second qualification was, he is said to have replied, action ; and the third, action. Similarly, if we were asked—what is the first remedy for the financial disorders of India? we should answer—Retrenchment. What is the second remedy ? Retrenchment. What is the third remedy ? Retrenchment. In that one word lies the solution of the financial problem of India.

Of all Governments in the world the Indian Government is the most extravagant and reckless in its expenditure. The salaries of Indian Civil Servants, especially in the higher grades, are without a parallel in the annals of any other nation. Those salaries must have been fixed at a time when it was believed that gold mohurs grew on trees, were as plentiful as blackberries, and could be had for the plucking. Unfortunately, however, the pagoda tree no longer grows on Indian soil ; and money is now made in India, as elsewhere, slowly and in small sums, in mints which must be supplied with silver and gold, of which we have, certainly, no endless store.

Far be it from us to advocate any reduction in the strength of the British army in India, especially when the highest military authorities in the country have declared that the present army is barely sufficient for the defence of the empire. Though the cost of the army is tremendous, we would not take away one British soldier from the country, as we would not imperil its security. Still, there is ample room for reduction in the Commissariat Department which though greatly shorn of the glories it had in those good old days when contractors made their fortune in no time, is proverbially wasteful in its expenditure.

As to the Public Works Department, it has obtained the *soubriquet* of the Public Waste Department. It is not too much to say that any work done by the Department can at any time be done by private companies at half the cost. But this is not all. Palatial buildings called barracks, are no sooner constructed in one place at an immense cost, than they are pronounced to be in

unhealthy locality ; and forthwith abandoned ; abandoned but not pulled down—indeed, they are annually repaired at considerable expense, though they are inhabited by no other beings than moles and bats. Bridges are built across rivers,—and they are certainly necessary for communication between different parts of the country ; but somehow, most of these bridges have the singular faculty of tumbling themselves down, every rainy season, into the river below.

Railways and canals are splendid works of public utility. But the question is—are they reproductive works ? If they are not, we must deny ourselves the enjoyment of those luxuries. The fact is, the Indian Government is very much in the position of the man spoken of in the Gospel who began to build a high tower, but who had not the wherewithal to finish it. There is this difference, however, between the two cases, that whereas, in the one case, the tower remained unfinished for want of means, the Indian Government is never without resources. If its own pocket is empty, it can indent upon the pockets of others. The advice may seem too simple, nevertheless our Government stands in need of it—Don't begin to build till you have spare cash in your purse. Thus while the Government is getting infinite credit in Europe for constructing vast works of public utility, the condition of the people is deteriorating. Behold the picture ! A magnificent system of railways, covering the country with a network of iron roads ; splendid canals, extending over thousands of miles ; superb bridges, hanging over rivers like fairy fabrics. This is one side of the picture. What do we find on the other side ? A nation sinking in debt ; the peasantry reduced to the brink of starvation ; and all classes of the population groaning under the load of taxation. It has been said that Lord Northbrook has come to this country on a “ mission of rectification and reform ” ; if so, we beseech His Excellency to apply unmercifully the shears of retrenchment to every Department of the State.

Next, in importance and immediate urgency, to financial reform, is the question of the education of the mass of the people.

The true way to improve the condition of the people is to educate them ; but for the education of the mass of the people, and especially the peasantry, there is no provision. The Government is doing a good deal to promote “ high education ”—though that “ high education ” is, in all conscience, sufficiently low—among the middle classes, by the establishment of schools, Colleges, and Universities ; but of the mass of the people, who virtually constitute the nation, it may be truly said that they are “ perishing for lack of knowledge.” The Government is, doubtless, doing a good work in annually turning out so many Bachelors of Arts and Masters of Arts. But “ what are they among so many ? ” We have a few hundreds of educated young men, but the mass of the population are steeped in the thickest ignorance. In an educational point of view, the whole empire may not be inaptly compared to one of the numerous Jheels of our native land, in which you meet here and there a gorgeous water-lily lifting up its proud head above the waters, but the whole of it, stretching perhaps for miles together, is a swampy marsh, stagnant and fetid. If Lord Northbrook, before he lays down the sceptre of viceregal authority, devises a scheme of popular education which will place the means of enlightenment within the easy reach of every cottage in the empire, he will confer on India an inestimable boon and will win for himself imperishable renown.

THE TAGORE WILL.

There are few persons in Bengal who have not heard of the remarkable Will which the late Prossuno Coomar Tagore, C. S. I., left behind him. Nor are there many, among those who have heard of the Will, that are indifferent to its fate. So many are the legacies and bequests devised to individuals and public bodies, that those who have an immediate interest, either personal or corporate, in its success, may be counted certainly by hundreds, if not by thousands. The single devise, to servants of ten years standing of 100 Rs. for every rupee they had in the way of monthly salary, and to those of five years standing of 50 Rs. for every Rupee of monthly salary, has brought in multitudes of men as claimants of the Testator's bounty. It appears that no complete register was kept of persons who had served the deceased in any capacity, and if a claimant has recourse to hard swearing, if he declares that he had shaved the late Baboo's beard, or pared his nails, or stitched his buttons, or cleaned his shoes, or shampooed his feet, and there is no means of disproving the allegation, he succeeds in carrying off his coveted booty. Claimants of Prossunno Coomar's bounty have constantly appeared on "the Peremptory Cause Board" of the High court, and hardly a week has passed of late without some claimant of that sort in the Small Cause Court. The Will in this respect has given occasion to the scrambling of what is called a "Hurree loot".

And as to those who had still more substantial interests at stake, whether immediate or remote, their anxiety and suspense, *pendente lite*, could be easily imagined. But there were multitudes of men who had no personal weal or woe, to hope or fear from the Will, and who had yet been watching its passage through the different stages of constitutional litigation, with an interest the intensity of which it is impossible to exaggerate. Some from sympathy, some from antipathy, some from political, some from religious inclinations, and some again from the prospect of unbarred Hindoo estates ail, still more privileged than those of mediæval Europe, had read and inquired about the Will and the pending litigation, with

an anxiety equal to that of the contending parties immediately interested.

The Will itself embodied two opposite principles which lawyers might reconcile, but which must appear discordant to our lay uninstructed understandings. It claimed for the testator himself an extent of testamentary power, which, if exercised by his own predecessors, would have left *him* no chance of devising anything, and at the same time it tied the hands of his successors for ever, so that none after him could have absolute dominion over the property. And while alienating the property from his own family, the Will was wanting in the very devise which was necessary for such alienation, and was therefore essential to testamentary validity. The residue, the proprietary dominion, the fee simple, was given to no one ! The Will, after devising certain legacies and annuities, merely named some four or five individuals and their heirs male according to the English law of primogeniture, but not necessarily heirs male of their own body, and directed that they should successively have the *use* of his property, and enjoy the rents and profits of his estate without any power of gift, sale or bequest.

Another peculiarity of the Will was that even the *use and enjoyment* of the estate were postponed until the payment of legacies was completed and the annuities had been satisfied and fallen in. The legacies were to be paid, not from existing funds, not by the sale of property or capital, but from the nett rents of the one, and the interest and dividends of the other. The legacies we believe would exceed ten lacs of Rupees, and without recourse to legal arguments, forensically proper only for the bar, we may even popularly maintain that large as the testator's estates were, the gift of the legacies, bearing interest if postponed, anticipated the future resources of a number of years which it is impossible to estimate. The annuities amounted to about two thousand Rupees per mensem. But the postponement of the *use* of the estates on the part of beneficiaries named in the Will, until the lapse of all the annuities, must, as regarded the beneficiaries of the existing generation, have been tantalizing to them all. The annuities could not lapse until

the death of all the annuitants. They were ten in number—namely two daughters of the Testator, six grandsons and two granddaughters. Seven of them were mere minors at the time of the Testator's death—five of them were under the age of ten, and one, an infant only three months old. No one could say that any of the existing beneficiaries would outlive all the annuitants. In the ordinary calculations of human life, allowing the same average both to the annuitants and the beneficiaries, the infant grandchild, three months old, must outlive them all. The *probability* was that some of the five youngest would outlive *all* the expectants of life-estates of the present generation.

A still more remarkable feature of the Will was the enforcement of a rigorous Salic law—oddly coupled with the recognition of the power of posthumous adoption.

“ Provided always and I hereby declare that any and every son adopted according to Hindoo Law shall in respect of all the devises limitations and provisions in this my Will contained and may be deemed and taken to be a son of the body of his adoptive father and that in respect of each male child born after a son has been adopted by his father every such last mentioned adopted son shall be deemed and taken to be a younger son of the body of his adoptive father within the meaning of this my Will and shall be capable of so taking as a son or heir male of the body of his adoptive father. Provided also that a son or sons duly adopted by a widow after her husband's death under and according to directions from such husband to her to adopt a son or sons shall (whether such son be the first son adopted by such widow in pursuance of directions from her deceased husband or whether he be a son subsequently adopted by her in pursuance of such directions but after the death of a first or other son so adopted by her) be in all respects for the purposes of this Will taken as an adopted son of such husband and shall take under this my Will exactly or if he had been adopted by such husband in his lifetime. ” To these provisions was added the clause by which females could never hold the estate, and neither males nor females have any claim to maintenance: “ To the exclusion of females and their descendants and to the exclusion of all rights and claims for provision or maintenance of any person male or female out of the estate. ”

Herein lay an element of confusion, and an inconsistency, which perhaps escaped the Testator's notice. Notwithstanding the legal invalidity of the Will overriding both Hindoo and English

law, and attempting by a testamentary fiat, to introduce in Bengal a *statute of uses* in which the feudal element of the dark ages was strangely mixed up with the Hindoo law of adoption, there was still a bold consistency in the testamentary sketch which we could not help admiring. The limitations which Hindoo law allows only to female estates were extended to male estates, the equal rights of sons which Hindoo law maintains were sacrificed on the altar of European primogeniture, and the European idea of "heirs male of the body" had engrafted on it the double fiction in Hindoo law of sons adopted in life and after life. But there was a strange inconsistency in this motley compound of the Salic Law and the Hindoo law of posthumous adoption. Neither women nor descendants in the female line were ever to have anything to do with the estate, and yet a power was given to women by which they might keep the estate in abeyance for more than half a century. Suppose, in case the Will were maintained in its integrity, unclipt and unpruned, one of the life-tenants died without male issue, and left a power of adoption to a youngwidow of 12. That widow might outlive her husband for seventy years without either renouncing or exercising her power of adoption. The next tenant in succession could not come in until she either died or renounced her right of adoption. What was to become of the estate in the interval? The widow could not herself hold it, because women were rigorously excluded from dominion over the Testator's property, nor could the next tenant in tail come in while she wielded the formidable power of posthumous adoption. This would always remain an essential flaw in the Will, even if such a revolutionary power of devising a perpetual succession of estates tail male in primogeniture could have been judicially tolerated. The flaw we have mentioned would render the Will impossible of execution. The Testator put new wine into old bottles and the bottles must necessarily break.

With reference to the Testator's only son and heir at law the Will says :

"I have already made such provision for my son Ganender Mohun Tagore as I consider sufficient and he will take nothing whatever under his my Will."

What the rights of the heir at law were in the case of such a will is a legal question with which we ourselves could not presume to meddle. That question has now been already decided in London. We shall presently refer to that decision, but meanwhile we are desirous of noticing the various constructions which the popular voice had put on the above clause and the conflicting opinions we had heard concerning it.

These opinions might be generally ranged under two heads : (1) Those which were hostile to the heir at law, (2) those which were favourable to him. Persons who were opposed to the heir argued from the above clause that he was entirely excluded and disinherited. He could claim nothing. If there were flaws in the Will, they must be so construed as to be consistent with his exclusion—he could not benefit by those flaws—he was effectually put out. He could have no cause of action. Any advantage which might be given to him must be an infringement of the Testator's intentions.

Those who were friendly to the heir at law argued that the clause above-mentioned says nothing about absolute disinheritance. The disinheritance is qualified by the words "under the Will." The heir could take nothing under the Will, but the residue of the estate not having been devised to any body, the proprietary right remained with him, as undevised of estate, by the natural operation of law. Whatever was not given away by testamentary devise must remain as *his*, for who else could claim it ? And as to the intention of the Testator, no one could presume to construe it in an unnatural direction further than the Testator's own words would justify.

Those who were indifferent to the personal interests of the parties concerned, said that if the legislature had determined that change of religion did not involve forfeiture of inheritance, then a father *could not* disinherit his only son. Persons, who were strict Hindoos, and were acquainted with the habits of the Testator, said that the father had no right to disinherit a son who only followed his own footsteps in practices which were opposed to the rules of Hindoo caste. An upcountry Maharajah, a staunch Hindoo of the orthodox school, who had come to pay

his respects to the then recently arrived viceroy, Lord Mayo, in 1869, remarked at an evening party, when the conversation had turned on the late Prossunno Coomar Tagore's Will, that it was very wrong to have passed over the son—for the son only did “openly” what the father did “secretly.” His highness meant that, not religious devotion of any kind, not theological dogmas, but forbidden meats and drinks and similar breaches of caste-rules could alone justify the exclusion of a son—and in these respects the son did not go beyond the father's example. Most orthodox Hindoos reasoned in the same way.

It is remarkable that the Testator himself shrank from the idea of disinheriting his son. He was anxious that he should not be considered an unkind father, and that no slur of that kind should be cast on his memory when he was dead and gone. The Will itself did not contain a single unkind expression against the son nor any endearing terms in reference to the beneficiaries by whom he was superseded. The Testator appears to have sedulously avoided any expression of affection or attachment to those to whom the *uses* of the estate were devised. And he had so regulated the provisions of the Will that the first beneficiary should reap the least possible benefit from his devises. He had only an allowance of Rs. 30000 per annum. If the Will had stood in its integrity, no beneficiary, existing at the time of the Testator's death, could have come to the enjoyment of the coveted prize until all the annuitants were dead, and, as we have stated above, none of them could expect to live to see them cleared. It might yet be seventy or eighty years before they all vanish from the land of the living. What existing beneficiary could hope for such a long lease of life? Not certainly the first beneficiary. We say in all good wish that the most sanguine friend could not promise him a life of 110 or 120 years duration. The testator must have calculated on this effect of his provisions. Who then can say that he preferred the first beneficiary or any other existing person to his son and heir at law? He had certainly sacrificed the heir's rights on the altar of a new rule of inheritance which he attempted to engender.

on the Hindoo law—a rule of perpetual unbarred estates tail male in primogeniture, but if that altar could not itself stand, then the intended sacrifice could not take place at all—the victim must be set free, and therefore he added the words “under the Will” in the so-called disinheriting clause ; doubtless implying that his son would take nothing if his testamentary scheme succeeded, but every thing if it failed.

That he did not intend to disinherit his son in any other sense is as indisputable in the light of an actual fact as it is now an authoritative ruling of judicial construction. He himself disavowed such an intention before a gentleman whose veracity no one will doubt, and he authorized that gentleman to contradict any one who might brand his memory with such a stigma. The gentleman we allude to is the Rev. C. H. A. Dall of Calcutta, who felt it his duty to make a solemn declaration on the subject in order to vindicate the memory of one who can no longer speak for himself. Mr. Dall’s affidavit is as follows:

“ I Rev. C. H. A. Dall, of the Calcutta Unitarian Mission, make oath and say ; First, I say that I knew and was personally well acquainted with the late Hon’ble Prossunno Coomar Tagore and that about the year 1865, A. D. (to the best of my knowledge and recollection,) he, speaking with deliberation and a clear purpose that I should not forget it, bade me deny, on his behalf, on every fit occasion, the assertion which had reached his ears “ that he had disinherited his son Ganendro Mohun Tagore ;” Second—I further say the words used by the late Hon’ble Prossunno Coomar Tagore on the aforesaid occasion were, as nearly as I can now recall them, as follows : (that is to say.) “ If you hear any person say that I have disinherited my only son Ganendra Mohun Tagore, you may tell them that it is not so. At his marriage I gave him a zemindary and sixty thousand rupees. He has wisely managed his means and makes along with his profession a comfortable living.”—Third, I further say that the late Hon’ble Prossunno Coomar Tagore, furthermore said :—“Use your own judgment, Mr. Dall, as to time and place, in correcting the impression that I have wholly cut him off. It is not so. I did not disinherit him. As a son he has done well except in the matter of baptism ; and I shall never cease to hold him in high regard.”

It is most unfortunate for the testator’s posthumous reputation at the very persons on whom he had lavished his bounty should find

it impossible to maintain their positions as beneficiaries under the Will except by contentions which must cast on his memory the one slur which he deprecated most. To maintain that he breathed ill will against his son to the very end, would be nothing short of branding his memory as an implacable father. The gifts made to the beneficiaries being of doubtful validity, their validity could not be contended for except by the indirect process of excluding the heir, and by exaggerating the apparent ill feeling which the so called disinheriting clause suggested. The contention was thereby reduced to construction, not of *the Will*, not of the benevolence or good feeling of the deceased to a specified individual, but of his supposed *ill will*—of his alleged malevolence to his only son—which amounted to a charge against him of total abnegation of natural feeling and natural duty. In society it is always considered unhandsome to exaggerate the faults of the dead, or to attribute to a deceased father greater ill feeling to an only son than his own words clearly indicate. But in the present case the legal representatives of the beneficiaries were placed in a false and delicate position. An estate of 3 lacs a year was too great a prize to be renounced without a struggle. Duty to clients made them indifferent to the posthumous fame of the benefactor of the litigants. But how sensitive the testator himself was on this point, how anxious he was to rebut every imputation of ill will to his son, is abundantly proved by Mr. Dall's affirmation.

A complicated Will like the late Prossunno Coomar Tagore's could not long remain out of court. It was submitted for judicial construction in January 1869 at the suit of the heir-at-law. He contended that excepting the legacies clearly bequeathed to certain parties, and the annuities settled on the daughters and grandchildren of the Testator, the whole Will was void—that the trust devise itself to Romanath Tagore, Upendro Mohun Tagore, Jotendro Mohun Tagore and Doorga Prosad Mookerjee was wrong, and that the trusts and limitations were all unknown to Hindoo law and usage and therefore invalid—and most certainly those which followed the first life estate devised to Jotendro Mohun Tagore. The

defendants joined issue on all these points, but relied chiefly on the contention that, howsoever the Will itself might be subject to revision, the heir-at-law was excluded, and had no cause of action. Mr. Justice Phear before whom the case was originally argued gave judgment against the heir-at-law and dismissed the suit. His principal ruling was that the Testator clearly intended to disinherit his son—that an inheritance might remain in abeyance until the termination of one or more lives in being—that the trust was not to continue longer than the death of the last annuitant and therefore the devise was good—and estates-tail being converted to estates of inheritance, the inheritance was construed to be absolutely given to a son of Jotendro Mohun Tagore if he left any at his death.

On the plaintiff's appeal the case was reopened before Sir Barnes Peacock and Mr. Justice Norman. The appellate court reversed the decision of Mr. Justice Phear, and held that the plaintiff had not been disinherited—that the gift of the corpus of the personal estate was invalid and therefore vested in the heir, subject to the trusts and provisions for the payment of legacies and annuities—that Jotendro Mohun Tagore was entitled to a life interest in the Testator's estate, subject to the same trusts and provisions—that no gift to a person unborn in the lifetime of the Testator could be valid—and that (beyond the inferential declaration that the residue of the real estate was undisposed of, and therefore must sooner or later revert to the heir-at-law or his line) it was not now necessary to say whether after Jotendro Mohun Tagore any other beneficiary, existing at the time of the Testator's death, was entitled to a life-interest before the reversion of the estate to the heir-at-law.

Sir Barnes Peacock's argument on the application of the doctrine of Cy-pres by which the lower court had converted estates-tail into estates of inheritance and contingently decreed the absolute inheritance to Jotendro Mohun Tagore's son, was the following ;

“ Is it possible for this Court or for any one to say that if the testator had known that he could not by law create estates-tail,

“descendible according to the course of primogeniture, he would have preferred that a son of Jotendro Mohun, born after the testator’s death, or a son who might be adopted by Jotendro Mohun in his life-time, or one who might be adopted by any of Jotendro Mohun’s widows after his death, should take an absolute and entire estate of inheritance, which he might alienate at pleasure, which would descend to his collateral heirs, however numerous, and which might include widows, or other females, or the issue of females who would probably not bear the testator’s name, in preference to allowing his estates to descend to his own son and heir-at-law? Whatever conjectures the Court may entertain upon that subject, they have no means of forming any certain or definite opinion upon it. A Court of Law must construe a man’s Will, not upon mere speculative doubts but according to just reasoning. See *S. M. Soorjeemoney Dossee v. Dinobundhoo Mullick*. Even if the testator had expressed ill-feeling towards his son, such a construction as that put upon the Will would not, in my opinion, be warranted”.

On the idea that the Testator had disinherited his son, Sir Barnes Peacock thus argues :

“It was contended by Mr. Paul that the testator’s intention was not so much to benefit the devisees as to disinherit his own son, and to tie up the property in such a manner as to perpetuate his own name ; and he alluded to the large legacies to the servants as tending to show that the testator’s main object was to disinherit his son. I see nothing unreasonable in the legacies to the servants, nor anything beyond what a gentleman of large property might, in a liberal and generous spirit, bestow upon those who had served him faithfully. Besides, there was no necessity to give large legacies to the servants in order to disinherit the heir. There is nothing to show that the testator intended to disinherit his son under all circumstances. The Will contains no devise of the ultimate reversion after the determination of the estates which were intended to be created. This may have been because the Testator supposed that the devisees would

“tie up the estate for ever. But if they did not do so, the heir at law is not the less entitled to succeed”.

The Testator has not in any part of the Will expressed ill feelings against his son, and, as Mr. Dall has testified, he repudiated the imputation of having disinherited him. The real facts in this case curiously confirm the legal maxim that a Court of Justice must be guided by just reasoning and not by speculative doubts or popular rumours. Sir Barnes says again :

“An heir at law ought not to be disinherited without an express devise over, or necessary implication, mere negative words are not sufficient to exclude him without an actual gift to some other definite object, and if that actual gift is one which the law does not allow, it ought not to be interpreted to mean something which the Testator never intended, so as to disinherit the heir and to deprive him of his just rights”.—

Against the decree of Sir Barnes Peacock, Raja Jotendro Mohun Tagore appealed to Her Majesty in Council, and the heir at law also filed a cross appeal. The case has accordingly been re-argued before the Judicial committee of the Privy Council, and telegraphic intelligence has already come to Calcutta of the decision at which their lordships have arrived.

Telegraphic intelligence of an elaborate judgment on a complicated Will must necessarily be a meagre abstract. But we believe we are justified in holding that the appeal of Jotendro Mohun Tagore, contending that the suit of the heir at law should have been dismissed with costs, has been disallowed, and the cross appeal of Gannendro Mohun Tagore has been decreed on the main issues. The allowance of Rs 30000 a year for life to Jotendro Mohun Tagore is confirmed, and he is also declared to have a life interest in the personalty. Subject to these provisions the inheritance is declared to have vested in Gannendro Mohun Tagore as heir-at law. The inheritance is also subject to the payment of legacies and annuities given by the Will.

We now turn to the political results of the Will. Many of our educated countrymen had for a considerable period of time

been longing for such an alteration in the Hindoo law of Inheritance as might give a little more stability to wealthy families than the equal rights of all sons and the law of partition in Bengal could allow. In two or three generations families become impoverished and extinct. The great families of the beginning of the century have hardly any representatives in the present day, at all known to fame. The late Prossunno Coomar Tagore had in his life-time laboured hard for a more satisfactory state of the law but without success. The Maharajah of Vizianagram had in 1865 attempted to introduce a Bill into the legislative Council for enforcing the rule of primogeniture and legalizing testamentary perpetuities among the Hindoos, but his highness was obliged to give up the attempt. The legislature could not be expected to favour the introduction of the rule of primogeniture in Hindoo law when it had excluded the same from the Indian Succession Act, affecting all Europeans domiciled in India. In fact the spirit of modern legislation is opposed to the law of primogeniture, and that which is complained of in England by powerful bodies of Radicals can scarcely be hoped for as a boon of legislative enactment in India.

And as to a perpetuity of estates-tail, not only is the idea equally opposed to the same spirit of modern legislation, and clamoured against by the same political factions in England, but it is incongruous with the Indian usages of polygamy, adoption in life and after life, and equal rights of sons. Without primogeniture, a law of perpetuity would be inoperative. The real cause of the exhaustion of families is not the want of a law of perpetuity, but the want of a rule of primogeniture. Take the well known Raj family of Shobhabazar for example. It is not the want of a law of perpetuity—it is the prevalence of the laws of adoption, polygamy, and equal rights of sons, that has mutilated the property, and attenuated the colossal wealth of the great man who had founded it. It was by the operation of the adoptive rule that the property was first divided into two halves—and then each moiety has been largely subdivided by numerous grandsons—and it is impossible to

estimate the further division among the still more numerous great-grandsons.

When the late Prossunno Coomar Tagore attempted to settle the question by testamentary devise, our countrymen were doubtless elated with the prospect of Hindoo estates-tail. The attention of the Supreme Council itself was roused by such a novel and bold attempt. The legislature had hitherto resisted all importunities to deal with the law of Hindoo Wills. It was desirous of leaving that law to be settled by judicial constructions. But it could no longer withhold its interference after the publication of Prossunno Coomar's Will, following again as it did closely on the heels of two other Wills, containing similar, though not so extravagant, dispositions of property. The consequence was the legislative enactment of a rule against perpetuity.

This rule was founded on the English law of perpetuity — a life or lives and 18 years (or the term of a minority) afterwards. The action taken by the British Indian Association on the occasion, we must regret in the interests of our country. It scarcely did honor to the educated Bengali community. That Association had among its officers those who had either personal interests at stake, or who had been already committed by those interests to expressions of opinion directly contrary to the demands set forth in their memorial. It is not for us to pry into the relations existing between the British Indian Association and the *Hindoo Patriot*. But there have appeared from time to time authenticated intimations that the editor of the *Patriot* is also the assistant Secretary of the Association, and there is not a man in all India who doubts that the *Patriot* is the organ of the Association. Now, it so happened that when Mr. Justice Phear delivered on the 1st April 1869 a judgment on the Tagore Will by which the heir-at-law was excluded and the estate declared to be the absolute inheritance of the "ultimate taker," (*i. e.* a son of Rajah Jotender Mohun Tagore if he left any at his death) the *Patriot* of the following Monday hailed the decision by a flourish of trumpets, and confidently declared that the Hindoo community was elated with joy at the judgment of Mr.

Justice Phear—that all the fears and apprehensions as to the extent of testamentary power which had been excited by Mr. Justice Markby's upsetting Rajah Radhakant's Will, were entirely allayed, and that Mr. Phear's decision had given rest to the Hindoo mind which had been agitated and alarmed by the fate of Apurva Krishna's and Radhakant's Wills.

Now, Mr. Justice Phear's judgment in the Tagore case restrained perpetuity still more tightly than the Hindoo Wills Act subsequently did. Mr. Phear would not allow an inheritance to be left in abeyance a day longer than the close of a life or lives in being. The Hindoo Wills Act allowed 18 years longer. The difference appeared seriously palpable in a case which Mr. Phear had to decide within the last twelve months on the law as it existed before the Hindoo Wills Act. Referring to the rule he had himself propounded in the Tagore case, he voided a testamentary gift which was devised to take effect a few years (less than 18) after the termination of a life in being. A bequest, which would have been protected had it come under Mr. Stephen's Act, was disallowed because it went beyond Mr. Phear's rule.

We therefore regret the inconsistency in those who had extolled Mr. Justice Phear's decision in the Tagore case as a national boon, and yet afterwards became leaders of a movement against Mr. Stephen's Hindoo Wills Act. Was this honourable in the "parliament of the nation," or "the opposition" that watches the proceedings of the local Government? It certainly could do no credit to the Hindoo race, that its "parliament" poured invectives in 1870 on Mr. Stephen for enacting a rule against perpetuity, not more stringent than that to which the legislator himself was personally subject, when "the parliamentary" leaders themselves had lavished so much praise in 1869 on Mr. Phear for a judgment which laid a still greater restriction on perpetuity than Mr. Stephen's law.

No one can regret more than we do the rapid declension of wealthy families in our country. But it cannot be remedied by a mere law of unrestricted perpetuity. Even the restricted rule of

Mr. Phear, and still more the Hindoo Wills Act, would be a sufficient protection of landed wealth, if only it could be relieved of the law of equal rights of sons—and if sons were not multipliable by polygamy and the law of adoption. Had it not been for this last mentioned law, the princely estate of Rajah Nobokissen would have descended in its integrity to his son Rajah Rajkissen, and Rajkissen's estate would not have been subject to decimation but for the law of polygamy.

17th July 1872.

SONNETS.—A DREAM.

I.

'Twas a sweet dream,—methought at eve I lay
 Stretch'd by a grand pavilion, the blue sky
 Studded with stars served me for canopy,
 The flower-gemm'd grass for carpet rich and gay.
 Fountains around made music in their play,
 And angel forms before me flitted by.
 Among them there was one, whose queenly eye
 Was fix'd on mine ;—at last I heard her say :—
 “ Come, follow me, and I will lead thee where
 “ The drooping willows kiss the haunted stream,
 “ And silence seals the boundless realms of air,
 “ A place for such as thee to muse and dream,—
 “ There 'neath the hazel bush or witch-elm tree,
 “ Strange songs, ne'er heard before, I'll sing to thee”—

II.

“ Sweet Spirit of Romance, I know thee now,”—
 ('Twas thus in dream the lady I addrest,—)
 “ By the palm branch on thy soft bosom prest,
 “ And by the star which glitters on thy brow : —
 “ I've sought thee, when stern Duty did allow,
 “ Often by lonely tarn and on the crest
 “ Of silent hills, when, issuing from the west,
 “ The breeze shook odours from each loaded bough.”—
 —I followed her,—and o! the ballads rare,
 And legends quaint I listen'd to spell-bound,
 Till the sharp music of the chill night air
 Awaken'd me ;—startled I look'd around, --
 Lo ! Spencer fallen from my listless hand,
 And darkness in the air and o'er the land !—

THE TEARS OF MAN.

From the German of Grün.

Maiden, didst thou see me weeping?
 Ah! the tears from woman's eyes
 Seem like dew of heaven translucent,
 Which on flower-cups glist'ning lies.

Whether shed in night's deep darkness,
 Or when morn laughs on the plain,
 Those bright drops refresh the floweret,
 Soon she lifts her head again.

But the tears of *Man* resemble
 Costly gum of Araby,
 In the tree's deep chamber hidden,
 Ah, it seldom floweth free.

Thou must strike the weapon deeply,
 Pierce the bark's impervious fold,
 Then that generous stream will issue,
 Pure and precious, uncontroll'd.—

O. C. DUTT.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.*

After the dark period of decline of our ancient literature, after years of misrule and oppression, the subject of our education as a matter of public policy first received recognition under our present Government : for this we cannot be too grateful. No one fostered with greater care and more unceasing attention the development of this great element in our advancement, than the noble philanthropist whose memory we are assembled this first day of June to honor. Long will his name live amongst us and be cherished with enduring affection.

Within the limited space allotted to us, it is impossible to give a fair description of the progress of education amongst us; neither is it necessary to do so with any degree of accuracy for our present purpose.

We also do not propose to enlarge on the educational policy of Government, as enunciated and acted upon at different times. This is a subject which may well be left to the care of our politicians of the day. It would be sufficient for us to indicate, as occasion may arise, such particular features in the progress of education, and such distinguishing points in Government policy as matters of fact, as may tend to elucidate the solution of the question before us.

At the time when David Hare lived and worked, it had been resolved to imbue the native mind with a knowledge of western science and western literature. It was thought that these alone could free it from the mists of ignorance which enveloped it, bring in the dawn of reawakening knowledge, and make the possessor an useful and worthy member of society.

It must not also be forgotten that one main point in the policy of Government was to provide a cheap agency for conducting the subordinate duties of administration,—cheaper than the agency

* This paper was read at the last Hare Anniversary Meeting by Babu Aswar Chandra Mitra, Deputy Magistrate of Baraset.

which could be imported from England. A wish also to give the native some share in the administration of this country, a share which under previous Governments he had largely enjoyed, seemed to have influenced the actions of those who laid the foundation of that system which is now bearing such rich and varied fruit.

At the time of which we are speaking, the demand for honest well-paid employment was neither general nor great. Generally, our wants were much fewer than at present. In the interior the land-holders were all powerful, and the middle classes, as the most intelligent classes of the community, furnished the service with Dewans, Peshkars, Mutsuddes, and Mohurers, whose salary counted as nothing in their estimation and that of their neighbours, whose large gains from perquisites gave them an income from which they could maintain hosts of relatives and dependents in idleness. In cities and towns the rich enjoyed the loaves and fishes of official life. Some found employment in subordinate positions under Government, and many profitable berths under merchants and traders.

What was the sort of education suited to the times ?

A general education in English Literature and Science, but mainly in the former, enriched and improved the mind, gave the higher classes a degree of knowledge which fitted them for intercourse with English officers and English merchants, made individual members of the middle classes fit to hold with honesty and credit important posts under Government, and fitted some for such special duties as they could perform upon a short though not regular training in them.

• This education bore excellent fruit. The bright galaxy of names which one can recount, of names distinguished in several paths of life, is a sufficient index of the extent of benefit which a general education in English Literature and Science conferred at the time on this side of our country. We have still amongst us distinguished scholars in Divinity and languages. We had our successful merchants and our ornaments to the native Bar; we have our leaders with enlarged and varied views on public questions.

and public polity ; we had distinguished Judges, Surveyors, Revenue and Excise officers ; we have still with us financiers of ability and retired executive officers honored by the Government ; we have philologists and English scholars of wide reputation.

Such were the results of the system of education adopted in the days of David Hare, an education which, in the language of the present times, may be called high education. Who can deny that gentlemen of the calibre indicated and their compeers benefited, and many of them are still benefiting, not only themselves but their countrymen at large ? The influence of many of them is felt to this day in matters affecting the weal of our community. Even in those days which we can characterize as the early period of English education in this country, the necessity of giving some especial education to our young men was felt. Posts of responsibility and adequate emoluments in the Revenue Department requiring knowledge of mensuration, surveying, and similar appointments, though not so well paid, in the Judicial requiring a knowledge of law, were at the disposal of Government. Drawing and Surveying classes accordingly came into existence, and though there were no classes for teaching law, a system of examination was in operation for inducing young men to acquire a knowledge of the regulations, constructions and circular orders, and thus fitting them for office in the Judicial Department.

The wants of the Government in the department of Medicine, the necessity of supplementing highly paid European skill in the healing art, by native and therefore cheaper agency, led to the foundation of the Medical College, one of the noblest institutions in the country. Superstitious prejudices stood in the way of its advancement. The prospects of success in life which the institution was likely to offer to its alumni, were not apparent, and stipends had to be granted to students to induce them to prosecute their studies.

Our early period of education may be said to have closed with the death of David Hare, the closing year of whose life witnessed the vigorous prosecution of the existing scheme of education under a system of scholarships then first introduced.

It was contemplated that these scholarships would induce young men to remain longer in College than they usually did, and thus enable them to drink deeper of the stream of knowledge which was flowing from the west. The fact is that a vast impulse was given to education, and the sphere of its action was widely extended.

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It is very well known that our richer classes furnish very few students to the higher forms of our Colleges. Knowledge must certainly be sought for its own sake, but the fact must not be concealed that the main incentive to education is a desire to fit ourselves for the struggles of life. We live in a matter-of-fact world, and the aim of our life is how to successfully cope with its ills, and to make our path through it smooth and pleasant. A high and proper appreciation of this aim should induce our rich men, just as much as others, to appreciate the benefits of education, because our path through this world depends not merely on the extent of our worldly goods ; but human nature is the same all the world over, and just as the younger scions of the English aristocracy are more keenly alive to the benefits of education than their more fortunate brothers under the law of primogeniture, so it is the great middle classes of this country that appreciate more strongly the necessity of education than the sons of wealthy landholders who under our laws share equally in their ancestor's property.

The result of the spread of education was that the demand for lucrative and honest employment became greater. The vast improvement in their moral tone which an intellectual and high education effected, and which such education only can effect, in our young men, made them look down upon the low salaried though really well paid posts in the subordinate branches of the public service in the interior. They had therefore to look to the great public offices for positions befitting their attainments. Corruption also began to be put down by our high public officers, and solitary posts of position and respectable emoluments in the Mofussil began to fall to their lot. With the spread of education there arose naturally a daily increasing demand for teachers, and these

honorable and respectable posts give an opening for employment. The subordinate magistracy, then for the first time created, went to meet partly the aspirations of our young men,—appointments to similar posts of responsibility in the Revenue Department having become few and far between.

A system of regular instruction in law inaugurated in the Presidency College helped our alumni in entering the Subordinate Judicial Service and the native Bar which began just to be appreciated. The opportunities, which the men educated in the Medical College had for public employment and successful private practice, made instruction in that institution sought after, and we had the spectacle of numerous free students in place of the stipendiary young men of former days. An Engineering College giving prospects of employment in the Public Works Department was opened. We may fairly say that at the time we speak of, what with a high general education, and special education in Law, Medicine and Civil Engineering, the aspirations of our young men for worldly-progress were fairly met.

We are now, we may say, launched in the days of University education :—What is now our position, what are our prospects and what our requirements?

Education has spread more widely than before. Young men with degrees are annually leaving the University in numbers. The numbers of undergraduates passed in the Entrance and in the Little-go are even greater. Education *will* spread much more widely even than now. The numbers of our graduates and undergraduates will be greater by far than what we have at present. Notwithstanding the claims of mass education, a subject which must naturally demand more and more the attention of our rulers, high education must progress. It is necessary for our intellectual and moral improvement as a nation. If errors are to disappear and prejudices are to be removed, if our minds are to be enriched, and a high standard of rectitude is to be obtained, we must have high education. But we must see how it may be made useful for the purposes of life to the generality of its recipients.

Let us now examine the prospects which our young men have before them. The Subordinate Executive Service, once the best and most prized service on this side of India, has very few appointments to bestow every year. The prizes in the Education Department are now fewer than before. The shears have been applied to the public offices, and suitable appointments can with difficulty be secured in cities, and in the towns in the interior : Trade is dull and mercantile offices offer now less opportunities of giving young men employment than they formerly did. In the department of Law, the subordinate judicial service with a liberal scale of pay gives certainly an opening to the best educated of our young men, but the appointments in it can never keep pace with the number of B. L's we have on our hands. Most of these young men have of course joined the Bar of the High Court on the appellate side, and of District Courts in the interior, but litigation has decreased, and the number of legal advisers has increased, and the days of the Romaprasads and Ameer Alis, of Sumbhoo Nath and Kishen Kishores, who reaped golden harvests from their clients, from year to year, are gone, perhaps never to return.

The roll of Attorneys at law has also increased, and we no longer hear of successful practitioners like a Roma Nath Law or Grishchunder Banerjee. In the days of the old Sadar Dewanny and Nizamut Adawlut, now a thing of the past, even their old domicile is now gone, even in the first days of the High Court, Barristers and Vakeels, Attorneys *in* law and *beyond* the pale of law, we mean the mokhtears, had ample scope for profitable occupation. But now we find the attorneys trespassing on the rights of the Vakeels, the latter attempting to attack the preserves of the former, and all bent upon driving out of the field the innocent mokhtear with his perquisites and his commissions. We even witness the spectacle of gentlemen enrolled in the High Court, pleading in the inferior Courts in the interior. In referring to them we must be distinctly understood as not at all wishing to depreciate their position. On the contrary all honor is due to them for their manly conduct

and want of false pride in attempting to carve out for themselves a position from beginnings howsoever small. We refer to the spectacle only as shewing which way the wind blows, as shewing that the paths of law are no longer strewn with *gold*. We have come to the *Treta Yuga* of Law or the age of *silver*.

Let us turn now to the profession of medicine. Against the stipendiary students of the early and the free students of the second period, we have now students paying their tuition fees in the Medical College. Against some score and half paying young men studying in the English Department ten years ago, we have now more than six times the number.

The increase in the subordinate medical staff of Government has certainly not kept pace with the number of young men annually sent out by the Colleges as competent practitioners of the healing art. The law of demand and supply has certainly curtailed their income from private practice. The corporation of justices are certainly also to blame for having interfered with their gains in Calcutta, once a hot bed of disease and death, by bringing pure water within the reach of the poorest inhabitants; and Dengue is beyond their control.

In Engineering the prospects are also not quite cheering. Young men, passed as Assistant Engineers, are content if they can get an Overseership in the lowest grade. The reduction in the expenditure of the Public Works Department of late years, has seriously affected the prospects of those who have been brought up in the Engineering College. The proposed local establishments will give some relief, but it will be more than counterbalanced by our daily increasing demands.

(To be continued.)

MAN DEFINED.

Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* has, it would seem, seen its best days already. His arguments about Reasoning and Sagacity will not hold water at a time when the entire science of the mind is undergoing a complete revolution. There are some remarks, however, of the writer in question, which are evidently destined to survive the battery of the fastest go-aheads of the German school—I allude to his remarks on Definition. “Definition,” says he, “being nothing but making another understand by words what idea the term defined stands for, a definition is but made by enumerating those simple ideas that are combined in the signification of the term defined: and if instead of such an enumeration men have accustomed themselves to use the next general term, it has not been out of necessity or for greater clearness, but for quickness and dispatch sake.” Indeed the world is indebted for most of the mischief existing in it to mistakes or confusions of ideas. Mistakes, grave or gay, have, at times, led men to extravagance, alternately contributing to mirth or sorrow, not confined to particular spots or individuals, but extending to undiscovered regions and unborn generations, cruelly robbing patriots and philanthropists, politicians and statesmen, heroes and philosophers, of the credit due to their benevolent intentions. Where the ideas are correct and distinct, there is no chance of failure in saddling the right beast or hitting the right nail on its head. It is only when our notions of objects are vague and hazy that we make fools of ourselves by deputing our noses to forbidden corners, and our fingers to pigeon-pies belonging to our neighbours. High Heaven would have been spared inundations of aromatic angelic tears forced by fantastic oscillations between *pseudo* Simon Pures and real Simon Pures; pious Christendom would have been saved the voluminous Comedy of Errors daily perpetrated in Acts one thousand and one, and Scenes as numberless as

"Locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
 That o'er the realms of impious Pharaoh hung
 Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile,"
 did purblind mortals but "stoop to what they understand."

"It is very evident," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art
 "not versed in the business of adventures; they are giants; and
 "if thou art afraid, get thee aside and pray, whilst I engage with
 "them in fierce and unequal combat." So saying, he clapped spurs
 "to his steed, notwithstanding the cries his squire sent after him,
 "assuring him that they were certainly windmills, and not giants.
 "But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he
 "neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned
 "what they were, though he was very near them, but went on
 "crying aloud, 'Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs; for it is a
 "single knight who assaults you.' Noble sentiments these, and
 well worthy of the great genius who expressed them. After
 having been dubbed a knight, he could not, with propriety, shrink
 from danger. Boldly to meet an enemy, however formidable, be-
 came imperative-compulsory, aye as compulsory as the study of the
 Physical Sciences in the Bengal School Curriculum. With what
 indescribable dignity and unflinching devotion to the cause under-
 taken he advises Sancho!—"If thou art afraid, get thee aside and
 pray, whilst I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat." The
 challenge to the foe is admirable. "Fly not, ye cowards and vile
 caitiffs; for it is a single knight that assaults you." The onset
 is far superior to any recorded in history, ancient or modern, sacred
 or profane. In spite of these recommendations, however, the cam-
 paign suffers materially on account of a slight confusion of ideas.
 A beardless youth, Malcolm Greame, crosses a small lake without a
 ferry, in a fit of spleen, and bards and biographers set about to immor-
 talise the fete in prose and rhyme. Here we find an endless waving
 sea obstructing a knight in his search after adventures. He scouts
 the idea of succumbing under such difficulties, and makes up his
 mind to swim it over. His friends remonstrate—his relatives rend the
 skies with loud lamentations. Amidst universal sobs and tears,

like a rock, unmoved and immovable, our hero carries his design into effect. "If you all will not," says he, "make the attempt I will." Just observe for a moment, the natural sympathy between those two master minds! The same strong sense of duty, the same profound contempt of danger, the same complete abnegation of self, imperturbable and invulnerable. Both above the influence of accidents, strangers alike to fear or flattery, to vacillation and irresolution. "If you all will not make the attempt I will." This said, dauntless he plunges! This is the very sublime of chivalry, you doubtless would exclaim; but the moment you discover that it was but a waving cornfield that received the hero, the spell is broken, and sublimity gives place to mirth and derision. As before, all this is for mere confusion of ideas.

Much may, it must be admitted, be said in extenuation of such miscarriages, considering the poetical nature of the parties concerned. That both Don Quixote and his friend were living heroic poems nobody will have the hardihood to deny. Pure poetry both. Not the ruler-and-compass poetry of Dr. Johnson, as dry as broomsticks, but Macaulay's poetry, producing frenzy that makes the bumper house in the *maidan* suspend its breath, and, with harassing anxiety await the result of Othello's threat. Our playgoers know very well, as knows the new born babe mewling and puking in the nurse's arms, that a murder in the Theatre Royal, with Mr. Wauchope at the top of the Police, and his splendid staff of *Paharawalas*, serenading, now and then, here and there, is a thing physically and morally impossible. Yet the blanched face of every individual present clearly shows that the dagger is being plunged in reality. It is in the highest degree absurd to suppose that association with the Ezra street murder produces the effect. For, in the first place, the audience has no leisure to compare at the time, and, what is still more to the point, Ezra street is not Theatre Royal, nor is Theatre Royal Ezra Street. But the sceptical world is loath to give the heroes the credit of the frenzy, and is doggedly determined to call a wind-mill a wind-mill, and a corn-field a corn-field. Too much care cannot, therefore, be taken

to prevent confusions of ideas by proper definitions. If slight oversights in cases of inanimate objects are attended with such distressing results, woeful indeed must be the catastrophe arising out of oversights with regard to human beings. To mistake one Dromio for another causes mischief enough. The interview evolves a lengthy chapter of pantomimes as dull as Paley's chapter on Miracles, and culminates in a demand for metallic marks from parties who had but marks of the lash to return. But who will describe the shame and confusion when one Antipholus is lodged where another Antipholus ought to have been. It is for this reason doubtless that Pope says :—

“The proper study of mankind is man.”

The task of defining man is not, however, an easy one. Our erudite Locke himself has failed. “I think,” says he, “that to one who desired ‘to know what idea the word ‘man’ stood for ; if it should be said, ‘that man was a solid extended substance, having life, sense, spontaneous motion, and the faculty of reasoning, I doubt not but the meaning of the term ‘man’ would be as well understood, and the idea it stands for be at least as clearly made known, as when it is defined to be a “rational animal.” It does not evidently require an uncommon penetration to discover that whatever has been predicated above of “man,” may, with as much truth, be predicated of an “orang outang,” the faculty of reasoning not excepted. For, according to his own showing, reasoning consists of four parts. “The first and highest is the discovering and finding out of proofs ; the second, the regular and methodical disposition of them, and laying them in a clear and fit order, to make their connexion and force be plainly and easily perceived ; the third is the perceiving their connexion ; and the fourth, a making a “right conclusion.” Now, present a plantain to an orang outang, and he will go through the whole process as correctly as any J.L. D. that ever arrogated to himself the faculty of reasoning to the exclusion of his fellow creatures. He proves that the object in hand is a plantain by a series of negations similar to that by which Dr. Charles proves a case of Dengue ; he disposes it as methodically

as does an able general his forces just before the attack ; he perceives the connexion between that disposition and the final conclusion, and then beautifully concludes by putting the plantain into his mouth. If this is not maintaining entire the four parts alluded to, nine-tenths of mankind must be denied the much coveted faculty, and, with them will be included, *horeco referens*, your most obedient and humble servant, the present writer.

Another, philosopher defines man to be a laughing animal. This shows how geniuses and jackasses are nearly allied. Here we see a poor devil unnecessarily pressing himself between the horns of a formidable dilemma. For, if the award of rationality depended on a parade of teeth, our first cousin Mr. Monkey would stand double first in the classification. Approach him whenever you will, with fair or foul intent, there is the same show of welcome at your service. While on the other hand, if a want of the display involved the forfeiture of a claim to manhood, the philosopher's own grand-father has forfeited that claim, and must be struck off the roll, not having a single bone white, black or brown to show from one end of either jaw even unto the other. But the funniest definition is that which makes man a fire-making animal ; inasmuch as it turns the whole fabric of human knowledge as now existing, at once up side down. Adam made no fire—he was no man. The *Paradise Lost* is a baseless fiction ; Milton is a fool ; mediation a nursery tale ; and the Scriptures worse than Uncle Tom's Cabin !

Then what is man? He is animal at any rate. We have the *genus*, and all that we want is the *differentia*. Anglers tell us that they often have excellent sport with the same identical fish. In other words, when the hook is taken out once, the past is completely forgotten. The man and his victim are friends again, and the bait is as eagerly swallowed again as in the first instance. Nor does my dog, Toby, bear any grudge. When it interferes with my serious avocations, I administer a gentle kick ; and, *kew* it goes to the kennel. I whistle for him when I am at leisure, and there he is at my feet licking, jumping and frisking as if nothing

unpleasant had taken place. Not so my Zanah. The little great man, ever armed with his sceptre, goes about breaking my pots and pans to assert his lordship of the creation. I reason, remonstrate, and threaten, but I reason, remonstrate, and threaten in vain. Provoked beyond measure, at last, I pinch his ears, and away Zanah flies in a huff. Zanah ! Zanah ! Zanah ! I cry myself hoarse. Having eyes Zanah will not see, having ears he will not hear, and having understanding he will not understand. Zanah bears me a grudge, at least for full twenty-four hours. Here is the *differentia*. Man is a *Grudge-bearing animal*.

THE "CHIT CHAT CLUB."

JULY MEETING.

Mr. Campbell's Educational Policy.

[Note by the Editor. We are indebted to the courtesy of a literary friend, who is himself a member of the *Chit Chat Club*, for the following very interesting account of its last meeting. For the benefit of those of our readers who may not have heard of the existence of that Club, we may remark that the *Chit Chat Club* is composed of a considerable number of highly intelligent Bengali gentlemen, who meet together, once a month, in the garden-house of Rajah———which is well known to be one of the most pleasant and beautiful of our suburban retreats. It is called the *Chit Chat Club*, because it is neither a political association like the British Indian Association, nor a literary or scientific society, nor a Debating Club, in the usual sense of that phrase, in which essays are read and remarks are made upon them ; it is simply a sort of social reunion where the members meet together as friends, and enjoy a familiar chat on some of the important topics of the day, political, social, moral and religious. Though the number of members is large, there are only about half a dozen gentlemen who gererally engage in conversation ; the rest for the most part listen in silence.

The oldest of these six gentlemen, and the one to whose opinions the assembly probably pays the greatest deference, is Babu Radha Krishna Banerjea who, from his appearance, must be nearly sixty years old. He began learning English, long before the establishment of the Hindoo College, under Mr. Sherburne, an East Indian gentleman who, in those early days, had made it his vocation to give instruction in English to the sons of the Bengali gentry in their houses. Radha Krishna remedied the defects of his education by assiduous study, and though he never became an accurate

English scholar, he was noted for his good sense, his moderation and his sound judgment. •

The next member, Babu Pyari Chand Basu, about fifty years of age, was brought up at the old Hindoo College, and belonged to that bright band of young men who, headed by the late Rasik Krishna Mallik, shed such lustre upon the College in its youthful days. A good scholar and a graceful writer, he was by no means a fluent speaker. He did not much speak at the meetings of the Club ; but whenever he opened his lips, all admired the justness and originality of his remarks.

Babu Joya Gopal Ghosha is a very influential member of the *Chit Chat Club*. A distinguished student of the Presidency College, an M. A. and B. L. of the Calcutta University, he is known to be a fine English scholar, and to possess the gift of eloquence in no ordinary degree ; but so ardent is his disposition, and so impetuous his character, that he is often betrayed into undue warmth of language. He is about thirty years old.

Babu Syama Charan Chatterjea, a distinguished graduate from the Dacca College, seems to be a copy of Babu Jaya Gopal Ghosha, bating only his intellectual force and fire. He always says "ditto to Mr. Burke." Babu Jadu Nath Mitra, of nearly the same age with Jaya Gopal, was brought up at the Calcutta Free Church Institution, and gained high honours in Moral philosophy. He was not a brilliant debater, but he commanded the respect of the assembly by his perfect sincerity, his love of truth, and his singular modesty.

Maulavi Imdad Ali, who had been educated at the Hooghly College, was a Mahomedan gentleman of excellent parts. Though he expressed himself in English with considerable hesitation, his observations were characterized by shrewdness, and every one felt that, at the Club, he was not an unworthy representative of the Mahomedan community.

With these remarks we beg to introduce to the reader the following account of the proceedings of the July meeting of the *Chit Chat Club*. We need hardly add that we do not hold

ourselves responsible for the language used by the interlocutors in the Dialogue.]

As Babu Jaya Gopal Ghosha entered the room, where the meetings of the Club are usually held, Babu Radha Krishna Banerjea, accosting him, said—"Well, what's the news, Jaya?"

Jaya. "News! why, have you not heard it? Mr. Campbell has set the Hooghly on fire." [Megna on fire.]

Syama. "The Hooghly only? He has set the Padma and the

Radha. "Why, of what new outrage has Mr. Campbell again been guilty? How is it, Jaya, that you, along with a great many of our educated country men, have become so greatly prejudiced against Mr. Campbell. I look upon George Campbell as about the ablest and most hard-working Lieutenant-Governor we have yet had. We had dinner-giving Lieutenant-Governors, and fiddling Lieutenant-Governors; but Mr. Campbell works like a horse, or rather like a steam-engine in pantaloons, for the good of the country."

Jaya. "No one doubts Mr. Campbell's activity. But he is active in a wrong way. You remember two words expressed Lord Lawrence's foreign policy—"Masterly inactivity." Mr. Campbell's educational policy may also be expressed in two words—MISCHIEVOUS ACTIVITY. O! he is ruining the country! He has already shut up four Colleges, and is laying the axe at the root of high education."

Syama. "His educational policy is pernicious in the extreme—it is ruinous!"

Radha. "Now, my friends, I have heard enough of that sort of stuff. Don't be led away by passion and blind prejudice. Let us reason together and see whether Mr. Campbell is such an enemy to high education as you represent him to be?"

Jaya, "Have you seen the Memorial of the British Indian Association to the Viceroy on the subject of Mr. Campbell's educational policy?"

Radha. "I have seen it, and I have wondered what it all meant. I have great respect for some members of the British Indian Association, but I must say that the Association has been ill-advised in sending up such a Memorial."

Jaya. "Ill-advised, indeed! I expect the Viceroy will give a wiggling to the Lieutenant-Governor."

Radha. "The wiggling may possibly come at the Greek Kalends but in the meantime it is not unlikely that the Under-Secretary to the Home Department will write to the Honorary Secretary of the British Indian Association in the following strain:—" Sir,——I have been requested to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated—— in which you take exception to the educational policy of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. I am directed to state in reply that His Excellency the Viceroy is satisfied, that His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor is not opposed to what you call high education, and that His Honour's policy is in harmony with the spirit of the Education Despatch of 1854. " That, I think, will be the reply of the Governor-General to the Memorial of the British Indian Association."

Jaya. "Nonsense! outrageous nonsense! I have a better opinion of the Governor-General. Why, don't you know that it was Lord Northbrook, when Under Secretary to Lord Halifax, that drafted the Education Despatch of 1854, which has been justly called the Charter of Indian Education."

Radha. "I know that. But how does that fact show that Mr. Campbell has been violating the principles of that Despatch?"

Jaya. "As to Mr. Campbell's violating the principles of the Despatch of 1854, and as to his opposition to high education, look at the fate of the four Colleges,—the Berhampore, the Kishnaghur, the Patna and the Sanskrit. They were all full Colleges, but they have been degraded

to the rank of First Arts Colleges, or, in plain English, High Schools,"

Radha. "Well, let us take into consideration the case of each of these Colleges. There is the Sanskrit College. As a College for pure Sanskrit learning I would be ready to defend it against all comers. But latterly it had become almost an ordinary College, in which Sanskrit played a subsidiary part. And for my part, I never could see the beauty of making separate arrangements under the same roof for preparing young men for the B. A. degree. In former days more attention was paid to Sanskrit in the Sanskrit College than at present. The Lieutenant-Governor was, in my opinion, quite justified in sending the 3rd and 4th year classes to the Presidency College which is held under the same roof with the Sanskrit. I shall leave the case of the Patna College, as I believe it has not been degraded, though it has been somewhat modified. As to the Kishnaghur College, I understand that there were only nineteen students in the 3rd and 4th year classes; and for teaching these nineteen students fifteen hundred Rupees were spent every month, that is to say the sum of eighty Rupees for each pupil. I must say that as a tax payer I object to such extravagant expenditure. The case of the Berhampore College is worst of all. In the 3rd and 4th year classes, which have been abolished, there were only six pupils; and for teaching these six pupils nearly eighteen hundred Rupees were spent every month—that is to say, three hundred Rupees for each pupil per mensem."

Pyari Chand. "Nonsense! you must be surely exaggerating."

Radha. "I am not at all exaggerating. It is a simple fact that the sending away of six lads from the Berhampore College has saved Government 1,800 Rupees a month. As a tax payer, I say this is a move in the right direction."

Pyari. "So do I. So far from blaming the Lieutenant Governor,

- I praise him for so courageously doing his duty."
- Jaya. "You, gentlemen, look only to your pockets. You don't care a straw whether the country is going to the dogs."
- Radha. "I beg your pardon, Sir. We are not selfish. We look to the interests of the whole empire, and not merely to those of half a dozen lads. You do not surely mean to say that Government should spend the sum of Rupees 1800 a month for teaching six lads. The thing is preposterous. Those six lads could easily come down to Calcutta or Hooghly for the necessary education, and save Government such absurd extravagance. And as to the country going to the dogs, I don't believe it. I believe Mr. Campbell is giving a practical turn to education in this country."
- Jaya. "Yes, a highly practical turn! Riding, swimming, walking! And the last Resolution of His Honour insists on calligraphy as a *sine qua non* to scholarships and all educational rewards! Heavens! to what are we coming?"
- Radha. "Why, in my opinion, we are coming to the right thing at last. Hitherto education in this country was purely literary. A boy who knew nothing—absolutely nothing—of the commonest natural objects around him, glibly quoted Shakspeare, Milton, Locke and Bacon, probably without understanding them. All that is to be changed now. The reign of *cram* is now over, and *sham* must give place to reality. Ornamental knowledge is good for those who can afford to have it; but a knowledge of what the Germans the call *bread-and-butter* sciences is absolutely necessary to all; and that is what the Lieutenant-Governor aims at."
- Jadu Nath. "I remember a Scottish clergyman, who was my mathematical teacher, often saying, that "he was the true philosopher who could bore with a saw, and saw with a gimlet." "

Radha. 'Aye. Aye! that is the thing. That is the thing in which we Bengalis are deficient, and Mr. Campbell only wishes to supply the defect. "

Jaya. "A wonderfully benevolent man!"

Radha. "Well, I don't know that he is not benevolent in the true sense of that word. I hope you, Jaya, will yet be convinced of this."

Jaya. "I hope so, as you would say, at the Greek Kalends."
After this the meeting dispersed.

THE MODEL BABOO PAPERS.

I.

India for the non-official Anglo-Indian.

I am a Bengli Baboo ; and I possess so many of the virtues of the class of Baboos that my good friend, the Editor of the *Pioneer*, would, I make no doubt, call me a "model Baboo". He did me the honour, the other day, to call me a "tadpole," but as he entirely failed, when called upon by the *Mirror*, to justify the use of the epithet, I must make up my mind to go without the batrachian honours conferred upon me by my Allahabad *Philos.* For that matter, he might, with equal reason, have called me an isosceles triangle or a rhomboid. The fact is, what a red rag is to a Brahmini bull, a Bengali Baboo is to the Allahabad Editor. Whenever he comes across me, or any of my tribe, he gets into a fury, digs the ground with his forelegs, throws up his tail, and runs amuck at every body and at every thing.

I am thankful to say that there are not a few Anglo-Indian editors, at the present day, who are full of sympathy for the Bengali Baboo and the natives of India in general ; but some of the cleverest are on the other side. An "able editor" of this latter class has just left the country after receiving, at the Esplanade Hotel in Bombay, a sort of ovation from the non-official European community of the Duck Island. I allude to Mr. J. M. Maclean. He was probably the finest and most graceful writer on the Indian press. I never read his leaders in the *Bombay Gazette* without admiration, though I never agreed with him in his opinions. His political Confession of Faith may be summed up in the words which I have placed at the head of this paper—"India for the non-official Anglo-Indian". For the official Anglo-Indian, especially for the Covenanted Civilian, he had the greatest contempt, if not the deadliest animosity. In his valedictory speech he said the other day—"I am suffering, gentlemen, as I have told some

of my civilian friends lately, from what might almost be called a disease in India—from a pressure of Civil Service on the brain”. The burden of Mr. Maclean’s complaint against the Indian Government is, that the non-official Anglo-Indian has no career. “What I should always aim at is this, that we should throw open the higher posts of the Government of this country to men of intelligence and position in India, and especially to those Englishmen who spend the best years of their lives in the country.” That is to say, in plain English, make Mr. Maclean Governor-General of India, at any rate, Governor of Bombay, and every thing will be put to rights. He would have a Parliament in India, as they have in Australia, composed chiefly of non-official Europeans. All Mr. Maclean’s plans are exceedingly neat. There is only this trifling drawback, that in his plans no mention is made of the two hundred millions of the people of India. So far as the Bombay Editor is concerned those two hundred millions of souls are no where. Their existence is ignored. All the loaves and fishes of state service are to be given to the non-official European. And as for those black fellows—two hundred millions in number—who ever thinks of them? God created India for the Englishman, and especially for the non-official Englishman; let not therefore the children’s bread be given to the dogs—to those sable intruders called the “Natives,” though Mr. Maclean, in his chivalrous generosity, would not grudge to those “Natives” the crumbs which fall from their master’s table. For the rest, we trust His Grace the Duke of Argyll will give to Mr. Maclean a snug berth at the India Office, and thus prevent him from coming out again to India to sow dragon’s teeth.

MODEL BABOO.

Erratum.

Page 2, line 21, for *tell*, read *tells*.

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CHAITANYA.

BY KISSORY CHAND MITTRA.

BELIEVING, as we do, that, "whatever withdraws us from the dominion of the senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, and the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings," we have undertaken to exhibit the career of Chaitanya in outline, and to endeavour to expound the system of religion inculcated by him. Chaitanya is the founder of the largest religious sect in this country, comprising men of all castes. Its disciples are to be found in almost every village in Bengal. They number some of the wealthiest and most influential families, as well as a host of poor and obscure men.

The early history of Chaitanya, like that of most religious reformers, is overlaid by tradition. There lived in the Sudder station of the district of Sylhet a learned Vaidik Brahman named Upendra Misra. He was the father of seven sons, of whom Jagannath Misra was the eldest. Jagannath Misra became as profound a Pandit as his father. He emigrated to Nuddea, the Oxford of Bengal, and the focus of the Naiyayika Pandits. His departure from his native district, and his settlement in Nuddea, were owing to two reasons ; first, that he might associate with Sanskrit scholars, and enjoy greater facilities than before for cultivating Sanskrit literature ; and secondly, that he might be able to

cleanse away his sins by daily ablutions in the sacred Bhagirathi. It was at Nuddea that Sachi the wife of Jagannath gave birth to Chaitanya. He was conceived in the end of the Bengali month Magh 1484, but not born till Phalgun 1485, corresponding to the Bengali Sakabda 1407, being thirteen months in the womb; and at the instance of Nilambar Chakravartti, his maternal grand-father, he was named, at the Namkaran ceremony, Biswambhar; but his mother used to call him by the endearing epithet of Nimai. His birth, which took place on the day of the *Dolyatra*, or *Huli* festival, was according to tradition heralded by an eclipse of the moon and other marvellous and superhuman events. After he was born, the heaven of Indra resounded with joy, and the Devatas descending in a body paid homage to the infantine divinity, and recognized in him an incarnation of Vishnu. Adwaitanandan, a ripe scholar and a jolly Brahman, who had prophesied that the child which Sachi would bring forth would be not a mortal but an immortal being, wept with thankfulness at the advent of this divine personage. The multitudes, who had gathered around Jagannath's house, believed in the fulfilment of the prophecy, and invoked him as Gour Hari. They shouted with joy, and welcomed the child as a manifestation of Hari. In the *Nataka Chaitanya Chandrodaya*, the manager thus replies to the query of the actor as to the use of this incarnation:—"Listen! learned sophists, led by the planet of their own ardent theories, believing in the ancient dogma that absorption in Brahma without attribute and without end is the greatest good, and meditation on the Divine Unit is the means of attaining that treasure, do not feel the great truth that the great Lord Sri Krishna is Brahma; that he is an incarnation of truth, intelligence and felicity; that he possesseth divine attributes; is ever playful, and the most beautiful; and that his worship, eulogized by the sage Sunandana and others, and no where reviled, is the highest object of human ambition. Nor do they know that the means of obtaining him is *Bhaktiyoga*, or devotion, of which the recitation of his name is the chief; and that these are the great secrets of the *Sastras*. To disclose the same to mankind has this incarnation

of intelligence (*chaitanya*) assuming the form of Chaitanya made himself manifest."

The following anecdotes may interest our readers. One day, with a view to escape the castigation which his mother had threatened to administer to him for some boyish offence, he took refuge in an unclean spot covered with old and broken kitchen pots. She urged him to go to the river and undergo the purificatory rite of ablution; he replied that the kitchen pots were not unclean, and that "what defileth the man is in the man,"—thus almost using the words of Jesus—*Do not ye yet understand, that whatsoever entereth in at the mouth, goeth into the belly, and is cast out into the draught? But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: but to eat with unwashen hands defileth not a man.*"

When quite a boy, Chaitanya was wild and naughty. Among his freaks, the following may be mentioned. He was the terror of his play-mates whom he used to thrash. Sometimes he used to leave home and disappear for some days,—his parents feeling great anxiety for their truant son. With the frolicsomeness of hobbledelohyhood, he delighted to tease the girls of Nuddea, when they resorted to the banks of the river for worshipping Siva. He appropriated to his own use the offerings and other eatables brought by them. He snatched the garlands, and put them on his neck, urging them not to worship idols. When the fair devotees resented these irreverent proceedings, he used to pacify them by wishing them a happy married life.

After finishing his rudimentary education in a *patsala*, Chaitanya, who had a marvellously retentive memory, matriculated in the Choupati of Pandit Gangá Das. He went through the usual curriculum of grammar, rhetoric and poetry. He studied the *Srimat Bhagavata*, and was soon familiar with every *sloka*. It was the *Bhagavat Gita* and the *Srimat Bhagavata* that moulded his mind. These two books were the great authorities on which he

relied as a preacher. He made considerable progress in Logic, and evinced a spirit of enquiry far above his age. His acquired learning was deep and varied, but he never paraded it before others. He loved to listen to literary discussions, but seldom took part in them. He is said to have composed a commentary on the Goutama *Sutras*, but the book was lost. About this time his father, Jagannath Misra, died, and his elder brother left home, and assumed the life of a *Sannyasi*.

Chaitanya commenced life as a schoolmaster. The high reputation he had already acquired as a learned Pandit attracted many pupils to his school. While employed in his professorial duties, he undertook a tour to the eastern districts of Bengal. He also visited Gaya in Behar. On his return from his tour, he commenced his public ministry. He at first preached privately, to a select circle of friends, on the love of Krishna, as the one thing needful for salvation. But his Krishna was not the king of Dwaraka, but the Creator and the Great Power of the universe. His preaching having obtained for him the sympathy and support of his disciples, he announced to them his intention of preaching in public, and proclaiming from the house tops, the doctrine of *Bhakti*, or illimitable faith in Krishna. His disciples remonstrated with him against this bold proceeding as dangerous, but he, disregarding their remonstrances, went forth to fulfil his mission. He marched in fact next morning through the streets with his disciples, proclaiming the name of Hari. The novelty of the procession filled the whole village with wonder and admiration. The author of *Chaitanya Charitamrita* says—“Nuddea became an ocean of gladness; the sound of Harinam reached the skies.” Again—“The waters of faith inundated the sacred city of Navadvipa.” There was at that time a powerful sect called the Tantrikas, worshipping Bhavani, or the female attribute of the Deity. They believed the essence of religion consisted in gormandizing, getting helplessly drunk, and in promiscuous sexual intercourse. They practised revolting rites which were a scandal to religion and a disgrace to humanity. Such was the state of things when Chaitanya appeared as a reformer. It is therefore small wonder that the

religion taught by him came into terrible collision with the religion of the Tantrikas. The reformatory efforts of Chaitanya were at first directed against the worship of Sakti and its concomitant ceremonies as inculcated in the Tantras. They were, so to speak, a reaction against this degenerate and abominable creed, which had culminated in the worst form of libertinism. The orgies celebrated under its cloak were worse than bacchanalian.

It is therefore no wonder that the Tantrikas, enraged at this schism, endeavoured to put it down. One of them, Gopal Chapala, sent some *Jabí* flowers (*Hibiscus coccinea*), and other articles sacred to Bhavani to the house of Sribása, while Chaitanya and his friends were assembled there. The meeting ordered a *mehter* to remove the articles as emblems of impure rites. Gopal (says tradition) became a leper on the third day after he had insulted Krishna. He appeared before Chaitanya in his disease-stricken condition, and repented of his offence. He was forgiven, and he renounced his former faith and embraced that of Chaitanya. His new faith made him whole. Again, while one of Chaitanya's processions was perambulating the Bazaars and Hats, a band of Tantrikas, headed by Jagái and Mádhái, attacked and dispersed it. But Jagái and Mádhái were soon struck with remorse, and from having been bitter enemies became devoted followers of Chaitanya. Bhavanism being thus arrayed against Chaitanyaism, the exertions of Chaitanya were directed towards its suppression, and they were ultimately crowned with a large measure of success. The Kazi of Nuddea was a staunch enemy of Hinduism in general and of Vaishnavism in particular. He could not tolerate the *kirtanas* of Chaitanya, and in a terrible rage broke the *Mridangas*, to the accompaniment of which those *kirtanas* were sung. On the same night he dreamt a dream, that a lion was smashing his skull in the same manner as he had smashed the *Mridangas*. This dream made a terrible impression upon him. It convinced him of the evil of intolerance. He repaired next morning to Chaitanya, and entreated the great reformer to forgive him for his antagonism to Vaishnavism, and confessed that it was a pure religion. They then had a conversation

on the respective merits of Mahomedanism and Vaishnavism. Chaitanya drew the attention of the Kazi to the weak points of the *Koran*, and the Kazi became a convert to the new faith. Chaitanya's first wife was Lakshmi, but she having died of snake bite, he married another girl of the name of Vishnupria. But the time had now come when he must renounce the life of a *Grihasta*, and assume that of a *Vairagi*. Although he was an affectionate son and a loving husband, and devotedly attached to the domesticities, yet he thought and felt it was his mission to go forth and preach the truth that was in him. A voice more powerful than that of mother or wife, even the voice of duty, called on him to sunder the ties of home, and embrace the life of an ascetic and a missionary ; and he cordially responded to the call. He felt a yearning to leave home even as people feel to return home after protracted absence. Pursuant to a signal previously established, he left home at dead of night, and crossed over to Culna, where he formally renounced the world, cutting his fine locks of hair, assuming the dress of a *Vairagi*, and receiving, in addition to his former names of Nimai and Gour Hari, the new denomination of Krishna Chaitanya. It was in 1509, and in the 25th year of his life, that the *sannyas* of Chaitanya took place. The one great idea, which moved him to adopt this self denying course, was to indoctrinate the masses of India with faith in God. His soul being saturated with the precepts inculcated in the *Gita* and the *Sri Bhagavata*, he conceived an intense love of Krishna, and continued to preach it with increased fervour. His feelings were wrought up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. His preaching was preceded by fainting fits called *Prempralap*.

The religion of *Bhakti*, promulgated by Chaitanya not only came into terrible collision with *Bhavanism*, but it conflicted with *Vedantism*. In truth, the former was a reaction against the latter. Like other Vaishnavas, he believed that Krishna was the supreme Deity and was the Cause and Creator of all, but in opposition to the theory of the *Vedas*, he maintained that God incarnated in Krishna and assumed other forms. While the Vedic system inculcates specific religious duties, the performance of ceremonies

and practice of acts of self-denial, Chaitanya taught that fervent and absorbing devotion to Krishna dispensed with ceremonies and acts, inasmuch as Krishna himself declared in the *Bhagavata* "that his worship gives to the worshipper whatever he wishes—paradise, liberation, Godhead,—and is infinitely more efficacious than any or all observances,—than abstraction, than knowledge of the divine nature, than the subjugation of the passions, than the practice of *yoga*, than charity, than virtue, or than any thing that is deemed most meritorious."

This new religion of *Bhakti* was also a protest against the Pouranik system, as, far from acknowledging, it ignored the distinctions of caste. Chaitanya contended that, inasmuch as all men, whether Brahmans or Sudras, Mahomedans or Mehters, are susceptible of devotion, they are capable of being purified by faith in Krishna. He maintained the preeminence of faith over caste. The mercy of God was illimitable and not fettered by the ties of tribe and family. While he was preaching at Ramkali near Gour, Dabis and Khash, the ministers of the king, became converts to his faith. He named them Rupa and Sanatan and expounded to them his doctrines.

The system was based on the equality and brotherhood of men. "Dearer to me is the believing *Chandala* than the unbeliever versed in the four Vedas. To him we should give, his we should take, he should be venerated even as I am." His reception of two Mahomedan noblemen of the Court of Gour, and afterwards, as we shall see, of five *Patans* of Allahabad, into the bosom of his church, speaks to the universal character of his theocracy and his successful struggle with caste.

He indeed assailed with unprecedented boldness the monstrous system of caste, and preached among all classes and castes that salvation was possible without a belief in books, and must be attained through *Bhakti*. With the development of this idea the name of Chaitanya must be always associated. His doctrines are an effective protest against the exclusiveness of Hinduism as the dominant and national religion. He maintained the

preeminence of faith over caste, and taught that the mercy of God regards neither Saktas nor Vaishnavas, Hindus nor Mahomedans. He scouted, like Kabir, the distinctions of caste as violations of the laws of God, who intended all men should be equal and entitled to enter his Kingdom. In insisting on purity of thought and action, he is the counterpart of the ancient Rishis of the Vedic age, who depended on meditation alone. He regarded God as essentially love, or as the great German poet said of Jesus—"love was the essence of His own fair inward being."

The anti-caste movement thus inaugurated by Chaitanya in Bengal has continued with unabated vigor. It was a natural and fitting extension of the religious education of the Hindus. About sixty two years ago, Ramsaran Pal of Ghoshpara near Hooghly, founded the sect of *Kartabhajās*, or worshipers of the Creator. All honor to Chaitanya who thus dealt a severe blow to caste which, originally instituted for beneficent purposes, has degenerated into a curse, sitting like an incubus upon the country and eating into the vitals of society. This enunciation of the equality of all men before God, and of the claims of all castes to salvation, was clothed in language instinct with religious passion. Read by the light of the principle that proclaims the unity of the human family and the brotherhood of man, it is a grandly catholic doctrine. The inculcation of this doctrine evinced in Chaitanya not only loyalty to human rights but sympathy for all classes of men. He loved man as God's image, and revered humanity as the aim of God's thought. He was one of those who, to quote the words of Bunsen, "cannot love God without loving humanity, or love humanity without loving God." The quintessence of his faith was therefore—love to God and love to men.

About the time that Chaitanya was engaged in preaching his doctrine of *Bhakti*, Luther was thundering against the Papacy, and advocating faith as the one thing needful for the restoration and reformation of the Church of Christ. In his discourse on Good Works, dedicated to Duke John, and in respect to which

Melanethon observed, that it breathed the spirit of St. Paul, the following opinions are emphatically enunciated :—"The first, the noblest and the greatest of all works, is faith in Jesus Christ. From this work all others must flow. They are all but the vassals of faith, and receive from it alone all their efficacy. If a man but feel in his heart the assurance that what he does is acceptable to God, his action is good though he should but raise a straw from the earth ; but if he has not this confidence, his action is not a good work, even though he should raise the dead to life. A Heathen a Jew, a Turk, a sinner, may do all other works, but to put one's trust in God and have assurance that we are accepted by Him, is what none but the Christian standing in grace is capable of doing."

About this time Chaitanya proceeded to Nilachala, or Pooree, the ancient head-quarters of Buddhism. He had there a large following. Chaitanya was not a fixture at Nilachala. He visited the whole of southern India, preaching and making converts on his way. He visited Dandakaranya, Rameswar, and other spots, which have been immortalized by the author of the *Ramayana*. Among the proselytes there were a number of Buddhists, whose chief Buddhacharjya had organized a conspiracy against the reformer. The discovery of this conspiracy, as well as the power of his preaching, contributed to the conversion of the Buddhists. At Jarikhanda, situated westward of Orissa, he converted a tribe of Bheels. In truth, all classes of men from all parts of the country listened to him, and were enthralled by his eloquence and enthusiasm. His heart-rending pathos and bursts of fervid joy made a profound impression among them, shaking their souls and penetrating their hearts. Thousands embraced the new doctrine of Chaitanya.

Chaitanya did not confine his travels to the south. He also proceeded northward. At Brindaban he converted five Mahomedan Patans. While he was lying prostrate on the ground in one of his extatic fits, they came to see what the matter was with him. In the meantime, ten troopers approached the scene, and accused the Patans of having poisoned the traveller ; and they proceeded to pinion them. Meanwhile Chaitanya had recovered

his senses, and he interceded with the troopers on behalf of the Patans. His intercession effected their release. He now conversed with them on the comparative merits of Mahomedanism and Vishnuism, and summed up in favor of the latter,—not forgetting to add, in justice to the former, that the Koran contained only one great truth as proclaimed by Mahomed—“Say God is one; the everlasting God. He begetteth not and is not begotten, and there is none like unto Him.” He also dwelt on the attributes of the Almighty, His omnipotence and His omniscience, His Justice and His mercy. These arguments told upon the Patans, and they renounced Mahomedanism and became Vaishnavas. The conversion of the Patans created great sensation in Upper India, and he was thence forward called the “Patan Gossain.”

From Brindaban Chaitanya marched down to Allahabad, where his Mahomedan disciple Rupa met him. Both Rupa and Sanatan had endeavoured to retire from the service of the king, and pass the remainder of their lives in the society of the Mahaprabhu. But the king would not grant their request. Rupa succeeded in fleeing from Gour, and his flight was not discovered till it was too late. Sanatan pretended illness, but the royal physician, on being deputed to examine him, pronounced him to be in sound health. He was then brought before the king and taken to task for malingery. He then respectfully and humbly confessed to the king that he had apostatized from Mahomedanism and embraced Vaishnavism. Now, a apostacy was capitally punishable, but in consideration of the valuable services rendered by the minister, he was simply incarcerated. Compassionating his condition, his majesty offered him the choice of recantation and freedom, or continued imprisonment. His majesty also assured him that, in the event of his seeing the error of his ways and re-embracing Mahomedanism, he would be forgiven. At Allahabad he dwelt upon the different phases of faith. “There are five stages of faith. The first and lowest is simply contemplative, like that of the Rishis, Sanaka and Yogendra. The second is servile like that of men generally. The third is friendly, like the feeling with which Sridama and the Pandavas

regarded Krishna. The fourth is maternal, paternal or filial, like that of Yashoda, Devaki, &c. The fifth and highest is amorous or loving, like that of Rádha". He defined a good Vaishnava to be - "One who is meeker than grass, is as patient as a tree, and always sings the praise of Hari." "A good sort of Vaishnava is he who loves God, is friend to the godly, pities the ignorant, and condemns men hardened in impiety". Faith of love is held more than equivalent to goodworks, to worship, to wisdom, to ascetic self-denial, to abstract contemplation, and to gifts. In Benares, the stronghold of Brahmanism and the head-quarters of bigotry, he made many converts. He then paid a flying visit to Bengal where he confirmed his disciples.

When he was forty-six years old, Chaitanya, accompanied by his favorite disciple Adwaitanandan, departed for Orissa, for the second time. The object of his visit was to pass some years of his life in that holy place, and disseminate the doctrines of his faith. He preached in Orissa incessantly on the love of God and the immortality of the soul. In one of his fits of *Prempralap* he drowned himself in the Mahanadi at Pooree. Thus died in the 48th year of his age one of the greatest religious reformers that India ever produced.

He liveth long who liveth well,
All else is being flung away ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true deeds truly done each day.

Fill up each hour with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go ;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

(Concluded from page 33.)

BY ISWAR CHANDRA MITRA.

THE question now is, are we to be content with this state of things? If we are so content, and stand still, we are certain to fall back. We shall not be able to tread on other walks of life but such as we are already familiar with, and the number of competitors in the race will yearly increase, while our prospects will not, in all likelihood, be at all bettered. Need we not then give our young men a more practical education than we give them at present,—an education which will fit them to pursue occupations which are as honest and respectable as those they now pursue? What are those occupations, and what is the sort of education which would fit our young men for them? Being of gentle blood, they cannot be hewers of wood and drawers of water; neither are we going to ask them to be such. Even in progressive England, a man with gentle blood in his veins will not, I fear, easily consent to be a green-grocer. Handicrafts may be contemned, but we do not see why occupations requiring the exercise of educated intellect should be despised.

The necessity of a study of the Physical Sciences has been eloquently dilated upon by the learned Dr. Sarkar. We perfectly agree with him in thinking that the cultivation of this study is not at all impossible amongst us. And is not the study likely to lead to new and as yet untried paths in life, advantageous to those who should follow them, and to the country? Intellects, of the nature of those which are able to grapple with the intricacies of the philosophers of old, can certainly, if properly directed, cope with the elements of this study; we want only means and appliances to carry it on.

Our mineral resources are unbounded. Their development would add materially to our national wealth. Capital and enterprise are certainly wanted to secure this development, but an expensive skilled agency stands a great deal in the way. Will

not a study of the sciences of Geology and Mineralogy fit men to assist in this development, either in the field of investigation under the control of Government, or in works undertaken by private enterprise? We have not, we fear, a single individual amongst us, competent by actual training to take an important part in their prosecution. Electricity is a very interesting branch of study. It has received extensive application in connection with telegraphic communications. We have native signallers who can manipulate the batteries ; but whenever there is anything radically wrong in the working, whenever there is an interruption in the communications, European skill must be brought into play to set the matter right. Will not a practical study of this particular branch of science open out a large field for worthy employment? Our soil is one of the richest in the world ; will not a proper study of agriculture enable us to improve our food-resources, and prevent the recurrence of devastating famines? Are not intellects devoted to the study likely to find ample scope for action? The subject of the conservation of our forests is now being attended to by Government. A department of service has actually been created. Can a mere general education fit us for employment in it? A special training is certainly required, and it behoves us, if we are to seek our interests, to secure this special training for our young men. The subject of sanitation is daily rising into importance. Diseases, in an endemic and epidemic form, often rage through the land bringing misery and desolation into many a village and many a home. The nature of the soil on which habitations are built, that of the subsoil, their humidity from want of drainage, the accumulation and disposal of filth and refuse, sewage, &c, are all matters which must have long, patient and careful investigation, before the laws of public health can be laid down, and before we can expect to remove the causes of the sufferings we daily witness. There cannot be a more noble and wider field for study, enquiry and usefulness. Just as an executive engineer is required in every district to take care of its roads and communications, a sanitary officer may soon be required to take care of its general health.

The field of the Fine Arts is almost untouched. The study of Painting and Sculpture may open up a wide range of intellectual occupation. A desire to perpetuate one's memory in animated canvas or marble, cannot be less strong here than in other countries. A wish to adorn their pleasure-grounds, or reception halls, with works of art, is not perhaps less vivid amongst our princes and noble men than among the magnates of other lands. There is, however, no talent to meet these demands. Are we likely to be less successful in these branches of study than in general literature or science? There are works amongst us which have drawn forth great admiration, and we may rest assured that, if we only devote ourselves to this branch of education, the talent which is likely to be drawn forth will have ample employment.

Photography has almost within the last few years risen to be an important branch of the fine arts. It is cultivated by European amateurs and professors. How few Bengalis there are who cultivate this study either for pleasure or for profit! There are lots of shop-boys who meet you at every step in Radha Bazar or China Bazar, and ask you to have your likeness taken. Their employers must certainly ply a brisk trade, but they are mere manipulators, not artists or professors. They cannot, from want of the necessary education, understand the principles of the art. The application of photography to the purposes of criminal administration may be gradually extended. It has depicted the features of great criminals. It may be used to detect them. The last vision of the victim of a murderer is said to be impressed with the lineaments of the murderer. It may be used for the apprehension of an escaped convict. Who knows but that it may be resorted to for the purpose of taking down the demeanour of a witness in Court? Educated talent, employed in the occupation of a photographer; is almost sure to be successful. Engraving is another very useful branch of study. What miserable prints we daily see innocent of all distinctions of light and shade, and of the requirements of perspective! Yet they command a large sale. Many persons may recollect a portrait of David Hare on steel, very badly

engraved indeed, years ago. Did it not command an extensive sale? The study has only to be cultivated by educated intellect to be highly remunerative. French daubs are framed and put up in many a house as pictures; even good wood engravings of our celebrities, if we could get them, would be welcome in many a household, and prized ten times more than the daubs. Music has a charm for every soul. It is largely practised in this country, but few study it scientifically. Musicians are largely patronised by our rich men. Are regular artists likely to starve? There is certainly some prejudice against the profession at the bottom of which we have a drummer, but even now we have respectable Brahmans practising the art as a profession, and with improvement in its study, it may rise in estimation as not unbecoming the occupation of a gentleman.

There are many occupations which require a practical knowledge of science. Navigation is a science in itself. We have fabled stories of merchants, navigating the seas and bringing home the riches of distant shores. What have we now in these days of progress? Cannot we get our native intellects to study this science with profit? Cannot we have even a sprinkling of native midshipmen, native officers, and native captains, in the numerous vessels which plough our waters? Talking of navigation, one is reminded of a service which is never thought of by us, as one likely to give our young men employment. We mean the Pilot service. If they can by special scientific training fit themselves for it, are they likely to be debarred from entering it? Practical engineering requires an intellect imbued with scientific knowledge. Have we got a single practical engineer amongst us? These are the days of steam and steam engines, and a practical engineer will have ample field for lucrative employment. The development of our material resources is every day loudly talked of, and must progress. Machinery plays a great and important part in this work. Is it not to be regretted that we are sadly wanting in ability to take our share of the benefits derivable from it? We send cotton to England to be returned to us in the shape

of twist and woven fabrics, which sell here cheaper than even our home made stuffs. Our paper we import, though made of materials much more easily procurable here than in England. Cannot many of the manufactured articles we receive be cheaper still than they are, if we are able to save the materials and the manufactured articles the cost of a trip to and from England? Cannot much of the machinery we import be made up in this country, if we can utilize the resources of our mines, and have the necessary quantum of trained intellect and appliances to turn these resources into what we require. Native talent suited to the work must, if it is found, rise in demand. Gas and the water supply in Calcutta have called up a class of practical mechanics, who are carrying on a thriving business as plumbers. Some Bengalis have taken it up with apparent profit to themselves, though they have been employing European mechanics under them. If our young men could apply their knowledge of mechanics and hydrostatics to the practical use of steam and machinery, they would certainly secure for themselves a means of lucrative and honorable employment.

Watch-making is a practical art which requires a clear and nice intellect for its successful prosecution. Why can we not apprentice a young educated person to a watch-maker? A friend of ours had a son who, when quite young, looked as intelligent and bright as any young person could. The aim of his father was to make an M. A. and B. A. of him, as is the aim of almost every father amongst us; but he has proved a failure. His father has given him up as a spoilt child. The young man, however, can take a watch to pieces and put them together again, correcting any slight irregularity which may have happened. Has not talent of a particular order been wantonly lost? Watch-making is not an ignoble profession. It was the profession of David Hare. Ship building is an useful art which will, as our resources are developed and commerce increases, receive considerable attention.

It may be quite idle to talk of the fine and practical arts when we have such bright prospects before us as the Covenanted

Services, Civil and Medical, when we have Cooper's Hill College, and the Temples and the Inns of Law to study in. These are for the few not the many, and our concern is with the latter. The admixture of the native element in the services is, it is to be feared, never likely to be large, and the prospects of a native barrister may hereafter not be what they are now supposed to be. Few also will be able to afford the expenses of an education in England. It is the many, therefore, who must be educated at home, that are to be thought of.

In every country, under its native Government, young men of family and education find an opening for honorable employment in the army. This must be sealed to us here for a long time to come. But can we not ask our rulers to admit us to the highest grades of the Police? Why is it that Europeans are preferred for even this subordinate branch of service? We may be very good detectives, we may understand well the judicial bearings of a case, but are we not charged as a body with the want of that energy and activity which are necessary to secure perfect efficiency? And is there not some truth in the complaint? We should look the evil boldly in the face and try to remove it. We find sufficient energy, activity and endurance in the lower grades of Police officers, why should we not find them in men who ought to find a place in the higher grades? The children of our better classes are almost from infancy brought up to a life of inactivity. Almost always in the lap of a servant in infancy, the slightest desire on the part of the grown-up boy to run about, leap or jump, is checked, lest he should break his limbs. He has no time even for active sport. He is sent to the *patsala* at five years of age, and to the English school at eight; and what with attendance at school and lessons morning and evening, he has no time afforded him to give play to his naturally active tendencies. He must be brought up to pass the Examination, and to secure this end, every thing must be sacrificed. The result is, we have young men, whose minds have been forced into early development, but whose bodies have been enfeebled through want of healthful exercise. It is no wonder that they are rendered unfitted for duties which require great

activity and energy and endurance in their performance. In the days of David Hare we had *Kapati*, an active native game, which is now scarcely known even by name. Is not the necessity of giving our young men instruction in the athletic games, in riding and shooting, side by side with instruction in literature and science, apparent ?

Before concluding, we invite our countrymen to consider how we are to secure a study of the Practical Sciences and Arts. We can fairly reckon upon the success of Dr. Sarkar's project for the study of the Physical Sciences. If our rich men will not come forth with their thousands, those amongst us who are not blessed with an abundance of worldly goods may still come forth with their hundreds. We ought certainly to rid ourselves of the habit of invoking Jupiter in every instance, but this we can only gradually do ; and we shall not be asking too much of Government, if we ask them only to extend the scope and operation of the School of Industry, and to convert it into a College of Art. With reference to the practical arts, the law of apprenticeship, if modified, would enable a young man to bind himself to an engineer or to a watch-maker, just as he would enter into articles with an attorney at law. Just now, if we are so minded, we can avail ourselves largely of the contributions of the community. The lamented death of the good and noble Earl of Mayo has evoked the sympathy of all classes, and subscriptions are pouring in to enable us to honor and perpetuate his memory. What nobler monument could we erect to his memory than a temple of science and art, which would give a practical turn to the high education of our young men, and largely benefit the country the good of which he had at his heart ?

CHARADE.

I mark'd my *First* across the lea,
 Run shouting loud in artless glee,
 No bird could ever be so gay,
 As he upon that holiday,—
 The carmine on his cheek that glows,
 Shamed the rich lustre of the rose,—
 And the deep violet of his eyes
 Outvied the color of the skies.
 —Deftly the knots had been untied,
 My silken *Second* thrown aside,
 And all his wealth of golden hair,
 Now flutter'd on the morning air,
 —A sweet babe-angel from above,
 —A Cupid from the bowers of love !

Run, laugh, and shout,—play on, play on,
 My *All*, alas!, will soon be gone.
 That rosy cheek will sure be dim,
 Those glistening eyes in tears will swim,
 And innocence, and joy, and truth,
 Will fade ere long with fading youth.
 The peace that now reigns in thy heart,
 Will soon, too soon for aye depart,
 And canker grief and carking care
 Will cloud thy brow with dark despair.
 Thy morn is bright, but soon the shade
 Of evening will thy heaven pervade ;
 Run, laugh, and shout,—play on, play on,
 Use well my *All* ere it be gone.

O. C. Dutt.

THE MODEL BABOO PAPERS.

II.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

I have no great liking for His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor. And one reason of this is, that he is given to calling people names. He has called me and my tribe—"first-class classical Baboos." Still I must say I like him for other reasons. I think he is the frankest and most outspoken governor in India, though not possibly the most discreet. In this respect he is unlike the majority of his countrymen. A Scotchman is shrewd to a degree, and "canny Scot" is a proverbial expression. I know not whether there are some drops of Irish blood in Mr. Campbell's veins, but he is certainly more of an Irishman than a Scotchman. He has the Scotchman's hard-headedness; but he has the Irishman's impulsiveness, frankness and generosity. One of the frankest and most outspoken statements ever made by any member of the governing class in India, was that uttered by Mr. Campbell sometime since in his own Council, when discussing the merits of the new Municipal Bill. "*He thought,*" so His Honour is represented by the reporter to have said, "*that in a country where political freedom was impossible, municipal freedom was most desirable.*" I honour Mr. Campbell for having made this statement. It is a true and wise statement. "Political freedom is impossible." England is in no haste to take leave of us; and if she did, we, Bengalis, could not hold our own for a single day. Political freedom,—understanding the phrase in the sense of electing representatives to a national Parliament—is also out of the question, as in that case the whole of the legislative power would be lodged in the children of the soil. And yet freedom of some sort or other must be granted to a people growing in intelligence; if not for anything else, at least as a safety-valve against inward discontent. Municipal freedom is therefore "most desirable." If we cannot have a Parliament of our own for making laws for the whole nation, it is something to have a municipality of our own, where we can adopt measures for the sanitary improvement

of our own village or town, for lighting its streets, for the prevention of the property of its inhabitants from being stolen, for relieving its poor, for giving medical help to its sick, and for educating its ignorant population. Such being the case, I cannot, for the life of me, understand why some of my educated and influential countrymen have set their face against the principle of election in municipalities. The municipalities, as they stand at present, are for the most part good for nothing. People having property merely, people standing in the good grace of the Magistrate and Collector or of the Commissioner, people given to toadyism, people having no spirit of independence, people readily agreeing to whatever *Huzoor* says, people having no opinion of their own and lacking brains to form any opinion,—such are the people, for the most part, who are at present chosen municipal commissioners. The elective system will change all that. The ratepayers will feel it to be their interest to elect people who have brains to think, and tongues to express what they think, who are independent, who dare differ from the Magistrate and the Commissioner, and who in the formation of their opinions never consider what *Huzoor* will say.

There are some people who are against every sort of reform on the plea that the people are not prepared for it ; that the reform in question may be introduced hundred years or fifty years hence, but not at present. I look upon such people as great humbugs. They have some private interest of their own to serve, or they are very apathetic, and will not take any trouble for the good of the public. Such people always see lions in the way. With them time has not yet arrived for any good thing ; every good thing is reserved for the distant future. In their grammar there is no present tense ; the only tense they acknowledge is the future—even the paulo-post future is excluded. Like the *scholastikos* mentioned by the Greek moralist, they will wait to ford the stream till all its waters shall have passed away, and left its bed dry. They will not touch water till they have learned to swim. Mr. Campbell's plan is, in my opinion, more sensible. " He would rather try the experiment

of throwing them into the water to swim if they could, than tell them to wait until they have learned to swim." So would I; and so would every sensible man; for you cannot learn to swim unless you have a ducking once or twice. To say that the towns and villages of Bengal are not able at present to manage their own municipal affairs is to talk sheer nonsense. They had been managing those affairs for three thousand years till the English deprived them of that power. There were headmen in villages before Manu was born. And we are now gravely told that we cannot manage our civic affairs! It is my decided conviction that, if Mr. Campbell were to-morrow to concede the elective system to every municipality, of whatever grade, in the country, there would not be the slightest danger or inconvenience. There is not a single village in the country—at least there is not a single municipality—where there are not some intelligent men who are quite competent to discharge municipal functions.

But it has been said—What room is there for municipal freedom where the Magistrate-Collector is the president of the municipality, and where the Commissioner of the Division can control its proceedings? Why not? Has not English education produced plenty of men, in all parts of the country, who can take an intelligent and patriotic interest in the affairs of their native villages, — men who can think for themselves, and express their thoughts with manliness, the wrath of *Huzoordom* notwithstanding? That there are not such men in the municipalities, as they exist at present, is simply owing to the absence of the elective system. But the elective system will bring new men to the municipalities, and men, too, whom the Magistrate or the Commissioner would find it difficult to beard or bully. A free press is a safeguard against the caprices of even a Commissioner of a Division. But suppose we are not going to have absolute municipal freedom, is that a proper reason for rejecting some degree of municipal freedom? Because I cannot get a first-rate dinner, one over which the Emperor Vitellius would have gloated, is that any reason why I should starve? Because I cannot get a *khilaut* from the Lieute-

nant-Governor, or obtain such costly vestments as Lucullus wore, is that any reason why I should put on no clothes, and go about stark-naked ? Something is better than nothing, is an old and wise saw ; and our own national proverb has it, that a “ blind uncle is better than no uncle.” For myself, I shall hail the day when His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor will find it good policy to extend the elective system to every municipality in the country ; for I take it, that that day will be the dawn of a spirit of independence in the people, of sanitary improvement, of material progress, of universal popular education, and consequently of national prosperity ; and that day will also, if I mistake not, sound the knell of zamindari oppression.

MODEL BARBOO.

SONNET.

To a Dove.

Fair haunter of the gloomy banyan's bough,
 Whose presence tells that cloudless skies are near,
 That soon the husbandman with carol clear,
 And “shining morning face” shall guide the plough,
 Dull must the mortal be, and harsh I trow,
 Who dreams no dreams, whom no illusions cheer
 At thy approach, who feels no happy tear
 Bedew his eyes, no flush on cheek and brow !
 For me, this morn thy murmur like a spell,
 Blots from my eyes the shady banyan tree,
 I see instead the billows sink and swell,
 The Ark slow drifting o'er a shoreless sea,
 And thy progenitor its weary way,
 Winged in silence with an olive spray.

A THREAT.

Baboo me no baboo, please ; I cannot stand it. I can stand the thunderbolt of Jupiter, I can stand the stare of the scavenger, I can stand the howl of jackals, I can stand the concert of mosquitos ; but this confounded baboo of your's I cannot stand. Yet my bitterest foe will not deny that there is an abundance of the asinine in me. Why, if truth must be told, it is modesty alone,—which I still retain, though not exactly in the prime of youth of which, according to the adage, it is the chief ornament,—yes, it is modesty alone that prevents the use of the term “superabundance,” which itself is scarcely sufficient adequately to express the degree in which I share the attributes of my philosophic prototype, the best abused personage in the whole creation, forsooth ! because he stoutly declines to pander to the vitiated taste of a degenerate age, which prefers expensive gauds, empty,—as empty as the exchequer of Diogenes, —to real sterling worth.

What is your stud-bred pet but a butterfly of caterpillar born, destined to flutter in the sun-beam for a season, and then, like all other children of luxury, to fall a premature prey to bronchitis, gangrene, and other distempers horse-flesh is heir to ? Born under official superintendence, and nursed like the Prince of Wales, occupying splendid apartments better ventilated far and protected from the inclemencies of the weather than those that have fallen to the lot of the Honorables of the High Court ;—wearing woollen garments of a quality that on the back of the Ex-King of Oudh would have made the defunct royalty full ten inches taller than he is at present ;—reposing on cushions, as soft as velvet, giving instant relief even to the aching limbs of a Dengue patient ;—feeding on the choicest viands coveted by gods and goddesses of antiquity ;—what does the mushroom do to compensate for this extravagant investment of time, money, and science ? For a while he sports a two wheeled, aye, perhaps four wheeled, concern, as light as a feather, that, with the aid of the eternal laws of

mechanics and our spirit-level streets, can be plied by infantine breath from the north pole unto the south pole. He then graces one of those classified musical boxes that puzzle University men with a problem on motion, like that on matter, in the days of yore, of so difficult a solution that, after integrating and differentiating over and over again, the Faculty remain divided, some maintaining that the motion of the box in question is a positive quantity, and others as dogmatically asserting that it is downright negative. The next transition is to the Conservancy Department, where we find him towing carefully screwed municipal perfumery to that gigantic monument of Mr. Clark's engineering skill, till he himself is towed to the Skinning Ghaut, and consigned to the tender mercies of the local gentry, who, with the minimum quantity of pain prescribed by the Cruelty Prevention Society, hammer his brainless head to pieces. *Requiescat in pace!*

Now look at the other picture. Behold the sage,—his head, • stuffed with wisdom, slightly inclined to the ground, making fresh geological discoveries to provide for the apprehended coal famine, and fuel famine already accomplished, by a scientific Government, hopelessly gone in Reclamation manias;—his ears, of genuine Parnasian development, turning on a pivot, as it were, and making concentric circuits through the thirty-two points of the compass for purposes offensive and defensive;—his coat, each fibre of which, saturated in Castalian tide, individually reflects profound thought, as do the wrinkles on the face of hard-thinking Locke;—above all, his affix (he is quite classical, and, like our modern Examiners, is affix and prefix all over) with that conical bunch of hair at the extremity typifying the monument on which sitteth Patience smiling at Grief;—I say, behold the sage moves on,—the very picture of sobriety!—with a Dewalagiri of linen, on the peak of which are playfully perched Mr. Dhoby's litter of *babaloos*,—he moves on, grace in his steps and heaven in his eyes! Once unloaded, our *Æsop* relaxes, and, with the litter aforesaid, re-inforced by lots of street worthies, indulges in a game or two of “Blind man's buff:” and, in due time, conveys his pleasing burden back

to restore the globe to its centre of gravity, lest, during the dark hours of night, its pious denizens slide down into eternity unarraigned, untried, and unexecuted.

But his professional duties count nothing compared with those attached to his staff appointments, and their name is legion. The blind man in the tale, lent his legs to the lame man on his back, who lent him his eyes in return. Though this is not exactly legs for legs and eyes for eyes, yet it is fair exchange. Legs on one side, and eyes on the other. The parties concerned in the transaction are equally benefitted by the barter. Our good Samaritan goes a step further. He lends both legs and eyes to his master, whose limbs and organs being invariably, at candle light, in the enjoyment of *Chhutti* necessitated by his harmless recreations during the intervals of business. Thus are his wants, real or artificial, supplemented by his servant, who becomes, by turns, his man servant, his maid servant, his horse, his buggy, his rail-road, his electric telegraph, his iron-clad, his Suez canal; and, in season and out of season, in sun and in rain, faithfully serving him to a good old age, pays,—pity of pitics! such rare merit should not be exempted from the hard, inexorable decree—pays the debt of nature, but not often without giving a *budli*, as he is, according to Aristotle, “sometimes prolific.”

As life and death are inseparable, so are genius and eccentricity. Wherever there is life there is death, wherever there is genius there is eccentricity. In fact genius is the Xmas duck, complete in all its ornamental appendages, flaming on the dish, and weltering in tantalizing gravy, * * *—beg pardon, gentle reader, a sudden overflow of moisture broke the thread of the narrative; worms perhaps, but let that pass; I will not write of roast again—yes, genius is the roast, and eccentricity the Worcester sauce that tickles the palate, and courts it with the assiduity of a gay Lothario of five and twenty. Go through the list of your great men, how many do you find without a hobby? Take the very best in the batch, Socrates; and lo! the venerable monotheist outdoes the small fry of monotheists of the present

day ! He sends a sacrifice to Æsculapius ! His philosophy oozes out at his fingers' ends just at the moment when philosophy is most needed ! Whether monotheism or polytheism was the hobby, we will not here stop to enquire. Certain it is, that he could not sincerely follow both ; therefore either the one or the other creed was a sham. Alcibiades, another luminary of the same group, was even more hobby-horsical than Socrates himself. Let us come down a peg or two, and peep into the galaxy of the Augustan age of civilized England, and forthwith we stumble on the notorious Father of Inductive and Seductive Philosophy ! *Par nobile fratrum !* The cut-throat cancels all obligations, and sharpens his knife for the throat of his *quondam* benefactor ; the lecher, after debauching sundry maids of honor, would "fain climb" to a height where angels dread to tread ! Come we now to the Lakers. Here is the monthpiece. His "antisocial principle and distempered sensibility of Rousseau ; his discontent with the present constitution of society ; his paradoxical morality ; and his perpetual hankerings after some unattainable state of voluptuous virtue and perfection," not only save us the trouble of a clever inspection of his private life, but prepare us at once for confronting Messrs. Don Juan & Co., who could ask Dante's ghosts and demons "to supper, and eat heartily in their company". Shade of Byron ! Thou quintessence of Poetry ! Thou Prince of wayward brats ! always at loggerheads with thy good fortune, defying common sense and Providence itself ! Little didst thou dream, while performing Hindu obsequies on the remains of thy bosom friend and boon companion, that thou wilt be beaten quite hollow, in thy own element, by prosaic Hindu youths ! To cut a long matter short, our hero is somewhat eccentric—he will not submit to loads of a certain description.

No other supposition will explain the phenomenon. The once docile, hard-working, forbearing, self-denying slave is, as if by the touch of a magical wand, converted into the most intractable, vicious, insolent *Uria* that ever put shoulders to a palkce-pole. Such a sudden and strange metamorphosis cannot certainly be owing to *shagri*

considerations. There ought to be nothing untouchable in the works of nature. What would become of Anatomy which indisputably ranks higher than those so-called exact sciences that treat of palpable absurdities,—length without breadth, position without magnitude ? What would become of the new Civil Service *par excellence*, where dislocation in limbs and necks must necessarily be the rule, and not, as now, the exception, if the dissecting room were converted into an eau de cologne depot, and the demonstrator were transported to the Andaman islands ! No ; *shagri* or no *shagri* is a caste distinction which cannot influence beings of superior attainments. Philosophers of all ages and countries have denounced caste as vulgar and barbarous. There can be no degrees of comparison amongst offsprings of the same stock. Canaan was, doubtless, to be “the servant of servants unto his brethren ;” but that was owing to a fit of paternal displeasure for a very unseemly exposure. The reputation of no *Paterfamilias* would be safe, especially in this age of Abkari settlements, if the urchins under his own roof were to bruit about his accidental “nakedness,” and to give his indoor and out-door pursuits the same degree of ventilation. The award of *sultra* slavery to perpetuity on the culprit, was, it must be acknowledged on all hands, in that particular instance, handsomely deserved. Generally speaking, however, it is but little minds alone that worry themselves with such paltry questions, and ruffle the surface of society with hills and dales of their own creation, rendering the intercourse of man with man a matter of logarithmic calculation, by which one is to discover whom to approach, whom to shun, where to treat with contumacy, where to lick the spittle, instead of walking side by side, in holy brotherhood, and beguiling the natural ups and downs of three-score-and-ten by fraternal reciprocation. There is no caste in England, where shoe-makers and undertakers freely mix with dukes and earls whom they supply with boots and coffins, and, not unfrequently, become their sons-in-law too. Such a national arrangement not only saves the inconvenience of giving measures for those articles of domestic consumption to mere strangers, but, at the same time,

extirpates the race of spinsters that encumber and scandalise aristocratic families both here and elsewhere. Then whence the anomaly? Dr. Goldsmith, in his excellent panegyric on the Ass—it is the Ass I sing—does not make the least allusion to this fastidiousness on the part of his subject; but, for all that, the fastidiousness exists. After all it is nothing but a staff, not much longer than the tail of Mr. Brown's poodle, and, in circumference, no bigger than that of a lady's wedding ring. Yet clap it on, and the pattern of long-suffering plants his legs on the soil, and will not budge an inch for any amount of coaxing or thrashing.

Well; barring this *bulli* affair in which I am he pless, I cannot supply it for no fault of mine. Aristotle has cruelly withheld from me the privilege he has conceded to the Ass—fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind—but as I was going to say, barring this *bulli* affair, I am prepared to serve you as efficiently as the Ass. I will carry your dirty linen in any amount, and wash it under your own nostrils if you choose. I will hew your wood, I will draw your water. I will make your bricks without straw, I will feed your swine without pay. I will laugh when you laugh, I will weep when you weep, I will reel when you reel, and, if you delight in spending a night in the ditch, I will bear you company. I will be any thing and every thing to you. I will be your slave, I will be your fool; but I will not be your Baboo any longer. I hate the term as the Devil hates holy water. Bake me, boil me, roast me, make minced meat of me, swallow me entire—no fear of indigestion, I am gram-fed and slough-lined in Municipal shambles—but expunge that blistering dissyllable from your vocabulary. An if you don't, like my friend philosopher and guide, I screw my legs,—alas! I have but two,—let happen what may. Nay, I do more. I get myself enlisted in Mr. Campbell's Junior Executive Service, and bray baboo, till I baboo the life out of every miscreant I catch babooing honest folks at this fashion again. BEWARE.

IMPROVEMENT UNDER LEGISLATIVE PRESSURE.

WE are no alarmists. We do not think our society would become disorganised and corrupt if our ladies were allowed to mix freely with ourselves. On the contrary, we sincerely believe that the time has now come when we ought, not only as a matter of duty to our ladies but for our own sakes, to demolish the barricades that confine the former to the *antaspura*, aloof from all the innocent pleasures of a rational life. We do not think that our fathers would go to *Put*, if our daughters were not married before they attained their tenth or eleventh year. On the contrary, we sincerely believe that there is no connection whatever, earthly or heavenly, between our fathers and the marriage of our daughters, and that it would be infinitely to the advantage of our society if the marriage of our girls were postponed until after they had attained a riper age. We do not think our young men would become corrupt and go to wreck and ruin, if they were not married off-hand as soon as they arrived at their sixteenth or seventeenth year. On the contrary, we sincerely believe that it would do the young men no end of good if their marriages were postponed, until after they had secured the means of keeping a family. We do not think that the abolition of caste would in any way injure our society. On the contrary, we sincerely believe that caste, such as it obtains in our society, and all other castes, are grave social and political evils, and that the sooner they are discountenanced and done away with the better. We do not think that there is any harm in the remarriage of widows. On the contrary, we sincerely believe that it is very hurtful to us, in many respects, to force our widows, and especially young widows, to remain as such, and that it would be very much to our benefit if they could be induced by fair means to remarry. We do not think that the education of our ladies is unnecessary and unprofitable. On the contrary, we sincerely believe that it is absolutely and imperatively necessary for the well being of our society, that our ladies should be

educated—aye, and well educated—that unless they are so educated we should have to remain, far and away, behind in the race of civilization. We do not think that the education of our boys and men is only useful as a means to earn money. On the contrary, we sincerely believe that education taken by itself has a very high value of its own, and that this value is infinitely more valuable than its money-earning value. We do not think that a blind and wicked fate has brought our society to its present state. On the contrary, we sincerely believe that it was the supineness, the indifference, the want of moral and physical courage, on the part of our ancestors, that are the causes of our present degraded state, and that it lies with us now to improve our condition and undo, as quickly as we can, the work of centuries. We believe that our country is destined, sooner or later, to leave its present insignificant place in the scale of nations and to rise higher and higher. But though we believe all this and more, though we are radicals to the backbone in the politics, so to speak, of our social life, we do not, and cannot bring ourselves to believe either in the necessity, the advisability, or the advantage of improvements under legislative pressure. We may remark, that it is quite as chafing to our spirits to see the country moving on so slowly, as it can be to any body. We are just as anxious that the causes which retard our progress should be done away with at once, as the most impetuous reformer. If it were in any degree practicable we should have no objection to our society travelling by express train or by balloon. But though we are prepared to go to such irrational lengths, though we feel sorely distressed at the great bulk of our countrymen and countrywomen deliberately refusing to consider any measure of reform, however simple and however advantageous, though we see that most of the reforms necessary for our society are lying close at hand, we, nevertheless, declare, that we cannot contemplate without dread the idea of legislative interference with our society.

We have made these remarks *apropos* of a petition which is now going round for signature, and in which the supreme Legislative Council will be requested to pass an Act making it illegal for

any body to give his or her daughter and son in marriage before they have attained a certain age. The fact that such a petition for such an object has been thought necessary, discloses a most lamentable feature in our society. In Europe, if any grave social defect is desired to be cured, people anxious for the reform try and eventually succeed in getting up a strong public opinion against it ; and such is the force of this opinion that those who do not bow to it are obliged to betake themselves to Coventry. The rulers of fashionable life in the fashionable world, the *paterfamilias* in the middle-class world, and the authoritative individuals in the world under the middle-class world, have such power in the respective worlds over which they rule, that in social matters their word, which is generally a mere echo of the thoughts of the majority, is law; and, although there are no pains and penalties attached to the violation of this law, it is more strictly obeyed than many of the most important laws passed by Queen, Lords and Commons. With us, it must be confessed, society has no such power. What would society say if I did this or that, is a question which hardly one in a thousand amongst us puts to himself, and the consequence is that we all go our own ways, little caring for our fellows, and in the end having little or no sympathy with them. But because society is powerless amongst us, or rather because we have no society in the European sense of the word, that is all the more reason why the Legislature should not be asked to interfere in our social matters.

In the first place, society is beyond the legitimate sphere of the action of the Legislature. The power of the Legislature extends within certain well known and well defined boundaries, beyond which its action becomes pernicious in the extreme. There are doubtless certain cases connected with society in which it is now and then called upon to act, but those cases are rare, and, even with regard to them, its action is based upon principles which have long been well established. Such a case occurred with reference to what was originally called the Brahmo Marriage Bill, but which subsequently became the Act to provide for

marriages in certain cases. Here the Legislature was called upon to remove a disability, created, no doubt, by the people who were labouring under it, but created under circumstances which no ruler could help respecting. In removing this disability, and in introducing for the benefit of a certain section of the people, a novel—that is to say as regards the institutions of this country—system of marriage, the Legislature had a right to demand, and it did demand, in its turn, certain conditions, which we have no doubt will prove highly beneficial. It has been enacted that no person shall be allowed to avail himself or herself of this new marriage Act, unless he or she has attained a certain age, and that whoever marries under this Act shall not be able to marry again in the lifetime of his or her wife or husband. The principle on which these conditions have been incorporated with the Act is very simple. All rational men see and feel the evil effects of polygamy and early marriage, and, as the Act is only permissive and not compulsory, there could be no harm in insisting upon those who have given up the ancient customs of the Hindus, certainly as regards marriage, to likewise give up polygamy and early marriage. But this is very different from asking the Legislature to interfere so as to abolish social customs which have been in existence for ages. Here, it would be obliged to make that penal which is not so now. It would have to force down upon the people, at the point of the Penal and Criminal Procedure Codes, ideas such as, when understood, the people would gladly accept for themselves, but, when not so understood—as is the case now—would be looked upon as something monstrous. It would have, to be consistent, to go further, and imprison people and fine them for practices which they have been accustomed to from their infancy, which were familiar as household words to their fathers and grand-fathers and great grand-fathers, and which are in no way dangerous to the body politic.

If it be said that the Legislature has in our country in former times abolished the horrible, barbarous and cruel rite of *Sati*, the equally horrible, barbarous and cruel practice of infanticide, and has given power to Hindu widows to remarry, or rather has

legitimatised children of widows after their remarriage ; we answer that, in all these cases, it has acted upon principles which are entirely inapplicable to the case now under consideration. Taking first the remarriage of widows ; the Act is merely a permissive one, and does not in the slightest degree attempt to force any widow to marry. The fact that only a handful of widows has married since the passing of the Act shows, how completely innocuous its effect has been upon orthodox Hindu society. Some influential people were of opinion that there was nothing in the Hindu *Sastras* to prevent the remarriage of widows, except the usage which had grown up amongst us, and they were anxious that the disability should be taken off in the case of those who wished to marry. The Legislature acting upon the principle that no portion of the public should be under disability in respect to matters of conscience—matters which did not contravene any known rule of law or morality—has taken off the disability under which Hindu widows were labouring. By doing so, it has not added to the chapter of penal laws, nor has it attached any pains or penalties to any body. In the case of *Sati*, it acted upon a different principle—the principle upon which it has made suicide and murder crimes. If the unfortunate women voluntarily burnt themselves to death they committed suicide, if they were forced to burn themselves, the people who used the force committed murder; from both of which calamities the Legislature was bound to protect them, and protect society at large. Infanticide, too, has been, and is being, prevented under the same principle. No amount of prescription, no amount of ancient usage, no amount of popular feeling, will avail in favour of acts illegal in themselves, highly injurious to public morals, and, what is of the utmost consequence, directly and palpably dangerous to the body politic. If the Legislature had not come forward to stop them with a firm hand, it would have betrayed its duty and violated its trust. But what have these interferences of the Legislature in common with that which is now about to be asked for? How can they all be said to be governed by the same principle? What is there in

polygamy, or early marriage, directly and palpably dangerous to the body politic?

In the second place, beyond the right that proceeds from might, what other possible right, may we ask, the Council of the Governor-General of India for the purpose of making laws and regulations has to legislate upon matters connected with the social usages and customs of the people of this country? Does the Council as a body, or any one of its members as individuals, represent in any shape or form whatever the feelings and ideas of either Hindus or Musalmans? Has it any means of being intimately and accurately acquainted with such feelings and ideas? There are no doubt the newspapers; but are we to be governed in accordance with the views and opinions of a handful of Editors, whose knowledge of the people below and above them is certainly very limited, to say the least of it, and who, though able and educated, deal more with general politics than with society? In countries, where the legislative bodies are elective; where the legislators come from and out of the people; where social opinion is strong to the verge of tyranny; where proceedings of public bodies are held in the capital and published soon after they have taken place, by impartial journals, with all their incidents and all their details; where the people understand their temporary rulers; where there is no chance of any misunderstanding between the governed and the governors; where both speak the same language, both are actuated to a great extent by the same sympathies and antipathies and prejudices, both have a very great deal if not every thing in common,—in such countries, legislative interference in matters social is held in jealous dread, and the representatives of the people are called to instant account if they travel by one hair's breadth out of their legitimate region: and, yet, in India, where the legislative bodies are not elective, where there is nothing in common between the rulers and the ruled, and where none of the circumstances which are to be found, for instance in England, exist, it is asked that the Legislature should put a stop to polygamy and early marriage! If it is legitimate for the Council to do away with these two abominations

of our society, why should it not be asked to abolish caste? Why should it not make it penal for people to call themselves Brahmans or Sudras? Why should it not make it an offence on the part of a Brahman to invest his son with the *Jagnya pavita*—the holy thread? Why should it not, in short, compel every body to become Brahmos and be reformed for ever and a day?

It may no doubt be contended that Brahmanism and Brahmoism are essentially religious institutions, and that to meddle with them would be to meddle with the religion of the people. But does not polygamy stand in the same category? Who are the people who resort to polygamy? The Kulins most of all. But why do they do so? Is it not because they cannot without it give their daughters away in marriage? Is not the duty on the part of a Hindu to give his daughter away in marriage as essentially religious, as essentially based upon religious foundations, as any thing else that is to be found in the whole of the Hindu religion? Would not an orthodox Kulin consider himself, and not only himself but his forefathers, ruined to all eternity, if his daughter were not given away in marriage at the proper time? If so—and we do not expect any thinking being to say it is not so—upon what principle can the Legislature, pledged, as it is, to respect Hindu institutions in a most solemn manner, be asked to swallow its pledges, and to root out, in a ruthless manner, some of those very institutions? The motive which actuates the promoters of the petition is beyond all praise. We recognise their zeal, their devotion to the interests of the country, their single-minded desire to do good. There is not one atom of self in their present undertaking; but we cannot help thinking that the way which they have discovered for the weeding out of some of the most pernicious customs of the country, is not only not prudent in itself, but fraught with danger to the good cause which all lovers of the country have at heart. If a Bill of this sort were introduced into the Council, it would create such a consternation throughout the country that it would take long to allay it, and while the people were under the consternation, they would neither ask the advice nor

follow the example of those who are anxious to teach as well by precept as by example.

The proper course to follow, in the present circumstances of the country, is to educate public opinion, and let public opinion do what the Legislature is going to be asked to do. All reforms which are thrust down from above are not reforms in the real sense of the word. Reforms to be reforms, to be permanent that is, to be effective, must spring from the people, and must be enforced by the voice of the people. Let us in our different circles ignore the existence of the polygamist. Let us in our intercourse with society give the polygamist unmistakably to understand that no decent man would associate with him, no decent man would eat with him, no decent man would have anything to do with him either in sickness or in sorrow. Let us, in the same manner, bring our moral and social influence to bear upon the father, who gives his daughter away in marriage when she is only a child. Instead of its being a social disgrace, as it is at present, to have a daughter at home unmarried beyond a certain age, let us educate ourselves into the conviction, that it is an honour and a matter of credit to have her at home till she has attained her eighteenth or nineteenth year, or whatever other year may be considered most suitable. When this is done, then and then only, will polygamy and early marriage be knocked on the head. Till then you may ask the Legislature to assist you, you may do what you please, the answer you will receive would be that which Jove returned to the carter in answer to his application to get his cart out of the mud in which it had got imbedded.

GEORGE D'AMBOISE.

(From the French of Monsr. Alex. Delavergne.)

In Three Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

1473.

It was one of the noble houses of Touraine, the house of the ancestors of Amboise lords of Chaumont-sur-Loire. Pierre d'Amboise the chief of that house in the fifteenth century, long a hardy captain, distinguished himself by high feats of arms during the reign of Charles VII. He was one of those who were chiefly instrumental in establishing that monarch on his throne and in chasing the English from his realms, and had retired laden with honors and dignities to his Chateau de Chaumont for ending his days in peace, and superintending the education of a numerous progeny which his faithful wife Anne du Bucil had given him. He had seventeen children, eight sons and nine daughters, most of whom were living and in health in 1473. One day the old captain, used to the fatigues of war, feeling probably that his end was not distant, sent for his sons and addressed them in the following terms :

“My sons, you have up to this time conducted yourselves like gentlemen of high lineage, always occupied with horses, with arms, with falcons and with hunting, and I, young in mind though old in age, am most unwilling to withdraw you from these noble exercises ; but the time has almost come when it will be necessary for you to bid adieu to the house of your fathers, to the woods, to the fields, and to the beautiful river Loire, in order to go to Paris and present yourselves at the palace of the king your sire, and offer your services to him as become gentlemen. The time is come, my sons. But alas, I presumed too much upon the mercy of divine Providence in thinking that I shall be permitted to throw myself at the feet of the king and present you myself. The wounds

which my enemies the English inflicted have removed from me all my strength. It is but with a trembling hand that I could trace the letter supplicating the king Louis XI. to excuse an old servant of his father and offering him your services. The king, did not make me wait for a reply. Look here !”

The knight d'Amboise produced from his cincture a parchment sealed with the arms of France, and when, at a sign, of his hand, his sons had approached according to the order of primogeniture, and had touched it with their lips, he opened it with solemn carefulness, and read with a grave voice broken down by age and emotion, as follows :—

“Louis the eleventh by name, by the grace of God king of France, to his friend and faithful Chamberlain Pierre d'Amboise, lord of Chaumont, of Saint Cernin, and of other places, saluting.

Our very dear Chamberlain ! We have received with pleasure your faithful letter and lose no time in replying to it. We accept with open heart the offer which you have made us to consecrate to our royal service the eight sons with which heaven has blessed you, and confiding in your proved loyalty and disinterestedness, we leave to your judgment the care of distributing among your children the offices, ranks, and honors, which the late king Charles VII., our father of blessed memory, had been pleased to bestow on you, reserving to ourselves the power of ratifying by our sanction all the dispositions which you might be pleased to make in the matter. Whereupon our faithful and beloved subject let us pray to God that He keep you under His guardianship.

Executed in our royal hall of Tournelles on Thursday the 10th April of the year 1473.

Louis.”

“Now then,” added Amboise, “listen to what I have resolved, in order to conform myself as much as in me lies to the wishes of his majesty the king; unto you, Charles, who are the eldest, I give and bequeathe my office of Royal Chamberlain ; you Aimery, who are the second, I give and bequeathe unto you the office of Grand Master of France, under this condition that you will proceed to the island of Rhodes and be among the knights of the order

of St. John of Jerusalem in order to undergo there your novitiate ; you Pierre, who are the third, I give and bequeathe unto you my company of 200 armed men." Thus, when he had come to the turn of the eighth and last of his sons, a child of thirteen years with a physiognomy full of intelligence and vivacity, the old lord of Chaumont emitted a deep sigh and cried—"As for you George, there remains for me nothing more to bestow ; consequently my desire is that you enter the sacred order."

Here, the knight of Amboise made a pause for examining the impression which his words had made on his auditors. All eyes were fixed with interest on the young boy who, to the surprise of his brothers, did not betray the least sign of trouble or disappointment on his features ; then, following their father's example, they knelt and devoutly recited their orisons. These concluded, the old captain, rising up with some effort, ensconced himself in his great arm-chair of sculptured oak, and thus terminated the conference with words which sounded like a solemn bell to the ears of his listeners :—"My sons, you have heard the wishes of the king by my mouth. Be you ready and depart early at break of day." All bowed respectfully and separated.

The next morning, at break of day, they presented themselves again in the chamber of their father, and, after having received his benediction and his injunction to shew themselves in all circumstances of life worthy of the high name they bore, mounted their horses in the court-yard of the castle. They were disposing themselves in order for passing the gate, when they met the son of the head butler of the castle, hat in hand and tears in his eyes. This young man had often joined in their sports and had now come out to bid them farewell.

"John," said the eldest, as his horse gaily caracoled in his sight, "will you come with me to the court? I shall make you one of my esquires."

"No master," replied the vassal, "I am the son of a servant and am not fit for the court. God protect my good master."

"John," cried the second, "you speak with reason. Come

after me and see the Grand Master of the order of St. John of Jerusalem in the island of Rhodes. I shall see that you are received into one of the galleys of the order, belonging to the militia. You will be a soldier and afterwards captain."

"No master," again replied the vassal. "How can I become a man of war, I who am not able to see the death of a stag without shedding tears. God protect my good master."

Charles and Aimery and all the brothers having passed, with the exception of George, who was absorbed in something like a reverie during the foregoing dialogues, and seemed to pay no attention to them, the butler's son stood before him and said.—

"And you, my young master, how would you dispose of me? Will you permit me to march in your company?"

George gazed at his interlocutor with a puzzled countenance, and the two brothers Charles and Aimery, retracing their grounds in order to be near the speaker, laughed heartily, and one of them added ironically—"And what would you, my poor John, that our brother the abbè will make of you? perhaps a sacristan or a brother of the Mass!" "That is all I want," replied the vassal with vivacity.

And taking up from the ground his baton and his knapsack, he prepared himself to follow the young abbè on the instant.

George blushed, shook himself on his stirrups, and having shot a fiery glance at his brothers, cried—

"Come, John, you have done well to follow me. My star is more brilliant than that of any of my brothers'. I bear under my cloak the destiny of the world."

He then added in a lower tone and in a mysterious manner—"I dreamt last night that I was the Pope."

Charles and Aimery laughed again, this time much louder than before, and recommenced their advance. George was not slow to join them. They were all on the same road for a time, but as it branched off, each took a last look of the towers of Chaumont, kissed the others, and went on his appointed way.

CHAPTER II.

1494.

All the steeple-bells of the city of Rouen pealed merrily, the streets were strewn with flowers, and the houses were hung with rich tapestries. A joyous crowd in holiday dresses reached up to the gates of the city and beyond the ramparts; all the clergy of the metropolis, the sheriffs, and the association of trades people and merchants were waiting. For whom? Mayhap for the king of France, or for the first prince of the blood, the Duke of Orleans, Governor of the Province, or at least for the legate of the Holy See. But no? Charles VIII. was in Italy, and his cousin the Duke of Orleans had followed him thither; the Holy See was in a state of flagrant hostility with the kingdom of France, and this honor cannot therefore be for the legate;—all waited to receive simple George D'Amboise,

Many events had happened during the intervening twenty years. At first fortune was unfavorable to our young abbé who, while chaplain to Louis XI., had excited the suspicions of that dark monarch. Subsequently, when Charles VIII. had succeeded his father, George D'Amboise, associated with the ambitious projects of the Duke of Orleans, shared his captivity, and was on the point of losing his head by the hand of the common executioner. At last, after many vicissitudes the wheel of the capricious goddess turned. He regained the favor of Charles, and was now about to exchange the petty bishopric of Narbonne for the diocese of Rouen and title of Primate of Normandy; it was on this same day that he came to the possession of the riches and privileges which attached to this ecclesiastical dignity.

After having traversed the city amid the acclamations of the crowd and vapours of incense which they burned on both sides of his passage, the new Archbishop, flushed with triumph, stopped before the splendid palace which was to serve as his residence, and perceived, among a number of faithful people who had come to prostrate themselves at the gate for obtaining his blessing, a man,

of tall stature, dressed in a costume half ecclesiastical and half secular, hiding his face with his hands as if in deep emotion. He was the only one who was not kneeling, at which the others murmured, and some loud voices cried in a menacing tone—"On your knees, man! On your knees, pagan! On your knees, impious." On hearing these exclamations, he, to whom they were addressed, hastened to comply and, in doing so, one of his hands fell and partially discovered his countenance. George D'Amboise recognized with surprise John, the son of the butler of Chaumont castle, of whom he had lost sight during his captivity. Immediately advancing, he took hold kindly of his hand, introduced him with the suite into the interior of the palace, and recommended him to the care of the servants.

When all the brilliant cortege, which accompanied George D'Amboise on coming to his new possessions, had retired, the prelate, being alone, sent for his ancient companion of the road and, after having embraced him with the utmost tenderness, said.—

"Ah! my good John, you see you were not mistaken when twenty years ago you determined to follow me in preference to my brothers. You see me Archbishop of Rouen, and I do not mean to rest there. Know, that Caesar Borgia, nephew of the sovereign Pontiff, has promised me in his last letter a Cardinal's hat, so, sometime, soon or late, my dream will be accomplished, and I shall be Pope."

All the response which John gave was *tears*.

"What is it afflicts you, John?" asked the prelate. "Is it money? I am rich, and my purse is at your service. Are you afraid that you have offended by separating yourself from me when fortune was against me? I have forgotten all, now that she smiles. I need an attendant as faithful as you have been, and I do not wish that you should quit me any more."

"Excuse me, my lord," said the son of the butler of Chaumont, "I do not belong to myself, but am in the service of a community which has received my vows."

"There is no community in France so powerful that George

D'Amboise will not be able to dissolve the vows you might have made to it."

"Alas! my lord, I do not desire it myself—give ear unto what I have to say. I came to Rouen not to witness your triumphal entry nor to ask from you any grace or favor; it was only to see you once more before I die: I wished not even that I should be recognized by you, because I knew well that being recognized I should feel great pain in leaving you. Excuse my boldness, my lord, but when I betook myself to religion after your example, it was for my salvation. I had no other ambition than to serve you in the Mass, (you whom I love so well) even to the end of your days. But you would not have it so, and loved better to become a prince of the Church. Heaven protect you in all your undertakings, my lord, but I do not wish to be more than its humble servant here on earth. I am happy in my poor convent. Allow me to return thither, and I shall pray God for you to the last hour of my life."

On hearing these words George D'Amboise became thoughtful and pensive for some moments, and after a short silence rejoined with a voice trembling with emotion, "Brother, it is the Holy Spirit who speaks by thy mouth, and I shall not allow Him to part thus; I wish you to see me to-morrow, and speak the same language which I have heard just now, and on which may depend the salvation of my soul; I wish to sleep this night meditating on your words; then brother we may part in peace."

The next morning John presented himself, but the prelate was not visible, engaged probably in writing letters to Caesar Borgia for the accomplishment of the promise of a Cardinal's hat. Others assisted John in distributing to the poor the purse of silver which he had received from his master, and in putting off the rich clothes which as enjoined in the palace he had to wear.

A few hours afterwards, on the road not far from Rouen, could be seen a figure, in a costume half ecclesiastical and half secular, a stick in his hand and a wallet on his back, casting at times a furtive look at the city which he was leaving. It was brother John returning to his humble duties.

CHAPTER III.

1510

One evening in the month of May 1510, the gate of the convent of the Celestines at Lyons was knocked with violence, and as the brother in charge was slow in opening it, several voices from without cried——

“Help! help! open quickly to my lord, the Cardinal, first minister, who is in danger of his life.”

At these cries, and as the venerated name was pronounced, the gate turned quickly on its hinges, and a litter was introduced into the convent. He whom it contained was carried to a cell, the best that could be found, and after the medicines had been administered which his state urgently needed, a brother was searched out to take charge of the illustrious patient who had fallen into a profound slumber, no doubt a salutary crisis in the malady. The brother, thus entrusted with this important duty, had been roused hastily from bed, and found himself in that state physically and mentally, which one may call neither waking nor sleep, and partook somewhat of the conditions of either. For it was not long after his introduction into the cell, that he slipped mechanically from a dose to that profound slumber which had been so rudely interrupted, on the stool beside the patient's pillow. At about midnight the Cardinal awoke so as to be able to look about him, and by the dim light of the lamp which was burning, contemplated with interest the serenity and happiness which rested on the face of the sleeping attendant; then rousing himself more fully as old remembrances thronged in his mind, he seemed to see in that face and in that capacious brow (now furrowed with a few wrinkles) the countenance of an ancient friend. He seized the attendant's hand and asked his name.

“My name is brother John,” said the man in accents hardly intelligible or audible.

“John of Chaumont-sur-Loire”?

“The same—you know me then”?

"Ah," said the prelate with grief, "you have been a good deal changed, my good John, not to recognize George D'Amboise." The monk gave a cry, and fixing his eyes with surprise on the pale visage of the patient, fell on his knees.

"What is the matter, brother?" asked the Cardinal.

"I pray heaven and you, my lord, to pardon me for having quitted so good a master."

"Ungrateful!" said the Cardinal smiling, after having raised himself a little. "Were you not happy at the Archbishopric? I ordered that you should be treated there like my own self."

"Alas! My lord, that was too good for me. What could I do among your luxurious clergy and your brilliant gentlemen. I rested at Rouen to see you, to speak to you, and I was interdicted from appearing in your presence. I liked better returning to the cloister, where I may see God whenever I please and speak to Him whenever I please."

"Then you are happy here"?

"Yes, my lord, because I am exempt from ambition and from care; what I did yesterday I do to-day, and what I do to-day I will do to-morrow, till it please the Lord to take me hence."

"What have you to do"?

"I pray to God and attend on sick brothers."

"That is hard work."

"O no, because the sick are so few, and I feel so glad when they get well."

At this instant the voice of a trumpet resounded in the city.

"What is that"? said our lay brother, "what is it which causes such a loud fanfaron at this unseasonable hour?" The Cardinal raised himself on his bed almost involuntarily, and a crimson flush appeared on his tired cheeks, where one could trace the symptoms of approaching dissolution. With some emphasis he articulated, "That, John! that is the king of France! He and his nobles have reached Lyons and will part to-morrow, if it please God, to chastise pope Julius II. who has robbed me of the tiara."

"That's true," replied frankly the Religious, "I remember now that you wished to be Pope."

George D'Amboise, fixing his eyes on the speaker and holding him by the hand, said with an air of undefinable sadness--

"Brother John, alas! that I have not been all my life brother John!"

A few days after this conversation, on the twenty-fifth May 1510, died in the same cell, and in the arms of the brother, the powerful Cardinal D'Amboise. His body was removed with great pomp into the Cathedral at Rouen, where it was buried in a magnificent tomb of marble, which is the admiration of all up to the present day; but his heart rested in the Convent of the Celestines where he had refound brother John. Though during his life-time he had not shared the humble lot of that faithful Religious, yet after death he shared his tomb.

H. C. Dutt.

WE regret we have received no report of the August Meeting of the "Chit Chat Club"; we suspect no meeting was held in consequence of the heavy rains which fell towards the end of the month,—Ed. B. M.

Erratum.

IN the last number of the Magazine, in the article, "Man Defined", page 39, for *Zanah* read *Ganna*.

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1872.



THE NEGLECT OF SCIENCE IN INDIA.

BY CHUNDER COOMAR DEY, M. D.

It is a well-known fact, that science has not been cultivated for ages in this country ; and an investigation into the causes of this neglect will be as interesting as it is novel. We shall treat the subject under the following heads :—1. The Hindu Family System ; II. Early Marriages ; III. Defective Mental Constitution ; IV. Defective Preliminary Education ; and V. Want of Encouragement.

I. *The Hindu Family System* is quite uncongenial to scientific pursuits. The student has to live under the same roof with men of different dispositions, and is not let alone to think for himself, nor to investigate any matter quietly and patiently. Solitude and retirement are absolutely necessary to a man of science, but in a Hindu family that is impossible. If you want to examine, for instance, any object under the microscope, your instrument is every moment liable to be upset or broken. So, too, if any attempt is made to observe the heavens with a telescope, your attention is sure to be distracted by the cries of children, or the noise of men engaged in business or play. Besides, in a Hindu family one member generally works, and the others are supported by him ; so that even if he has inclination and aptitude to pursue science, care and anxiety are formidable obstacles in his way. He must first provide his relations with food and clothing, and then think of gratifying his natural love of science ; and it often happens that the one cannot be

done without neglecting the other. He is therefore obliged, however unwillingly, to deny himself, in order to meet the physical wants of his relatives with whom his lot is cast ; and he becomes a sort of social monster, far more hideous still than the twins we read of, whose bodies were organically united, and one of whom died, leaving the other the irksome duty of dragging his putrid corpse, as long as he survived.

II. *Early Marriages* are serious drawbacks. Long before the student arrives at man's state, he finds himself encumbered with a wife and children. He must anyhow provide for them, if his or his wife's parents are not well-to-do people, as is frequently the case. And what an arduous task this is ! most of us can vividly imagine. The poor lad has no means of paying his school fees. He is forced to leave school, and earn an honest livelihood ; but he is at his wits' end how and where to find an employment. He hears of a vacancy, and instantly applies. To his great disappointment and mortification, however, he is told that somebody else has got it. What is now to be done ? Is he, with his poor wife and children, to die of starvation ? This maddening thought always preys upon his mind, and he cannot comfort himself. After a short time, he happens again to hear of another vacancy, writes out an application at once, and waits upon the head of the office with it, who tells him to call after three or four days, which he does, but the news is again bad. His heart is now ready to burst with the fresh disappointment, and he again grows quite disconsolate. Time, however, soothes his mind for a while, and, after many distressing failures, he at last succeeds in obtaining a situation, which barely enables him to live from hand to mouth. Yet his joy knows no bounds. This picture is not at all over-drawn, and the reader can easily imagine what must be the effect of such struggles upon an ordinary youth. They at once disqualify him for severe scientific studies requiring leisure and peace of mind. A Franklin, or a Faraday, is not born every day ; nor is it at all certain that even they would be able to stand such trials with impunity. It is no wonder therefore, that most of our young

men, under such depressing influences, lose all heart, and pass their lives like lower animals. This state of things, however, is quite intolerable, and the sooner we take steps to remove it, the better ; as no nation can advance, whose individual members are thus, as it were, nipped in the bud.

III. *Defective Mental Constitution.* By long disuse the Hindu mind has lost its original vigour. It is true, that imagination and memory are not wanting, but all power of patient and accurate observation, comparison, and generalisation, is found to be greatly impaired. For centuries we have revelled in false poetry and rhetoric, and have learnt to value words only. The study of natural objects has no charms for us. In ancient times, however, astronomy and medicine were most successfully cultivated by the Hindus, as is evident from the *Sūryasiddhānta*, the *Charakasaṃhitā*, and *Suśruta* ; but ages of Mahomedan misrule and oppression have done the good work of stamping out all science from amongst us, just as effectually as the poleaxe has within the last few years extirpated cattle plague in England. But is there no means of improving our intellectual powers? Surely there is. It rests partly with ourselves, and partly with Government. We must steadily and equally exercise all our faculties, if we want to regain our former position in the scientific world.

IV. *Defective Preliminary Education.* It is an undisputed fact, that our youths are not generally taught the rudiments of science at school. They learn a little arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry, conic sections, and natural philosophy ; but, as a rule, they do not receive any practical instruction in mechanics, hydrostatics, optics, or astronomy. The Medical Colleges of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, form the only exceptions. There the students are properly taught various subjects. They do not merely learn from books, but have objects placed before them, which they study with the aid of Professors, and good trustworthy manuals. While familiarising themselves, for example, with the interesting details of chemistry, botany, anatomy, physiology, etc., they perform experiments in the laboratory ; dissect plants and animals for

themselves ; examine under the microscope the various tissues, the rotation of granules within the cells of *Vallisneria*, and the circulation of the blood in the tail of the tadpole, the web of the frog's foot, and the wing of the bat ; witness the beautiful phenomena of reflex action in decapitated frogs ; hatch hen's eggs by means of Schwann's apparatus ; and study all the wonderful processes of development. Their knowledge is therefore of a practical character, and may be considerably improved, if they have but opportunities in after-life.

But the great majority of our young men who leave school, have not laid any foundation whereupon they might hereafter build a superstructure of science. They cannot use the telescope, the microscope, or any other instrument. All that they can do is to work a few problems in mathematics, and read elementary books. They are not qualified to study any subject with profit, and therefore, as they grow old, they become painfully conscious of their own deficiencies, and give up all idea of pursuing science, as being altogether beyond their reach. Those who have any intellectual activity, peruse newspapers and novels, which are easily understood and appreciated. Some, however, are more ambitious, and write papers to be read at debating clubs, or translate easy English books into Bengali, and get their translations printed for the edification of the present and future generations. This kind of work is quite innocent within certain limits ; but if it be only for the purpose of gaining notoriety, the less it is indulged in, the better. For, before we dream of teaching others, we must teach ourselves. 'Physician ! Heal Thyself' is, indeed, a most useful saying, which we should always lay to heart. We should never be too forward to appear in print, or in any other way before the public. We should first diligently store our minds with true knowledge, and then, when we are worthy, we should think of communicating it to others. We should remember the famous story of *Atalanta* and the golden apples. Many suitors came to marry her, but she made a solemn vow to marry him only who should surpass her in running. Most of them, however, were

signally beaten. At last Hippomenes, a Greek prince, who knew human nature better, cleverly managed to throw some golden apples before her, and as she went to pick them up, he ran, reached the goal, and won the fair prize. This beautiful Grecian legend teaches us a most wise and salutary lesson. We must never pursue a false light, and lose the main object. True knowledge we should always strive to acquire, however difficult its acquisition may be. We should have inexhaustible patience and perseverance, without which nothing good or worth having is attainable. We should not seek to obtain fame in an easy summary way, but work hard and earnestly, and it will come of itself. We should bear in mind that Rome was not built in a day. We should lay down our plan of life, and with constancy of purpose carry it out.

Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Racine, and Kálidása, are certainly to be constantly read, or we shall never know the inmost recesses of the human heart. But we must not rest there. We must also study other wonderful parts of creation, which equally testify to the infinite Wisdom, Power, Justice, and Goodness of the Creator. Minutely and carefully observe the heavens, and witness the universality of the law of gravitation, which regulates, no less the motions of planets, than the fall of an apple, that first drew immortal Newton's attention to it. Look how white light is composed of red, yellow, blue, green, orange, purple, and violet,—the seven prismatic colours, which are all so beautifully seen in the rain-bow. Mark with what marvellous regularity animals inhale oxygen, and exhale carbonic acid, while plants do just the reverse in the day, to preserve equilibrium, and not to render our atmosphere noxious from an excess of carbonic acid. Wonder at the well-known facts, that the diamond is only a form of charcoal; that spectrum analysis has discovered some of the metals in the sun, though 95,370,000 miles distant from us; that the forces in nature are all correlated to each other—that heat, for instance, is a mode of motion; that the surface of the brain is convoluted, and the cells of the honeycomb are hexagonal, in order to secure extension of surface with economy of space; that fishes

have the shape of the solid of least resistance, which enables them to swim best ; that flowers are but metamorphosed leaves ; that plants have male and female organs, like animals ; that entire islands and reefs in the Polynesian Archipelago have been slowly but surely built up for ages of the skeletons of corals ; that the difference between a white man and a black man consists merely in the presence of less pigment in the skin of the former than in that of the latter ; and that Newton, Laplace, or Cuvier, was as much the product of the conjugation of two minute microscopic cells, as an insignificant rat, cockroach, or house fly.

‘These truths are more strange than fictions’ ; and in the contemplation of them our minds expand and rise with admiration and gratitude to the Great Author of the universe, who has shown such unceasing and tender solicitude for the happiness of all His creatures, high or low !

V. *Want of Encouragement.* Hindu men of science receive little or no encouragement from Government. The Professorships of the different Colleges are not practically open to them. They are almost all conferred on Europeans only ; but why, it is not easy to understand. If any of us be qualified, he ought not to be excluded, merely because he does not happen to belong to the ruling race. In European Universities, their own Graduates are always preferred to other candidates of equal ability. No such practice, however, prevails amongst us. Certainly this is a most deplorable condition of things. The Hindu intellect cannot grow in consequence of it. Opportunity makes the man. Suppose any one gets well grounded in mathematics, botany, chemistry, or zoology at school, what will become of his knowledge, if it be not afterwards kept up and improved ? Why, it will all disappear in a short time. But let the chairs of mathematics, pure and mixed, the natural sciences, medicine, and surgery, be thrown open to all competent men without distinction ; and this healthy competition will soon raise the character of our Professors, give employment to Hindu scientific men, remove a great stigma from the British rule, which is so fond of fair play, and

fulfil the solemn pledge Her Majesty the Queen gave in her gracious Proclamation of 1858 :—

“We hold Ourselves bound to the Natives of Our Indian Territories by the same Obligations of Duty which bind Us to all Our other Subjects ; and those Obligations, by the Blessing of ALMIGHTY GOD, We shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil.

* * * * *

And it is Our further Will that, so far as may be, Our Subjects, of whatever Race or Creed, be freely and impartially admitted to Offices in Our Service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge.”

SONNET.

Extr : Cannabis Indica.

THIS magic dust can wake to ecstasy
 The toil worn sense, and banish irksome care,
 Yea, rive the iron chain of fixed Despair,
 And waft the spirit,—buoyant—hopeful—free,
 O'er earth and ocean's wide immensity,
 To Dreamland's distant strand, on wings of air :
 Wouldst thou have visions exquisite and rare ?
 Taste it, and lo ! thy wondering eyes shall see,
 Rich wreaths of vivid green and silver bells,
 Fair laughing brows which sparkling coins adorn,
 Great groups of pendant spars and red lipped shells,
 And fairy flowers, such as the frost at morn,
 Paints on the gleaming panes with fingers white,
 And broad colures, and bars of golden light.

D

TAXATION IN INDIAN VILLAGES.

THE want of a correct and intimate knowledge of the habits feelings and sympathies of the people of India, often displayed by her rulers, is certainly singular as it is deplorable. Old Anglo-Indians, ripe with years of hard work and constant cares, return to their quiet English villas, often with curious notions of a people, among whom they have passed the best portion of their life. And, as if by a sad fatality, it sometimes happens, that it is precisely those Englishmen who fill the highest offices in this country, and on whose conduct depends the welfare of the people, that are least intimately acquainted with the real wants of the country. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprize that laws, detrimental to the welfare of the people, are often enacted with the best of intentions.

This singular state of things is, to a certain extent, brought about by the sort of delegated government under which we live. India is to the Englishman a field of his enterprize and a temporary scene of his labors. He is no settler in this country, and, unlike the Mahomedan settlers in India, he does not mingle with the people, does not familiarize himself with their language, their manners, their institutions. His connexion with India altogether ceases on the day when he leaves India for good; and, therefore, even during his tenure of office and power in this country, he still turns towards England as his home, feels like an exile, and looks forward to the quiet retirement of an English home as the reward of a life of cares and troubles. An exile's sympathies with the native population can hardly be strong, and the best disposed of Englishmen do not *feel* the necessity of seeking out the wants of the people of India.

This want of sympathy between the rulers of India and her people has been productive of lamentable results. It has prevented our countrymen from ever imitating, or even appreciating, the virtues and civilization of Englishmen; it has almost necessitated frequent mistakes, and often serious mistakes, in English legislation in India; and, what is worse, it has, in numerous instances,

subjected the motives of our rulers to gross misrepresentation ; and consequently, that confidence and credit—at least for honesty of intentions which an enlightened Government and an enlightened people rightly deserve—have often been withheld from the British Government in India even by the educated portion of our countrymen. Further, the want of familiar acquaintance has necessitated a want of good feeling and sympathy between the people and their rulers. For, of the two contrary motives,—Selfishness and Sympathy—the former is born with us, the latter always follows *intimate knowledge*. And as Selfishness is the elder sister, she is also the stronger and healthier of the two ;—for Sympathy was born a sickly child, and is always weak and timid. She seldom speaks, and her voice is often drowned by the more resolute voice of her sister.

But it is not of these evil effects that we now intend to speak. We shall confine our remarks to the mistakes committed with regard to taxation. We shall see that, through want of an intimate acquaintance with the people of India, taxes have been imposed which would have answered very well in England, for several reasons, and which, for the self-same reasons, may be, and have frequently been, converted into engines of oppression in India. And now, we have only to premise, that the present article will have reference only to the taxes imposed in the country-parts, and paid by cultivators and villagers. We have not space or time enough to speak of taxation generally, and of the two subjects, taxation in towns and taxation in the country, we have chosen the latter, partly because the happiness of millions has greater claims to consideration than the happiness of thousands ; and partly because the towns have their daily and weekly organs to represent their grievances, while the grievances of the cultivators are hardly, if ever, fairly represented.

The distinction between *direct* and *indirect* taxes as pointed out by Political Economists is, that the former is ultimately paid by the same person who advances the sum to the Government, the latter is advanced by one person but is ultimately paid by

another. An income tax, which is a direct tax, is ultimately paid by the same person who pays the money in the first instance, but a tax on the production of indigo is only advanced by the producer, who ultimately indemnifies himself by selling indigo at an advanced price ; so that the real payer of the tax is another person,—he who buys indigo for his own use. The main difference between the effects of direct and indirect taxation is, that the tax payer, in the former case, *feels* that he pays the tax ; in the latter, he often makes the payment without perceiving it. The payer of the income tax *knows* that he pays the tax, while the payer of the tax on the production of indigo, *i. e.*, the consumer who buys the indigo at an increased price, confounds the tax he pays with the cost of production of indigo, and is hardly aware that any portion of the price, at which he buys the commodity, goes towards the payment of a tax,—in other words that he is paying a tax at all.

The principal objection against direct taxation is, that it is of a harassing nature, and troubles the tax payer very much. It is a claim on the part of the Government, which can neither be refused nor even delayed ; and the payment of a claim of so peremptory a nature often involves a very great degree of hardship to poor people. The burden of an indirect tax may often be lessened by denying one's-self the luxury of purchasing a thing. The payment of a tax on cotton may be delayed by a poor man persisting in wearing his old clothes, and the payment of a tax on bricks may be deferred by living in the old dilapidated house ; but there is no deferring or delaying the payment of a direct tax. The Income tax, the House tax, the Cess tax, must be paid down as soon as the bill comes forward.

This objection has far greater weight in India than in England. Every one, who has even a tolerable acquaintance with the villages of this country, must have been struck with the remarkable want of prudence and foresight which characterizes the villagers. To make provision for the future is something, which is almost totally unknown among these people, except only with regard to those things which come within the ordinary routine of

their agricultural work. In hard times, our villagers borrow as fast as possible, and every year of good harvest and plentiful crops is marked by a more than ordinary amount of expenditure among the villagers,—buying new clothes, repairing or rebuilding huts, marrying off their sons and daughters. Saving money for future wants is almost unknown,—and the reasons for this are not far to seek. Prudence and foresight in people presuppose times of security,—times, when prudent calculation and anticipations have at least a fair chance of being realized. For, unless what is saved to-day may be fairly expected to be enjoyed to-morrow, all foresight is fruitless, and abstinence is folly. Unfortunately, however, the long roll of Indian history does not disclose to us one instance of a sunny era, when the peasants could with tolerable certainty expect to enjoy the fruits of their savings. What with the exactions of the Subadars, the zemindars and the tax gatherers ; what with the ravages of external and internal war ; what with the periodical devastation of predatory races,—security was never known to the people of India. Even to the present day, the relationship existing between the zemindars and the ryots do not, we are bound to say, foster habits of foresight and prudence among the people. All these circumstances have had their influences on the formation of the character of the Indian peasant, and have made him what he is,—a creature without foresight, caring only for to-day, and unable or unwilling to provide for to-morrow. This is what makes the payment of a periodical direct tax so trying to the Indian cultivator ; for making provision for such payments presupposes a degree of prudence which he does not own. It is this want of prudence which makes him so often look aghast when the Government claim comes forward ;—it is this which so often necessitates the sale of his home, lands and goods, and causes his ruin. The pressure of an indirect tax is, as we have seen, more gradual, and is therefore far better sustained by such a people.

But there is another and a more serious objection against direct taxes in India. Illegal exactions by tax gatherers are unknown in England,—they form the inseparable accompaniment

of direct taxes in the villages of India, and especially in those of Bengal. Long subjection, added to the influences of an enervating climate, has rendered the peasantry of Bengal devoid of all self-reliance and power of resistance; their gross ignorance prevents them from having recourse to legal remedies; they therefore become a helpless prey to the most unjust exactions of the pettiest tax gatherers. Those best acquainted with what took place in the villages, relate with horror the consequences of the late Income Tax. Poor people, who by the law ought to have been exempted from the tax, were dragged into court; old and helpless men were driven from their homes; property and homesteads were but too frequently sold; and the last days of Mahomedan rule in India were revived in Bengal, to the horror of the fever-stricken villagers. With good reason a respectable morning newspaper asserts, that no where can the Income Tax be levied without a most cruel amount of extortion, and it can rigidly be enforced only among a population which has lost its national vigor. "The enormous disproportion," it adds, "of the sum exacted from the enervated population of the Delta, and that which is realized from the Punjab, cannot be explained even by the difference in wealth and population. No Deputy Commissioner would venture on severities in the wealthy cities of Delhi, Amritsar or Lahore, such as every underling in the Collector's office inflicts upon the fever-stricken villages of Lower Bengal."

The consequences of the late Income Tax were not unknown to many Englishmen of acute observation, holding high position under Government; and they have not hesitated to give free expression to their opinions. We must here content ourselves with making only one extract,—and that from the letter of Col. Haughton, the Commissioner of Kuch Behar, dated the 27th March 1868. It runs thus:—

"Assam yields, I suppose, a net revenue of eight lacs from opium,—a tax raised without resistance,* although it seriously

We shall here only point out that a tax on opium is an *indirect tax* which, as we have stated before, suits the poor people of India far better than *direct taxes*

affected the usages of the people. His Honor the Lieutenant Governor will recollect the trouble which arose in Nowgong and the Khasia Hills, in consequence of an injudicious enforcement of the Income Tax, and I well remember, hundreds, I believe, and I may say, thousands who surrounded the Lieutenant Governor's yacht in 1862, in his progress through Assam, to protest against that tax, though but comparatively a small number were affected by it. Was that tax in Assam worth what it cost? I have no hesitation in recording my belief, that the military expenses, necessitated by the Income Tax in Assam, outweighed the collections. Regarded as a private pecuniary speculation in the district to which I refer, the man, who engaged in it, would be regarded a fool for his pains "

Happily Income Tax among the poor is no more. We only reflect with pain the length of time it lasted. We cannot divest ourselves of the painful conviction, that a more intimate and familiar acquaintance with India, on the part of our rulers, would have precluded the possibility of any income tax being imposed at all on the poor in India, and would have saved much suffering and heart burnings. Still we were glad at the abolition of the tax among the poor. We sincerely hoped that the truth,—that such harassing direct taxes could never be imposed on the villages of India, without a cruel amount of extortion,—had at last been arrived at by our legislators never to be lost sight of. We hoped that, amid the bustle of a constantly changing sea of legislation, there would be some truths which, like the pole-star, would never be lost sight of by those who wield the helm of this vast empire. For the sake of the poor and the cultivators of India, we fondly hoped, that experiments, such as the Income Tax, would never again be tried among them. But, as if to give our hopes an instantaneous and woful rebuff, no sooner was the Income Tax among the poor abolished, than was imposed another tax, which in its consequences threatens to be more painful to the cultivators of Bengal than the Income Tax itself.

We began our article with the remark that, not unfrequently,

our rulers, in consequence of their want of accurate knowledge, as to what would really conduce to the welfare of the people, enact laws with the most benevolent intentions, which in their effects prove detrimental to the good of the people. Were we called upon to point out one of the most prominent instances of this kind, and to name an act, which at once displays the undeniable benevolence of our legislators and their unpardonable ignorance as to what would really conduce to the good of the people, we should unhesitatingly name the Road Cess Tax. The wretched condition of the peasants of Bengal, has always roused the sympathy—and will for a long time to come continue to rouse the sympathy—of all real well-wishers of the country. Our legislators, as among the sincerest well-wishers of the land, have not been sparing in their sympathies, and have often endeavoured to give them practical effect. The wretched aspect of the country must have struck them very much, and remembering that local wants in England are met by local direct taxes, they have resolved to raise a Cess Tax, to improve the roads of the country; and the cost, it has been enacted, is to be shared by the zemindars, the sub-tenants and the cultivators. While we are bound to admire the motive which has led to this enactment, we confess we have sad forebodings relative to its consequences. At present, only estimates of incomes are being made, and the law has not yet come into operation; all our anticipations about the future consequences of the Road Cess Tax are, therefore, based on *a priori* reasoning; but we shall state our arguments fairly and candidly, and then ask every impartial reader, whether our sad anticipations are not likely to be realized, and whether a tax which has every likelihood of proving oppressive to the last degree, ought to be tried as an experiment. It is an experiment that may cost the happiness of millions.

When the late Income Tax was imposed, there was a minimum of income under which none were assessed. There was therefore a large class of people who were left untouched,—the poorest were never meant to be harassed. And yet what sad cases of oppression came to light, one by one,—cases of poor men

driven from their homes, starving and penniless ! What then may be expected to be the consequences of a tax, which will professedly have to be levied from among the poorest of the poor ? The difficulty in estimating the real income of every villager, which gave the income tax gatherer a pretext for gross extortion, will furnish the Cess Tax gatherer with the same facility ; while the sphere of his operation will be widened and extended even to those least capable of holding their own. Our mind turns with horror from the consequences.

But this is not all. It is not the tax gatherer alone whom the cultivator will have to fight with, though even then the combat would have been unequal. Another and a more powerful neighbour will, by the strong motive of interest, be ranged against the helpless poor ; we mean the zemindar. It is not unknown to many Government officials, that whenever a new tax is imposed on this influential class, the majority of them endeavour to reimburse themselves by exacting additional rates from the poor. We believe, His Honour the Lieutenant Governor has made frequent enquiries, as to whether such was the fact in the case of the Income Tax ; and it cannot be unknown to many judicial officers, that such attempts are but too frequently made in connection with all sorts of taxes. To take an instance : the zemindari Dawk Tax is one imposed exclusively on the zemindars, and yet so frequently and so constantly do the zemindars reimburse themselves by increased rates on the cultivators that, in the course of time, they succeed in producing a conviction among the ignorant cultivators that, in reality, the tax is meant to be only advanced by zemindars, and to be ultimately paid by the people. Nay, it almost exceeds our powers of credibility to believe what is notwithstanding a fact, that many zemindars, in bringing forward civil suits against the ryots for rent unpaid, include the zemindari Dawk as a part of their claim from the people !* Such a practice is only an index to

* There can be no doubt as to the correctness of our information on this subject. We have it from judicial officers direct.

shew the extent to which the zemindars levy the zemindari Dawk Tax from the people.

And now another tax is going to be imposed, which is to be partly paid by the zemindars and partly by the people ; and the calculations and estimates necessary to determine their respective shares, are often intricate. Are we wrong in anticipating that the whole burden of this new imposition,—and much more—will have to be borne by the people ? Between the tax gatherer with his unjust claims and exactions, and the zemindar with his accounts, where is the ryot to look for relief ? The Lieutenant Governor has been endeavouring, as much as possible, to galvanize into new life the ruins of the ancient village communities with their rural self-government. We appeal to His Honour's judgment, if the imposition of the Road Cess Tax will tend to further his noble designs.

In what we have said above, we have only sought to establish the truth that, such direct taxes in India, however they may do in towns, will never answer in the villages, at least for long years to come. When the peasantry of Bengal will have received as good a practical education as English peasants ; when, through the influence of education, they will feel in themselves a power sufficient to repel the cruel claims of the zemindar and the unjust exactions of the tax gatherer ; when it will be possible to estimate, with tolerable ease and accuracy, the incomes of the peasants,—then, and not till then, should such direct taxes, as the Income Tax and the Road Cess Tax, be imposed in the villages. Till then, *indirect* taxes ought to be the main source of revenue in India, so far as the villages are concerned. When some members of the British Indian Association complained to the Governor General about the grievance of the Road Cess Tax, that good-hearted and honest-minded Englishman at once pointed out, that it was not unusual in England to meet local requirements by local direct taxes. We hope His lordship will not have lived many months in India, before perceiving the truth and importance of the remark, that "India is not England." England is a rich country,—

rich even to over-flowing. The hardships connected with the payment of direct taxes cannot therefore be much felt. In India, such hardships are aggravated by the ignorance and weakness of the people.

On the other hand, the argument most strongly urged by English political economists against *indirect taxation* is, that it takes away money from the hands of the tax payer without his perceiving it, and therefore affords the Finance Minister too many opportunities for extravagance. This argument well becomes a free and prosperous country. In a country, where the people keep a fixed eye on the conduct of the representatives they have chosen to manage public affairs, it is but natural, that the Finance Minister, like all other ministers, should be kept in check; in a land, where of money there is plenty, it is natural, that the people should be careful that too much is not spent, and that tax should be condemned which affords facility for excessive expenditure.

Far different is the case in India. Here, the poverty of the people, and not any artificial distinction between the nature of taxes, ought to be the safeguard against extravagant expenditure. And the deplorable poverty of the people should be taken into consideration, not only in fixing the amount of expenditure, but also in determining the nature of taxes. And, if there is any truth or force in the arguments we have already stated, one point has been clearly established, that, with few exceptions, direct taxes in villages are never worth their cost, in the ill feeling which they generate, and the oppression they almost necessitate. On the other hand, indirect taxes are always paid without resistance or grumbling, and often without any knowledge of the payment. Much has been said against such indirect taxes; as a tax on tobacco or a tax on salt. But, in our humble opinion, the increased price of tobacco, caused by a tax, would have at least the salutary effect of preventing its too excessive consumption; and salt is so cheap a commodity, that it can easily bear a higher price, without causing much hardship even to the humblest peasant. We do not consider these taxes as by any means the best specimens of indirect taxes

that could be imposed on villagers, since we believe they would fall too heavily on the poorer classes as compared to the richer ones; and the first and most important canon in the science of taxation, *viz*, equality of sacrifices by all classes, would be to a certain extent violated,—unless indeed the equilibrium is maintained by some other tax being imposed exclusively on the richer classes. But even such as they are, those taxes would not cause much hardship, and as substitutes for the Cess Tax and the Income Tax, they would assuredly be hailed with a universal outburst of thanksgiving by the poor villagers of Bengal.

OUR ATTORNEYS.*

THE High Court has, under its charter, the exclusive power of regulating the admission of legal practitioners before it. This power, as all its other powers—in fact its very existence—has been given to it for the benefit of the public, and so long as its exercise is guided by considerations of public policy and with a view to the interests of the public, it cannot and ought not to be challenged. And hitherto the administrative functions of the Court have been performed without much comment or cavil. A recent order, allowing attorneys of three years standing the privilege of being enrolled as vakils, has, however, been received in anything but a kindly spirit by a portion of the public, and quite a storm has been got up upon it. It is not very difficult to find out the quarter from which the storm has arisen, and we could have wished that the existing vakils had, for their own sakes, refrained from calling the attorneys, or allowing their friends to call them, names. If the vakils thought that the attorneys were not justly entitled to what the Judges had given them, they would be perfectly justified in

* In this article we have kept the Bengali attorneys principally in view.

opposing the measure to the best of their power ; but the opposition, we conceive, ought to be limited to the merits of the question, and should not descend into abuse. A fair fight is not only legitimate but bracing to both antagonists ; whereas a fight under cover of abuse is only degrading to the person who resorts to it, and does not do his enemy much harm. From the moment that the order about the attorneys was announced to the public, we have had indignant and exasperated editors of newspapers and their correspondents crying out, that the order was grossly unjust to the vakils, that the attorney was not by his social position fit to be a vakil, that the ranks of the attorneys in this country were recruited from young men who were not educated enough for anything, that the public had no confidence in the attorneys as vakils, as the training of the former was merely mechanical, sufficient to fit them for their desks but not for the bar ; and we have heard that some of the persons who have opposed the attorneys have gone so far as

to attack their moral character.

One would be led to conclude from all this opposition that the Judges had introduced some gigantic innovation, and that this was the first time that an attorney had been allowed to be a vakil. The fact, however, is far otherwise. From the year 1850 or 1851,—we forget for the moment which,—down to the amalgamation of the Supreme and Sudder Courts, the attorneys of the former were *ipso facto* pleaders of the latter Court. Upon the amalgamation of the Courts, Sir Barnes Peacock allowed all the then existing attorneys, and such of their clerks as had given notice of their intention to appear at the examination then about to be held, the privilege of being enrolled as vakils of the High Court,—the former as soon as they chose, the latter upon passing the examination. For reasons best known to himself—for, they were never, as far as we recollect, given to the public in any shape whatever—Sir Barnes made no provision for the enrolling of future attorneys as vakils of the Court, and it is this omission, on his part, which put a respectable and deserving body of men under a ban, that the Judges have now removed. If the attorneys of the Supreme Court, as such,

were fit to be vakils of the Sudder Court, it is not easy to see how the attorneys of the High Court, who perform the same duties as were performed by the Supreme Court attorneys, are unfit to be vakils of the High Court. The amalgamation of the Courts cannot be said to have given the vakils more responsible duties. Their duties are now precisely what they were in the days of the Sudder Court, and yet it has been gravely argued that, though before the amalgamation the attorneys were fit to compete with the vakils at the bar, they have ceased to be so now ! As regards the social position of the present class of attorneys, those who know anything about the matter will agree with us when we say, that they come from the same rank of society as the vakils. The Ghoses, Boses, Mitters, Chatterjeas, Mookerjeas, Banerjeas, &c., &c. &c., who supply us with the vakils, also give us the attorneys ; and in respect of their moral character there is little to choose between them.

Now, let us consider a little in detail the question which has been so pertinaciously and, we cannot help thinking, ungenerously thrust before the public, namely, the qualification of the attorney, or rather his want of qualification. How does the attorney qualify himself for his business ? In the first place, he enters into articles of clerkship with some practising attorney for a period of five years, and he is required steadily to attend at his master's office during the whole of that period. In the course of his service, he is obliged to familiarise himself with all the different stages of a cause from the very first down to the very last. He draws plaints and written statements, advises on the evidence to be adduced, and when the cause is heard in Court, is obliged to be present there to supply information to his counsel when necessary. In addition to this, he has to advise upon the title to property, to prepare conveyances, or deeds of sale, mortgages, bonds, marriage settlements, leases, charges, and in truth all documents relating to the transfer of, or the creation of any charge upon, real property. He has all this and more to do for five long years, under the careful guidance of an experienced attorney, and yet he is not, "by his training fit to be a vakil" ! The only part of the duties of a vakil, for which he

gets no direct training, is speaking in public ; but though he does not, as a clerk, have any opportunities of speaking in public, he hears counsel and vakils speak, and has the means of acquiring the art placed before him. Such are the qualifications of an attorney.

On the other hand, how does a vakil, of the *genus* vakil, qualify himself for his work ? We all know that no body is allowed to be a vakil of this class who is not a graduate in law of the Calcutta University. In former years, both Licentiates and Bachelors of Law were admitted as vakils, but of late the latter only have the privilege, and the former are obliged to go to the District Courts. But what is their so very special in the training of a Bachelor of law which fits him, and him alone, to be a vakil ? We grant that he gets a fair education, that when he leaves the University he has a good knowledge of many things, that he is obliged to pass some very difficult—we may say unnecessarily difficult—examinations, before he is competent to appear for his Degree in law, and that the examination for the Degree is quite as stiff as the former examinations. We also grant—and we are glad to be able to do so—that the majority of these graduates turn out to be very good men, and that the more their number increases the better it will be for the country. But granting all this, we may ask, how does this general education especially fit a man for the conduct of a case in Court ? How does it enable him, without any experience of the Courts of original jurisdiction, to advise on appeals, and argue them in Court ? How does it teach him the many things which a vakil must know to fit him for his profession ?

But let us in the case of the vakil, too, go into the details of his training. Is it not a fact, known to all who take any interest in the affairs of our University, that a student, though he enters the law department soon after he has passed his First Arts examination and attends the law lectures, never touches a law book until after he has completed his Arts examination ? Is it not a fact that, for the first two years after he has commenced to attend the law lectures, all his energies are devoted to the sole object of obtaining the Arts' degree ? Is it not a fact that, even after he

has passed this last examination, he rests for a little while before he grapples with his law books ; that he really devotes one year at the most to the study of law ; that he is hardly ever present at the trial of a case in Court while he is reading for his examination ; and that, when he first joins the Court, he knows nothing of the practice of the Courts except what he has picked up from his books? If what we have stated is true, the argument against the attorney comes to this :—that though he has studied and practised his profession for five years as a clerk, and for three years more as a practising man, his legal education is nothing compared with the education of a person, who has read a few law books for only one year, with the view of passing an examination, and who has never seen anything of the practice of the Courts, until the moment he set his foot in Court, proud in the possession of his sunnud and in the consciousness of his being a full-fledged legal practitioner. The argument is so nakedly unsound that its mere mention is its refutation. Upon a careful consideration of the subject, in all its bearings, we have come to the conclusion, that the Judges have exercised a sound discretion in this matter, and that it is for the benefit of the public that those attorneys of the requisite standing, who choose, should be allowed to act as vakils.

But though we think that the attorneys of the High Court are well qualified to appear and plead as vakils, we are by no means blind to their numerous short-comings. Compared with the attorneys in England, the attorneys here receive a very defective training, and possess a very defective professional organisation. In England, no person can become an articled clerk, unless he is either a graduate of some University, or passes a stiff preliminary examination in general literature, history, mathematics, Latin and French. While under articles, he is required to pass one or two test examinations to mark the progress he has made in his law studies, and then, after the termination of the articles, he passes a final examination. For the encouragement of students, valuable and useful prizes are awarded to them by the Incorporated Law Society—a Society established by the attorneys

to look after the welfare of the profession, and to manage the legal education of students desirous of joining their ranks. In India, any body can become a clerk. He is not required to pass any preliminary examination. His knowledge is not tested at all during the continuance of his clerkship, and no encouragement is given to him to study carefully or at all. All that is required of him is that, at the end of his term of five years, he must be prepared to pass an examination in law, and, if he gets through it successfully, he is allowed to set up shop and practise. In England, the professional organisation is admirable. The Incorporated Law Society looks after the *morale* of the profession. If any body misconducts himself, he is expelled the society, and a stigma is thus put upon him which no man would dare encounter in a hurry. If, in his dealings with his clients, he swerves from the strictest path of rectitude, honor, and integrity, his conduct is brought to the notice of the Court by motion, and if he is unable to clear himself, his name is struck off the rolls of attorneys. There is, in short, such a strong public opinion in the profession that, unless a man is thoroughly unprincipled, he is kept within bounds such as to prevent him from disgracing himself and his profession. Here, we have an Attorneys' Association—a very feeble imitation of the Incorporated Law Society—which is so popular and held in such high respect by the profession that, until very recently, the majority of the profession were not members of it at all. It has no influence, no power, no voice in professional matters, or if it has any, it never exercises it. Each individual is left to his own course, and there is the most exemplary indifference on the part of one attorney as to what another may be doing, in respect to matters upon which two persons of the same profession ought to have the completest union of ideas. There is thus no public opinion, no *esprit de corps*, in the body, and the consequence is, that nothing is done for the education of the clerks, and there is danger of incompetent men getting into the profession. The remedy for all this is in the hands of the attorneys themselves, assisted to a certain extent by the Judges of the Court. And it is time that the attorneys bestirred themselves. They ought to

see that their profession does not fall into hands incompetent to understand its worth. They ought to remember that they are responsible to the public for the clerks they send out as attorneys. They ought to understand that, if these clerks fail as attorneys, the disgrace of the failure will attach more to the attorneys than to the clerks. And they ought finally to bear in mind that, nothing conduces more to the welfare of a profession than a proper *esprit de corps* among its members.

August 6th 1872.

P. S. Since this article was written, we understand, the attorneys have as a body adopted rules for the better education of their clerks. The rules have not been made public, but, from what we hear of them, they appear to be good. One of those rules limits an attorney to only one articled clerk at a time. We do not know how far this rule can be carried out without the intervention of the Legislature. The Judges of the Court who, we suppose, will sanction the rules, have the power to make rules for the admission and enrolment of attorneys, but we question whether they can insist upon an attorney's taking only one clerk at a time. Of course, if the attorneys all agree to abide by this rule, there will be an end of the matter, otherwise we do not know how it is to be enforced without a legislative enactment on the subject.

HOC ERAT IN VOTIS.

Thou once didst ask, my friend,—on earth
 What things would satisfy
 My wants, and make me quite content,—
 Listen to my reply.—

Give me a neat and shady bower,
 Hid in some lonely glen,
 Far from the smoke and jar of towns,
 Away from haunts of men.

Where all the noise which I shall hear,
 Will be the linnet's song,
 Or murmur of a rustic rill,
 As swift it glides along.

There round my cottage I will rear
 Sweet flowers—a bright array,—
 And trail the wood-bine on my wall,
 In garlands green and gay.

A place, where poets undisturbed
 May dream of things unseen,
 With naught before their half-shut eyes,
 But fields of freshest green.

This, and a modest competence,
 —A mind untouch'd by care,
 Will make of me the happiest man
 That ever breathed God's air.

But one thing more,—a little wife,
 To whom I shall impart
 The fondest thoughts which now lie hid
 Within this folded heart.

O. C. DUTT.

MAD OUTRIGHT.

WILL you believe it? confounded sceptic! what means that smile of incredulity, saying in almost as many words, my cock-and-bull stories are not worth a cowry's purchase? I admit I am no saint; but find out your man who never lied in word, thought, or deed. Undertake the wild goose chase if you like; but take my word for it, you will, in no time, stumble on a gigantic mare's nest, and return with the melancholy reflection that, in spite of the brag of Puritans, there is perhaps as little difference among the progeny of Old Father Cain, with reference to veracity, as there was between the brace of Butler's Honorable Brothers, Tweedle lum and Tweedledee. Will you care to cast the first stone? If you do, the conclusion is inevitable. You are not only the most accomplished rogue, but you are the most accomplished *barefaced* rogue in existence. Talk not to me of white lies. A lie is a lie, white, black or blue. Whitewashing a bankrupt will not mend his credit any more than whitewashing a sepulchre will convert it into a depot of French perfumery. The idler, who pleads want of time for not serving his neighbour, lies, and so does the Prince, who issues "not at home" order to his porter, that he may enjoy uninterrupted the luxury of playing the racer, on all fours, with his heir apparent on his back. Surely the swindler, who deliberately doodles his creditors by whining "no money in hand," is not to be quoted as holding out a high premium to what is generally understood by honest dealing; nor is his second cousin to be paraded as a pattern of piety who speaks of "sun-rise" and "sun-set" every day, and that the whole year round, with the guilty knowledge of the fact that that luminary riseth not, setteth not, nor indeed doth suffer any hero, tailed or untaild, to carry him captive. "I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant!" So indites Mr. Chief Secretary to the Government of India, in broad day-light, and before hundreds of witnesses, of all castes, creeds, and colors, when informing

Mr. Jones that he is to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for having despatched odd dozens of niggers to their forefathers, a few hours or so before their time, without conveying them through the hair-splitting farce of a so-called court of justice! Mr. Chief Secretary is not only the most obedient servant of Mr. Jones, but considers it *an honor* to be so. This is your truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! Prithee what do you mean by "all right"? "How d'ye do," ventriloquises a nodding acquaintance, and, "all right thanks," is the ready response. Gracious goodness! All right? A tenure of only three score and ten, of which full nine and sixty have already run out; yet all right? Would not all wrong be nearer the mark? Can any practised perjurer of the Calcutta Small Cause Court go further? A prey to all the maladies treated of in any known pharmacopœia, a long disease, a living death, with one leg in the grave, and years no less than sixty-nine on his back, the cumbrous legacy of antiquity, feebly and with great effort, hiccoughs "all right"! With equal truth might Maulavi Shere Ali, mounted on the scaffolding, with the halter round his neck, assure the spectators, "all right," while the temporary accommodation was being withdrawn from under his feet!

Well, believe or not believe, just as you like, I am resolved to give the readers of the *Bengal Magazine* the benefit of my discovery, which, by the way, is none of that hodge-podge of bottomless theories doomed, after twenty-four hours of sickly existence, to tumble down, of its own accord, into the wide gulf of things that were, never to see the face of day again. No, mine is a *pucca* discovery, which is sure to last for unnumbered centuries, growing with the growth of the earth, and strengthening with its strength, unless that incendiary of a comet, in the meantime, sets, in humble imitation of Valmiki's hero, the ball on fire with its tail, sending the sole survivors, the dummies of our Honorable Corporation, to discuss, Mr. Bellicose Blessington always dissenting, foregone conclusions, on the second floor of the Town Hall over there, erected by Johannis Milton, not of our Public Works

Department, for patriotic purposes, till such time, as another planet, more worthy of the milk-white purity of the Municipal Records, as established by the concurrent testimony of the Judge and Jury of the last Criminal Sessions, rise, Phoenix-like, out of the ashes of this superlatively corrupt one. I say, though I should not say it, that this truth, simple as it may appear, as all truths do after being once discovered, completely escaped the researches of all the great philosophers of Greece, Germany and France—of Aristotle, Longinus, Plato, Pythagoras, Socrates and Xenophon; of Leibnitz, Fichte, Hegel, Kant, Spinoza and Schlegel; of Condillac, Gassendi, Mallebranche, Montaigne, Rousseau and Voltaire. I omit all mention of Rome and England advisedly, as neither soil, I consider, congenial to the growth of Philosophy. The one was all Arms and Armaments, and the other, is all Shell-lac and Lac-dye. Look, for instance, what a mess two of the “strongest thinkers” of civilized England have made of logic, rhetoric and reason! “If,” says Mr. John Stuart Mill, “men are determined that the law of marriage shall be a law of despotism, they are quite right, in point of mere policy, in leaving to women only Hobson’s choice. But, in that case, all that has been done in the modern world to relax the chain on the minds of women has been a mistake. They never should have been allowed to receive a literary education. Women who read, much more women who write, are, in the existing constitution of things, a contradiction and a disturbing element: and it was wrong to bring women up with any acquirements but those of an odalisque, or of a domestic servant.” To rectify this “mistake,” to remedy this “wrong,” our Philosopher thinks “that woman’s executive capacities and prudent councils might sometimes be found valuable in affairs of state,” not by allowing to sit “in Parliament or in the Cabinet, girls in their teens, or young wives of two or three and twenty, transported bodily, exactly as they are, from the Drawing-room to the House of Commons;” but by selecting “widows or wives of forty or fifty, by whom the knowledge of life and faculty of government which

they have acquired in their families, could, by the aid of appropriate studies, be made available on a less contracted scale"! Thus much for Mr. Strong Thinker No. 1; now for Mr. Strong Thinker No. 2. "But it is not knowledge,—it is not truth,—that he, the votary of science, principally seeks;" says Sir William Hamilton, "he seeks the exercise of his faculties and feelings; and, as in following after the one he exerts a greater amount of pleasurable energy than in taking formal possession of the thousand, he disdains the certainty of many, and prefers the chances of the one. Accordingly the sciences always studied with keenest interest are those in a state of progress and uncertainty: absolute certainty and absolute completion would be the paralysis of any study; and the last worst calamity that could befall man, as he is at present constituted, would be the full and final possession of speculative truth which he now vainly anticipates as the consummation of his intellectual happiness!" If such are England's "strongest thinkers," the rest must be leather and prunello, or, as master Ganna more emphatically would put it, mere *heejy beejy sheejy*. Translated into the dialect of common sense the farrago of philosophy amounts to this;—Mr. John Stuart Mill, having once erred, will continue erring till the crack of doom; and Error, not Truth, will for ever remain the god of Sir William Hamilton's idolatry. *O tempora! O mores!* But to resume; after deep thought, profound observation and close application, at the great sacrifice of purse and health, ease and comfort, I have discovered,—yes, why mince matters any longer,—I have discovered that the world has gone mad, mad outright! It is not the amiable, methodical madness of Hamlet, but the most graceless, reasonless, rhymeless, madness that ever graced a Straight Jacket, or enjoyed free quarters in any Lunatic Asylum.

The veriest blockheads that can count ten syllables, alternately accented, on their digits, pat become spiritual or æreal vapours! They mount, they fly, like gas from uncorked bottles of soda-water; or, to compare small things with great, like the exhalations that hung over the field totally eclipsing the sun, and

blind-folding both gods and *Asuras* engaged in the Churning of the Ocean.

"To grottos and to groves *they* run,
To ease and silence, every muse's son."

Not content with the surrender of "Judgment" so pathetically lamented by Shakespeare, they must needs complete the exodus of reason by leaving wild boars and hedge-hogs to lord over the stately palaces in the metropolis, and to patronise theatrical and acrobatic performances of a somewhat more practical nature than those of any company we have heard of, while they themselves betake to holes and caves remaining unoccupied by virtue of the poetical exchange, that they may

"Find tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing"!

Prince Talleyrand, they say, once projected a Philological South Sea Scheme, or a Sinking Fund, by which, in the first instance, the minimum quantity of thought was to be expressed by the maximum quantity of language; till, at its ripest stage, the glorious fete would be accomplished of reducing all correspondence, public and private, love-letters inclusive, into words, words, words, without a single homœopathic globule of thought, here, there, or any where else! There is no lack of similar liberties with Queen's English on the other side of the Channel, by geniuses graduated in the University of my Uncle Toby. But the idea of bandying pantomimes with trees and pictures is as poetical, as is the unmitigated stuff manufactured by those worthies. "Tongues in trees," indeed! gentle reader! put not your faith on the ravings of the bedlamite. He is still hankering after tongues, long broad and thick, seasoned, salted and hermetically sealed, and that perhaps for more purposes than one. The other version is apocryphal. It is perhaps a hallucination, aye, perhaps a ruse to cover the insanity of migration to "running brooks" in search of moist manuscripts that might or might not have been cast into them by ancient Goths and Vandals, after having, in vain, exhausted the Bodleian Library for a nostrum professing to cure his inveterate

malady. But the cream of the asceticism lies, as in some mangoes, in the stony part of it. Macadamized streets, heaven knows! are trying enough. Macadamized sermons over and above that? *Bup!* save us from such churches and sermons, and let us hope, for the sake of frail humanity, that the way to salvation will be found somewhat more comfortable than a journey upwards with a Chitpore Road extending horizontally through the skull from ear to ear!

Here is a fanatic ignoring all pleasures present and future, and languishing for those which have already taken their flight, and which no diamond of Golconda can call back again. Like the superannuated carnivorous Bahadur in the *Hitopadesa*, he mumbles in all the rage of impotence, and consoles himself with the poor satisfaction that, once on a time, he had teeth on his gums, when he could do ample justice to the dainty morsel within his jaws.

“Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway;
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone,
The only pleasures we can call our own.”

Then comes the dupe of “Imagination” monomania. There is no tense in his Grammar, there is no matter in his Physical Science. Would we could haul the anchorite up before Mr. Campbell, to receive the castigation so handsomely deserved for innoculating *Patsala* boys and District officers with such dangerous doctrines! He has unfortunately slipped through our fingers, but we can pillory him yet—in *Imagination!* His courses on the dinner table arc, like Alnaschar’s aristocratic bride, pure ideas, from the soup unto the dessert itself. But unfortunately in his case there is no Schacabac to give the feast a more palpable tone.

“—————Hitherto the stores,
Which feed thy mind and exercise her powers,
Partake the relish of their native soil,
Their parent earth. But know, a nobler dower,
Her sire at birth decreed her; purer gifts

From his own treasure ; forms which never deign'd
 In eyes or ears to dwell, within the sense
 Of earthly organs ; but sublime were plac'd
 In his essential reason, leading there
 That vast ideal host which all his works
 Through endless ages never will reveal."

The next *Avatar* on the stage is for, what the philosophers designate, "prospective emotions." Aristotle was action, action, action ; he is hope, hope, hope, from the beginning to the end of the chapter ! Pleasures unrefined become distilled nuisance—distilled before drainage in the first instance, and distilled over again in the passage through the sewerage of the senses ! And yet he would fain fly "to Pleasure's path" ! The struggle between pride and inclination is as hard as that in the Twice-born, who would not stoop to accept the present of an humble neighbour, but could not, at the same time, make up his mind to forego the luxury. "*Lekan shurbut penah hai*" !

"Oh ! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
 One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
 Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
 Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust
 In joyless union wedded to the dust,
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?"

But these were versifiers, the high caste *kulin Brahmins* of Literature, and, as such, could perhaps justly claim a monopoly of the hereditary right conceded to the race. Though I cannot, for the life of me, understand the why and wherefore of the universal concession, often so disgracefully abused by the sons and step-sons of Madame Melpomene. The phrase "poetical license" has always been a puzzle to me, a license that promises impunity to impudent trespasses, not only against the laws of etymology and syntax, but against all laws, social, moral and religious. These literary libertines seem to enjoy the invidious privilege of deluging

the world with foundling verbs without nominatives to own them, as well as actual mewling and puking foundlings without number, not having a single mortal, Christian or Pagan, Jew or Gentile, to do the elegant by them, in any part of the world ! Instead of being voted to the Andaman Islands for unnecessarily inflicting on mankind huge volumes as heavy as their contents, in measured lines, the freebooters of the Dunciad are let loose on society to rob honest lieges of their patience, and of things which they hold still more dear to them ; while writers of real merit are left to pine away in unmerited obscurity without any thing like a handle to their name. Is there, after all, no poetry or madness,—which two terms I shall, with your permission, use, to borrow an elegant expression from a well-known Essayist, “promiscuously,”—in what is vulgarly called Prose? The external garb does no more constitute prose or poetry, than the guinea-stamp makes the coin a coin of gold. Accordingly we find loafers, deported from Parnassus, as vigorously plying their frantic trade in the valley below. *Exempli gratiâ*. “The pleasures of the imagination,” says the preacher, “taken in the full (*sic*) extent are not so gross as those of sense (*sic*), nor so refined as those of the understanding.” Gross, from Fr. *gros* ; It. and Port. *grosso* ; Sp. *grueso*, *grosero* ; L. *crassus* ; meaning, bulky, corpulent. Take notice, please, that it is not the object from which the pleasure of sense is derived that is gross, but the pleasure itself. Here is then corpulent pleasure at your service ! Pleasures corpulent ! Heaven save the mark ! Why not attribute divisibility, impenetrability, inertia and attraction, to the divine emotion of the mind, and convert it into downright matter at once. In the virulence of the paroxysm, our friend, however, forgets that it is, by his own shewing, very often the same objects that supply pleasure both to sense and imagination. So that the sirloin on the dish, roasted by Lord Northbrook’s *chef de cuisine*, is gross, but not the pensioned municipal bullock, grazing in the prospect, with the fourth plague of Egypt on its ulcerated neck ! *Plus on est de fous, plus on rit !*

THE WEBERIAN THEORY OF THE RAMAYANA.

GERMANY is certainly entitled to the gratitude of mankind for her services in the cause of ancient literature, both Eastern and Western. The best editions of the literary monuments of ancient Greece and Rome, and the best lexicons and grammars of Hebrew and Chaldee are German. The same may be said also of the best works in Sanskrit that have issued from the press. These are facts which no scholar of any nationality can deny.

It is Germans, again, that have proved the most eminent critics of ancient annals and legends; and this is another and a still greater obligation under which they have laid the whole learned world. But as Homer himself had his occasional nods, so German scholars, too, have had their slips,—which however prove nothing more than that, though giants in scholarship and literary criticism, they are still not free from that hard condition of our nature—fallibility. For the maxim is universal and admits of no exception, *humanum est errare*. And here we may add that, with distinguished men, errors frequently become as grave as their merits are undoubtedly high. Men who have but a modicum of talents, have their errors, like their talents, of small magnitude. A humble dwelling scarcely suffers from flaws in its foundation. A stupendous building falls with a crash by its own weight, if there be but a single flaw at the bottom.

When we were at school, we were fond of indulging the idea that all European learning and science were pirated from oriental sources—especially from Brahmanical lore. Not that we were ourselves overburdened with that lore. In those days, Sanskrit was doled out but very sparsely within the walls of Anglo-vernacular seminaries. But if our ignorance was great, it was compensated by the strength of our patriotism. We were ambitious of tracing all learning to the sources of our own country. We thought everything must be contained in the Vedas, of which we knew absolutely nothing. The *Purans* must be the repositories of universal history—and the *Darsans*, of all philosophy and science.

Our patriotism culminated one day to its maximum on espying in the school library a book, of which the paper and binding were coarse, bearing the title outside the binding, "Genesis to Esther in Sanskrit." We ejaculated one to another, with all the pride of a new discovery, "Look here, even their Bible is taken from the Vedas, here is the original!" We did not care to open and look at the title page. We knew nothing of the Bible Society, or of Dr. Carey, but we had made a discovery, sufficient to enliven chit-chat in the class for a whole month.

What we were most fond of speculating on was the extent to which the Greeks, and, after them, the Romans, had borrowed their history and mythology from our *Punyabhumi* or sacred land. It was in the Iliad of Homer—we mean Pope's translation of it—that we found abundant materials for the exercise of our patriotic genius. Paris, we thought, was a poor imitation of Ravana, and Helen was a sadly distorted reflection of the pure-minded and untainted Sitá. Neither Menelaus nor Agamemnon could stand a moment's comparison with the magnanimous Ráma and the heroic Lakshmana. Achilles was perhaps a tolerable substitute for Hanumána, and Hector was not unworthy of Indrajit. Troy might be acknowledged a specimen, in miniature, of Lanká. And of Homer himself we knew as much, or as little, as of Válmiki. Our tutor of Rhetoric was fond of Greek displays. We readily took advantage of his classical predilection, and to escape the production of essays as exercises to be submitted for his correction and criticism, we often induced him to recite Homer's verses in the original. He willingly recognized our appreciation of Greek melody, which, we assured him, appeared to us the more charming when our own master represented it according to the true rules of elocution. Thus, as we learnt the sense of Homer from Pope, we got at the harmony of his poetry from our preceptor's recitations. And our acquaintance with Válmiki was fully as intimate as our knowledge of Homer. We often attended the readings of our *kathaks*. The recitations, accompanied with gesticulation and harmonious modulation of the voice, were,

we thought, quite worthy of the "kokila Vālmiki," as he is styled in the exordium of the Rāmāyana.

But (whether fortunately or unfortunately, it is for the reader to judge) with the buoyancy of youth, we lost, "long, long ago," our taste for those learned speculations on comparative epopee. The phlegmatic listlessness of age had long rejected our patriotic ideas of Homer imitating, or borrowing from Vālmiki. We only wondered that we did not also connect the elopement of Helen with Paris, with that of Rukmini with Krishna, or of Subhadrá with Arjuna. Such events have often transpired in human history all over the world. Feuds, fights, and battles, in women's causes, have been too common in all ages and climes to allow one nation to borrow such ideas from another.

Professor Weber has, however, renewed our juvenile ardour. The buoyancy of youthful speculation has again possessed us. That eminent scholar and philosopher is of opinion that there *was* a transaction of literary banking between Homer and Vālmiki—that one of them *had* borrowed poetical capital from the other. And although Professor Weber exhibits, on the credit side, him, whom we had placed on the debit side of this literary account, and *vice versa*, yet we are not a little flattered by the idea, that we were philosophers "by instinct" even at the commencement of our teens; and that we had anticipated the learned Professor in our early discovery of the relation of debtor and creditor between Homer and Vālmiki, albeit we had reversed the respective positions of the parties as allotted to them by that eminent scholar. But our reversal of the positions of the parties cannot negative our claim to an original conception. Neither Copernicus nor Newton could have absolutely vetoed the honor of a new discovery, if a Ptolemaic had spoken of the sun revolving round our globe in company (*inter alia*) with a seventh planet corresponding to *Herschel*.

But *is* the Professor right in placing Vālmiki on the debit side and Homer on the credit side? On this question we shall now offer a few observations independent of our juvenile speculations. Professor Weber appears to refer the main incidents of the

Aranya, the *Kiskindhya*, the *Sundra*, and the *Lanká Kándas* of the Ramayana to Homer's conception of Helen's elopement and its results, as described in the Iliad. The Professor had, with the light furnished by the labours of D'Alwis, already found a Buddhistic source for the first two *Kándas* of the Rámayana; and he now discovers in the Iliad the *missing link* which connects the four succeeding with the first two. Had the seventh and last *Kánda* contained any incidents with which the adventures of the "andra polytropon" (Ulysses) might have been compared, the learned philosopher would no doubt have referred the *Uttara* also to a foreign source—the Odyssey. And our Válmiki would have been adjudicated a literary bankrupt, largely indebted to others for all his poetical store, with no assets of his own. The eagle-eyed scholar, who has discovered so much, may yet find reasons for this adjudication by tracing the last *Kánda* also to a loan from outside.

Professor Weber's argument may be classified under two heads—(1) Evidence, direct or presumptive, *for* his theory; (2) Reply to the evidence on the opposite side. The evidence *for* the theory resolves itself into the following argument. "The Buddhistic conception of the *Rámasaga* bears so plainly the impress of a higher antiquity [than Válmiki's Rámáyana] that it cannot well be doubted that it belongs to an earlier age. This is indeed the conclusion to which D'Alwis himself [the translator of the *Dasaratha-Jataka*] has been led."* The *Jataka* had long before recounted the facts of Dasaratha's banishment of his sons Ráma and Lakshmana with their sister Sitá Devi, because of the jealous intrigues of a young wife. The natural deduction from this statement is, that Válmiki's Rámáyana was composed at a much later date on the basis of the *Rámasaga*. Now, the *Rámasaga* says nothing of the capture of Sitá by Rávana, and the consequent expedition of Ráma to Lanká. Where then did Válmiki get the materials of the four *Kándas* which follow the first and second? He has already been proved a literary pirate as regards his *first two*

Kíndas, and it is no breach of charity to give exercise to a *detective* imagination in order to trace the source whence he stole the residue of his poetic treasure. Once proved to be a *post*-Buddhistic writer, he may logically be presumed to be a *post*-Alexandrian author too. And thus in the frequent conversations, which must have passed between the Indians and the Greek followers of Alexander's army, we get a clue to the source from which the rest of the *Rámáyana* was borrowed. The Macedonian emperor was himself such an admirer of Homer, that it was his constant companion at home and abroad, in the cabinet, the field, the tent, and even the bed-chamber. It is natural to suppose, that the events which followed Helen's elopement were thus communicated to the Indians, gaping with wonder, and the astute Brahman, who composed the *Rámáyana*, only improved on the inventions of Homer's original genius. This, in few words, is a summary of the argument for Professor Weber's theory.

Before we refer to his reply to the evidence on the opposite side, we must premise that he has only replied to the opposite evidence as he himself conceived and adduced it. Poor Valmiki has thus been condemned, not only by the prosecutor, representing both judge and jury in his own person, but by his conducting the defence also! We propose now to examine the evidence for the prosecution without reference to the evidence for the defence.

In the first place, we must confess our inability to comprehend the force of the *axiom*, at the very basis of the theory, that the Buddhistic account plainly bears on it "the impress of a higher antiquity." This is a *petitio principii* which, if allowed, would doubtless go far to settle the whole question. But if the Vedas and Panini's grammar be considered to be of undoubted antiquity and indisputably pre-Buddhistic, then the impress of a higher antiquity may be recognized on the opposite side. Are not such expressions as "pandita Ráma," "kutapanna," (forged letters), "kotalancha" (dishonest bribes), "chatta" [as an ensign of royalty] "pabhava," (power), and many others, that may be easily collected from the *Saga*, indicative of an age more advanced in artificial refinement

and in vernacular modifications of the original Sanskrit? Forged letters and bribes are sins of an artistic, rather than of a simple age. And as to language and diction, Tasso may be referred to an earlier age than Virgil, quite as logically as the *Jataka* to "a higher antiquity" than the *Rámáyana*.

The learned Professor will surely not contend that "Chhatra," which has a radical meaning, was a later improvement on "Chatta," which has no radical meaning apart from "Chhatra,"—or that "pattra" or "parna" had "panna" for its original—or that "parigahana" was the parent of "parigrahana," and "pabhava" of "prabháva." Then again, we can never find in the whole history and tradition of Brahmanism a single instance of an incestuous intermarriage between brother and sister such as the Buddhistic account gives. The Brahmins have not hesitated to place on record self-condemnatory accounts of the loosest morals in their community in other respects. But not a single instance of *human* incest of such a gross description is to be found in their records. We say *human*, for *divine* incests are not without example. But however dissolute kings and Brahmins may have been in certain recorded cases, they had never been guilty of such an atrocious crime as is attributed in the Buddhistic legend to "Pandit Ráma" and his sister Sitá Devi. The Hindus have, from time immemorial, entertained the utmost abhorrence of such an idea. Nor were they singular in this respect among the Asiatics. We know, that the voluptuous Cambyzes of Persia had consulted the Magi if he could marry his sister Atossa. The sages decided the question, indeed, in the affirmative, but it was only with a view to hold their heads safe from the executioner's knife,—and by falling back on the unlimited range of the royal prerogative. Tacitus also notices a case of incestuous intermarriage, from political motives, in the children of an Armenian king; but he gives it with a caveat against its being considered a custom of the country itself. "*Nec Tigrani diuturnum imperium fuit, neque liberis ejus, quamquam sociatis, MORE EXTERNO, in matrimonium regnumque.*" In the case of the

Hindus, the feeling against such unholy sentiments is still so strong, that the very suggestion of it to any party is held to be a scurrilous insult.

This very legend of Rāma and Sitā's intermarriage as brother and sister, amounts to a conclusive disproof of Professor Weber's theory. The Buddhists of Ceylon, like their continental neighbours the Nairs, may have been accustomed to regard such incests without any feeling of revulsion. Their fundamental legend, apart from the account of "Rāma Pandit and Sitā devi," was also a story of princes being banished through the intrigues of a step-mother, and afterwards contracting incestuous intermarriages. We allude to the four princes, similarly banished, with five sisters, and then selecting four of the latter as their wives. Is it possible that such artistically sensational legends, clearly revolting to Brahmanical moral sense, should be critically held as evidences of Vālmiki's plagiarism, and blacken two of the purest characters in the mythology and traditions of the nation?

Professor Weber's opinion, therefore, that the Buddhist legend is simpler, and bears the impress of a higher antiquity, puzzles us beyond description. It is indeed as puzzling to us as it would be, if a scholar declared the *Yoga-rasista* or the *Adhyatma Rāmāyana* to be simpler and of greater antiquity than the Rāmāyana proper. The Buddhistic legend is far more artistic—far more elaborate in its metaphysics than the poem of Vālmiki—and it was professedly composed to serve a party purpose. Of its artistic metaphysics the following is a pretty good sample. We have the Buddhistic philosophy put into Rāma's mouth at a time when, according to Vālmiki, he had given way, on the intelligence of his father's death, communicated by Bhārata, to such feelings as we would naturally expect under the circumstances from an affectionate son.

"Having heard of the death of a father, sorrow distresses thee not, (*na tan pasakati*) Rama. By what power (*pabhava*) doest thou not grieve for that which should be grieved for?"

Rama then addressing him explained the reason why he sorrowed not:

1.—"If a person by great grief cannot protect (*palitum*) a thing, wherefore should a wise (*vinu*) and discreet (*medhavi*) man distress himself?"

2.—“The young as well as (*dahara cha*) the old, the ignorant as well as the wise, and the poor as well as the rich—all are (alike) subject to death *nachchuparayana*.

3.—“The ripe fruit is ever in danger of dropping down (*papatana*;) so likewise man that is born (of a woman) is always in danger of death.

4.—“Many people are seen in the morning (of whom) some disappear in the evening (*saram*) (and again) many people are seen in the evening (of whom) some disappear in the morning.

5.—“If a stupid person, who weeps afflicting himself, can derive any profit *kinchid attham* then indeed should the wise man do the same (*kairamenan* [?] *richakkhana*.)

6.—“He who torments himself (*attanam attano*) (by sorrow) becomes lean and (colourless) cheerless; by sorrow (*tena*) the dead are not saved (*na palenti*;) it is vain *nirattha* (therefore) to weep.

7.—“As a house *saranam* involved in flames is extinguished with water, so likewise the steady, well-informed, intelligent and learned man, speedily destroys the sorrow that is begotten (the felt sorrow) as the wind (drives away a tuft of) cotton.

8.—“Alone is man *eko va macheho* born in a family—alone does he depart; the chief end of the enjoyment of all beings is their very association together (for a time) *samyogaparattho va sambhogo saveapaninam*.

9.—“Wherefore the heart *hadayam manam cha* of the wise and well informed, who sees both this and the world to come *passato indam cha param cha lokam*, and who knows the *dhamma amaya*, i. e. *ajanya dhamman*, is not inflamed even by exceeding sorrow.

10.—“Thus I know exactly what should be done seeing and enjoying (*so 'ham dassam cha bhokkham cha*) nourish (my) relations, and protect all the rest.”

The attendants who heard this sermon of Pandit Rama, declaring the transientness of things, were consoled.”

And “this sermon,” on the intelligence of a father dying of a broken heart on the preacher's own account, is considered by Professor Weber to be, from its greater simplicity, a plain impress of higher antiquity than Vālmiki's far more natural account!

But the cat is let out of the bag. All this elaborate disquisition had an object. Buddha wished to be recognized a second Rāma incarnate.

"Dāsaraṭha of that period is now king Suddhodana, the mother (of Rama) Mahamaya, Sita—Rahulamata—Bharata Ananda, Lakṣhan—Sariṭṭa, the retinue—the attendants of Buddha, and Rama [am] I."

On the next point, *i. e.* Professor Weber's explaining away facts that are contradictory to his theory, we need not say much. The theory itself being baseless, all gratuitous fancies indulged in for no other purpose or reason than its support, must fail. That the *Rāmopākhyana* in the *Vāna parva* of the Mahābhārata is an interpolation, or that the *Megha Duta* and the *Raghuvaṃsa* (which are confirmatory of Valmiki's account) were manufactures of a recent date, cannot be accepted on mere dictation. Our limits will not allow us to pursue Professor Weber's speculations further. But we must add two short remarks before we conclude. We agree with him that, after the rise and progress of Buddhism, the Brahmans had laboured hard to produce rival objects of their own fabrication for the devotion of their people, and thereby to counteract the plausible teaching of that formidable heresy. But the Rāmāyana of Valmiki could not do much duty in that direction. There the poet labours to set off the princely heroism, rather than the transcendental divinity of Rāma, or his Buddha-like asceticism. The *Yoga-vasishtha* can with better reason be ascribed to Brahmanical astuteness for this latter purpose. But the sons of Brahmā relied more on the exhibition of Vishnu in the form of Krishna, more confidently, than of Rāma, as an opponent to Buddha. The *Sri-bhājarata* and the *Nārada-pancha-rātra* were doubtless produced with this motive, and eventually commanded greater success than the *Yoga-vasishtha*.

The other remark we propose to add, and with which to conclude this paper, is, on the suggestion of Professor Monier Williams, that some of the accounts of the Rāmāyana are ascribable to a Christian origin. To suppose that the author of the Rāmāyana lived posterior to the Christian era, would be a gratuitous theory opposed to all principles of historical criticism. We do not therefore echo the words, "Savari, indeed, recalls the woman

of Samaria." But we do think that the Rámáyana contains a singular confirmation of a primitive revelation, as sacred as it is essential to Christian doctrine. The very point, *i. e.*, the divine incarnation of Ráma, on which Professor Weber appears to construct a prop for Buddhism, seems to us to be a remarkable testimony for the Christian faith. We do not require to contradict the fond traditions of one hundred millions of human beings by allotting to Válmiki a preposterously modern age. But we, nevertheless, detect something, in the reason assigned for the incarnation of Ráma, which has an important bearing on Gospel truth. It was necessary, so the poet represents the saying of the Creator Brahmá, that Vishnu (the second person of the Hindu triad) should come down to the earth *as man*, for the destruction of the arch-demon (Rávana), who could not be overcome by any other species of beings :—

एवमुक्ताः सुराः सर्वे प्रवृत्तिं विष्णुमय्ययं ।

मानुषं रूपमास्थाय रावणं जहि संयुगे ॥

* * * * *

सन्नुष्टः प्रददौ तस्मै राक्षसाय वरं प्रभुः ।

नानविधेभ्यो भूतेभ्यो भयं नान्यत्र मानुषात् ॥

तस्मात् तस्य बधीदृष्टी मानुषेभ्यः परन्तप ।

Without introducing any gratuitous theory of our own, without doing violence to the long-cherished sentiments of a whole nation, without challenging the concurrent and time honoured traditions of the country, we ask the impartial critic, whether the above reason assigned for Vishnu's descent as Ráma, endued with human nature, does not *really* "recall" the Mosaic text which teaches us that, in the counsels of the Supreme Being, *the seed of the woman was destined to bruise the serpent's head.*

THE "CHIT CHAT CLUB."

SEPTEMBER MEETING.

The Decencies of the Literary Profession.

INTERLOCUTORS.

Babu Radha Krishna Banerjea.

——Pyari Chand Basu.

——Jaya Gopal Ghosha.

——Syama Charan Chatterjea.

——Jadu Nath Mitra.

Maulavi Imdad Ali.

It was a rather wet evening. Still there was a pretty good attendance, especially as there had been no meeting in August. All the members had not yet come, but the venerable figure of Babu Radha Krishna Banerjea, somewhat bent with the weight of years, attracted the notice of every one. On taking his seat next to Babu Pyari Chand Basu, he remarked—"It seems almost an age since we last met."

Pyari. "Yes. It was a pity the rains prevented us from meeting last month."

Radha. "And yet there has been precious little rain this year. The *Aus* crop has failed most miserably, and I don't think the prospects of the *Aman* crop are good either."

Pyari. "Why, in some parts of the country they are apprehensive of a famine."

Radha. "I hope there will be no famine, in Bengal at least. What with the Epidemic in the Burdwan district, what with the Dengue everywhere, and the loss of the *Aus* crop, the peasantry are already suffering much; and if in addition to all this there be the failure of the *Aman* crop, what will become of the peasantry?"

While the two sages of our Club were talking to each other in the above strain, who should rush into the room in an excited

manner but our friend Babu Jaya Gopal Ghosha? As he crossed the threshold of the room, he uttered with great vehemence the following words—"Monstrous! Outrageous!" All eyes were turned towards Babu Jaya Gopal who kept bawling out—"Monstrous! Outrageous!"

Radha. "What is it, Jaya? What is monstrous! What is outrageous?"

Jaya. "Do you doubt it? I repeat, it is monstrous! it is atrocious! It is breach of confidence!"

Radha. "Do tell us, Jaya, what it is. Whose conduct is monstrous and atrocious? Who has been guilty of breach of confidence?"

Jaya. "I say, it is a *gross* breach of confidence! No gentleman could be capable of it. If the fellow could be identified, he should be turned out of the Club."

Pyari. "Now, Jaya Babu, don't tantalize us in this manner. We cannot divine, we cannot enter into your mind and read your thoughts. Do tell us what it is all about."

Jaya. "Why, have you not all seen the first number of the *Bengal Magazine*? Some fellow, who is a member of our Club, took notes of the proceedings of the last meeting, and sent them to the Editor of that Magazine, who published them in his August number. This, I say, is breach of confidence."

Radha. "Breach of confidence! what do you mean, Jaya? There is neither confidence nor breach in the matter. This Club is not a private Club. It is open to the public. And are there not at this moment many persons present in this room who are not members but spectators? Besides, I hope we are not ashamed of the sentiments we express in the Club; I hope all of us would be ready to avow them in public. What harm is there then if our proceedings are reported in some journal?"

Pyari. "I quite agree with you. So far from being angry with either the reporter, or the Editor, of the *Bengal Magazine*,

I think, we ought to be thankful to both of them ; to the one for taking the trouble to report our proceedings, and to the other for publishing them gratuitously without charging us any thing."

Jaya. "Well, I did not take that view of the matter. On second thoughts, I think, you are right. I see the member, who reported the proceedings, after all did nothing wrong."

Syama. "Talking of the *Bengal Magazine*, how is it that the Editor has not reprinted in his second number the favourable criticisms of the Indian press upon it? With very few exceptions, nearly the whole of the Indian press has spoken favourably of the Magazine, and notably the *Englishman* in his elaborate notices. The Editor might have made a good thing of it, and attracted a large number of subscribers."

Pyari. "You look upon the noble profession of literature, I suppose, as a trade. Do you expect a literary man to descend to the arts of a common tradesman? The Editor of the *Bengal Magazine* thinks too highly of literature to stoop to the degradation of appearing before the public with testimonials of character and qualifications from the daily or the weekly press. It is a common saying, that "a well known Brahman does not require to show his *Paita*, or the holy thread."

Radha. "If a cook, or a *khitmutgar*, or a *khansamah*, or a *masalchi*, or a *mehter*, were in search of a situation, he would go about with a bundle of certificates of character. You mean to say a literary man would descend to that indignity!"

Syama. "But I see other people have done, and are doing, what you condemn."

Radha. "Some literary pedlars may cry up their goods, and bring dishonour upon the glorious profession of literature; but you must not expect honourable men of letters to follow their example."

- Pyari. "Fancy a literary man going about the streets of Calcutta with his journal in his hand, and a load of newspapers, like the *Hindoo Patriot*, the *Bengalee*, the *Bengal Times*, &c., &c., on his head, and crying, after the most approved musical manner of Calcutta criers, somewhat to the following tune :—"Gentlemen ! My Magazine, o ! My testimonials, o ! just look at my certificates, o ! Here's subscription book, o !"
- Jaya. "Hullo ! I did not think, Pyari Babu, that you had such powers of imitation. That's capital. You would make an excellent crier. You would, I am sure, out-Ghasiram* Ghasiram himself !"
- Pyari. "Ghasiram or no Ghasiram, I appeal to the judgment of this meeting, whether a parade of the favourable notices of the press is not beneath the dignity of an honourable man of letters."
- Jaya. "I quite agree with you. I was only joking. Literature, whether in the shape of a weekly newspaper, or a monthly Magazine, or a quarterly Review, is not like Lea and Perrin's *Worcestershire Sauce*, or Mrs. Johnson's *Soothing Syrup*, which requires to be recommended to the public by testimonials. I can have no respect for a literary man who has recourse to such low arts. Such a man must be conscious of his own deficiencies; he therefore bolsters himself up on the recommendations of others."
- Maulavi Imdad Ali. "But you have not yet mentioned the worst feature of the case. Those literary hawkers, of whom you are speaking, bring before the notice of the public only the favourable criticisms, while they carefully conceal the unfavourable criticisms. I fancy there are about

* We may mention for the benefit of the Anglo-Indian reader that Ghasiram was, in former days, the most celebrated and most musical of all the street-criers of Calcutta. He dealt in a delicacy called *chana-chur*, that is, crushed gram spiced with chillies. Ed. B. M.

fifty newspapers in India (I mean newspapers written in the English language); suppose forty of these newspapers speak unfavourably of a newly started journal, and only ten favourably; the conductors of the new journal quote only the favourable criticisms of the ten journals, and carefully conceal the unfavourable criticisms of the other forty. What sort of conduct do you call it?"

Jaya. "Oh, it is disgraceful! It is dishonest journalism! It is trailing literature in the mud!"

Jadu. "But there is a still lower deep into which those literary hucksters have sunk. They not only parade before the public the certificates which they have got from the Indian press; they not only reprint the criticisms of the friendly newspapers, burking the criticisms of the other papers; but they publish in their own columns criticisms hostile to the journals of other literary men. That is to say, they not only cry up their own wares, but cry down the wares of their neighbours. Is not this infamous conduct?"

Jaya. "Infamous! it is unspeakably infamous! It is trailing literature, not in mud only but, in dirt! But are you sure that there are such literary out-laws? If there are, they should be speedily sent to Coventry. But, I hope, for the honour of the literary profession, there are no such literary pettifoggers living."

Radha. "There are such, I assure you. Jadu is quite right. The other day I saw a monthly journal containing reprints of criticisms hostile to another journal; and the sinning journal is contributed to by Rajahs, Roy Bahadoors, and Fellows of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities, Timbuctoo."

Jaya, (laughing). "Hi! Hi! Hi! The Royal Society of Northern Antiquities, Timbuctoo! I was not aware that the Negroes of Timbuctoo had so far advanced as

to establish a Royal Society of Antiquities! And *Northern* Antiquities, too, in Timbuctoo!"

Radha. "Oh! I beg your pardon; I meant the Royal Society of Spitzbergen."

Jaya, (laughing). "Ha! ha! ha! The Royal Society of Spitzbergen! I was not aware till now that that island had such a Society. I am sure, you mean Copenhagen."

Radha. "Just so! Just so! I meant Copenhagen. You know, Jaya, I am an old man, and have therefore a short memory. Besides, you know I never learnt Geography. In old Mr. Sherburne's days, no Geography was taught. But whether it be Copenhagen or Timbuctoo, it is all the same, so far as my purpose is concerned. I mean to say that it is sad to see a journal, conducted by such respectable men, have recourse to such unworthy tricks."

Jaya. "Sad? It is heart-rending! and to reflect that it is done by some of our own educated countrymen!"

Imdad. "That is not unlike what the sharp fellows of the China Bazaar do. When going to purchase some yards of long-cloth, for instance, you hear some shop-keeper accosting you in the following fashion:—"Saar! Saar! Come this shop. Nice goods got here! Here got first-rate piece-goods! Me got fine long-cloth! Me lately got new inbice from England! Other shop only got rotten things—all rotten—last only five days! Take or not take, once see!"

Jaya. "Well-done! Is Saul also among the prophets? Who could have ever dreamt that the learned Maulavi would become jocose? Surely, there is something in the air."

Syama. "There is another thing which attracted my notice. I see the *Bengal Magazine* names its contributors in a very cavalier manner. Simply "Kissory Chand Mittra"—"Iswar Chandra Mitra"—"O. C. Dutt"—"H. C. Dutt". Is it not more respectful to say, as I have seen

in other periodicals, "Babu Kissory Chand Mittra"—
"H. C. Dutt Esqr."? Surely, the contributors of the
Bengal Magazine must have got disgusted with its
Editor,"

Radha. "Perhaps it would be best of all, as I have seen some-
where, Babu So-and-So, Fellow of the Royal Society of
Northern Antiquities, Timbuctoo!"

Jaya. "Timbuctoo, again?"

Radha. "O, I beg a thousand pardons, —Copenhagen. Some-
how or other Timbuctoo always comes into my mouth,
—I suppose on the principle, that we talk most of what
we know least. What I was going to say is this, that the
Bengal Magazine closely imitates, as far as it can, the
great English Magazines—*Blackwood, Fraser, Macmillan,*
&c., &c., both in matter and manner. Suppose, against
an article in the *Cornhill* it were written—"By Matthew
Arnold Esqr," or against an article in *St. Paul's*—"By
Anthony Trollope Esqr;" what, do you think, the
English public would think of it?"

Jaya. "Why, it would, I suppose, create inextinguishable
laughter from Cornwall to Shetland."

Radha. "You are right, Jaya; and the Editor of the *Bengal*
Magazine does not want to be laughed at."

Pyari. "Gentlemen, as some of you are pursuing the literary
profession—a profession as noble, honourable and
glorious as Divinity, Law or Physic,—a profession
which has its decencies and proprieties as much as the
other liberal professions—and a profession which, I am
sorry to say, has, equally with the others, its pretenders
and its pettifoggers,—I say, gentlemen, as some of
you are pursuing the literary profession, let me recite to
you, from memory, a truly noble passage from the
writings of one of the greatest masters of English com-
position—I mean Isaac Barrow—a writer little studied
in these degenerate days, but a writer, nevertheless

who, along with the judicious Hooker and the incomparable Jeremy Taylor, forms the great triumvirate in the republic of English prose literature. Speaking of the calling of a scholar, Barrow—the mathematical tutor of Sir Isaac Newton—says:—"It is a calling, which doth not employ us in bodily toil, in worldly care, in pursuit of trivial affairs, in sordid drudgeries; but in those angelical operations of soul, the contemplation of truth, and attainment of wisdom; which are the worthiest exercises of our reason, and sweetest entertainments of our mind; the most precious wealth, and most beautiful ornaments of our soul; whereby our faculties are improved, are polished and refined, are enlarged in their power and use by habitual accessions: the which are conducive to our own greatest profit and benefit, as serving to rectify our wills, to compose our affections, to guide our lives in the way of virtue, to bring us unto felicity. It is a calling, which being duly followed, will most sever us from the vulgar sort of men, and advance us above the common pitch; enduing us with light to see further than other men, disposing us to affect better things, and to slight those meaner objects of human desire, on which men commonly dote; freeing us from the erroneous conceits and from the perverse affections of common people."

The recitation of this eloquent passage called forth the applause of the whole assembly, after which the meeting dispersed.

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1872.



THE VILLAGE POPULATION OF BENGAL.

THE importance of educating the village population of Bengal has at last been recognized by our rulers, and steps are being taken to disperse the settled gloom of ignorance which, like a dark cloud, has hung about our villages for centuries together. An attempt, within the narrow limits of a magazine article, to give those of our readers who may never have had occasion to step out of Calcutta, glimpses of the life and condition of the villagers of Bengal, will therefore not be quite unseasonable.

To one who has never been out of town, the prospect of the open country must be striking and pleasant. We do not see here the undulating hills and vales, the green pasture-lands with sheep and kine grazing on them, and the beautiful hedge-rows and clusters of cheerful-looking cottages strewn about here and there, that greet the eye of the traveller in England ; but in their stead we see, on both sides of the main road, extensive paddy fields spreading their sea-like expanse as far as the eye can reach, with waving corn shining under the golden tints of the morning Indian sun, —the scene being hardly checkered by a single tree or bush. Far off, the view is bounded by a line of thick vegetation and tangled woods and trees of various kinds, covered with luxuriant foliage. Concealed in the thick shade of this beautiful green canopy of nature, our poor and simple villagers have their clusters of neat though humble dwelling houses. Let us then leave the main road ;

we cross a number of paddy fields, and in about half an hour reach one of the shady villages. It is impossible to describe the calmness and tranquillity that reign in this rural scene. The thick canopy of branches and leaves ward off the rays and heat of the sun; solitary foot-paths meander among clusters of neat and low-built cottages; and here and there a stagnant pool, covered with green plants, or full of beautiful lotuses proudly lifting up their heads, attract the attention of the visitor. The only sound audible is the continual rustling of the leaves, and the no less continual voices of birds of various kinds and of rich plumage, issuing from bush and tree like a flood of cheerful music. A spot so secluded seems devoted to peace and rural happiness;—alas! it is the hot-bed of oppression and the home of poverty and suffering.

The villagers of Bengal are almost without exception a quiet and home-loving people. They live in thatched huts; and besides their simple food and simple clothing they require but few other things. A piece of mat generally serves them for a bed, and earthen-ware and a few brass utensils are all they require for cooking purposes. Women, who have husbands, must needs have ornaments, and these among the well-to-do villagers are often of silver, and sometimes even of gold. Rice is their main food, but bountiful nature also supplies them with abundance of fruits and fish all the year round. Fish is in many places to be had for the catching, and in many districts the poorer classes consume as much fish as rice. Unfortunately, a great deal of damage is done to fish by their indiscriminate capture during the breeding season. Some precaution, adopted during this season, would secure a still more plentiful supply of fish all the year round; but custom, it seems, has forgotten to enact any such rule, and, in India, a defect in custom can only be remedied by legislation.

Our cultivators manifest some skill and shrewdness in the selection of particular kinds of soil adapted to the growth of particular species of crops. Careful distinction is made between high lands for early rice (*aus*), and low lands for late rice (*aman*); and jute, sugarcane and different kinds of pulso, are also grown on

lands especially adapted for their growth. Still, however, of scientific knowledge in agriculture we have but little, notwithstanding that agriculture is the profession of by far the majority of the people of Bengal. The genius of the Indian peasant has not yet been able to discover the advantages of rotation of crops, which, since its adoption in England, has been productive of so much good. The plough employed in our country is of the simplest sort,—perhaps the extreme fertility of the soil does not require a better one,—and no means have yet been adopted to guard against drought or excessive fall of rain, which almost periodically causes so much scarcity and misery among the poor people. It is unfortunate that rice, which is the main food of the people of Bengal, should, more than perhaps any other crop, be dependent on the periodical rains. Contingencies will happen; and an extensive system of irrigation, which alone can provide against such contingencies, requires an amount of energy and co-operation which does not exist among our peasants, and which, we may add, does not exist among any class of peasantry so poor and withal so numerous as the peasantry of India.

Women in villages are allowed a greater degree of liberty than their sisters in towns. There is no objection to their going about from place to place, to fetch water from the tank, or to go and bathe in the river; but, except in the case of elderly widows or women verging on old age, they are not permitted to speak with people other than the younger members of their own family. At home, their occupations are much the same as in towns, *viz.*, to prepare meals, sweep and clean the huts and compounds, to clear their utensils, fetch water from the neighbouring tanks, to look to the cows and to take care of their children. Women seldom work in the fields. Drunkenness is almost unknown in our villages; and cases of cruelty to wives are also rare; and in both these respects the lowest classes of people in our country are infinitely superior to the same classes of people in the cities. In the villages, however, the women are generally speaking, after you

remarkable extent. At the same time, quarrels and between members of different families, living in the neighbourhood, are but too frequent.

Villages of Bengal, as in all other places in India, fidelity is considered not merely an important virtue, but a essential virtue which every woman must possess. Let her be cruel, ill-natured and untruthful, she will still hold her rank and command the respect due to her rank ; but let it be known that she is unfaithful to her nuptial bed, she is cursed and reviled by her friends, driven from her home by her parents, outcast, and punished with nameless degradation. While thus, a single error is visited with such severe punishment, the prevention of such an error is also next to impossible from among only a handful of people living together, and every one does everything that his neighbour does. Morality between villages is therefore, maintained to a remarkable extent.

The maintenance of social life in villages can be complete without the aid of those two only remnants of the ancient village system,—the Mandal and the Chankidar. The Mandal was formerly the headman in the village, but the ruin of the village communities, and latterly the more centralized powers of the Government, have decreased his importance. He is now a man without dignity and power,—neither fish nor flesh nor good

Still, however, he is looked up to by the peasants as a personage, and, in some respects, is supposed to rule the village. Whenever any event of moment or emergency occurs, the Mandal comes forward, advises, leads, directs. He is bound to his opinion by the villagers ; he is often consulted, and on occasions of social ceremonies it is not unusual for him to receive presents. His rank is practically hereditary, and he inherits the title of his father by the tacit consent of the village. And once a Mandal, he is a Mandal for life. There are many instances of people rising against the Mandals, for they fear the temptation nor the power to be oppressive to the villagers,—his supremacy being only theoretical. In some cases,

the *Mandar* is a paid servant of the *zemindar*, and collects rent in the village. At other times again, he acts as a real representative of the people, representing the extortions and oppression of the *zemindar* to the *zemindar*.

It is the duty of the *Chaukidar* to give information of suspicious acts and suspicious characters to the Police, to report on cases of sudden death, to apprehend offenders, and to keep watch in the village. This last office he discharges by going from one end of the village to the other, perhaps several times every night, uttering loud cries to intimidate thieves and give assurance to honest folks. The pay of the *Chaukidar* is very little, and as he has plenty of spare time, there is not a profession under the sun which the *Chaukidar* does not occasionally follow to eke out his pay. He is in fact a jack of all trades, and if a hut is to be thatched in the village, a tank cleared, or a mud-wall repaired, the *Chaukidar* will lend his aid with alacrity for a few pice. Poor fellow! he is often maltreated; and if the Police gets a wiggling from the Magistrate for its inefficiency in any case, the poor *Chaukidar* has the worst of it, and is sure to receive rough usage from the hands of the Police.

The extensive paddy or other fields which surround the villages belong to *zemindars*, and are let or sublet to the villagers, every one of whom has a bit of land which he cultivates. These bits of land are separated from each other by lines of slightly elevated earth, which serve as lines of demarkation; and disputes with regard to these boundary lines are but too frequent. In the summer and winter seasons, it is always possible to walk across the paddy fields, but in the rainy season when the low lands are immersed in water, the villagers are obliged to use *dongas* or canoes, which go right across the paddy fields; for there are no high roads leading from village to village. Villagers, accustomed to this sort of conveyance, do not feel any particular hardship, but an inhabitant of the towns who may have occasion to go through some villages would have to put up with the greatest possible inconvenience. To improve the means of communication

therefore a most desirable object, though we can hardly remove the tax which has been imposed for that purpose.

During the sowing and reaping seasons, the villagers are every where busily employed, and, leaving alone all other work, devote their whole time to their work in the fields. But during the rest of the year they have comparatively little to do. Those whose lands are exhausted of producing any kinds of vegetables or pulse after the rice harvest is over, employ themselves in the cultivation of other crops; others, again, let themselves on hire, and leaving their villages proceed to towns, where their labor may be in demand; but the majority of the villagers remain idle in their homes, doing only such petty work as they were obliged to leave off during the season of work, such as repairing their huts, rebuilding their walls &c. Idle hours are scarcely ever spent without some chief being caused. Factionous and protracted dissensions exist in almost every village; and it is a well-known fact that a larger number of criminal cases crops up during those months in which the villagers have little to do than during the rest of the year. Religion has made a handmaid to these village squabbles, and outcasting, or *dhuladali*, that is, caste-quarrels, rage furiously in these periods of idleness and ignorance and bigotry. It is no exaggeration to say that by far the majority of the petty disputes that come to court would have been settled at home but for the instigation of *dhuladali*. The fearful engine of outcasting is wielded in a most reckless manner by the ignorant villagers; and there are villages in which not only every family but every individual inhabitant is embroiled in factionous disputes, and is ranged on one side or the other. The causes of such factions are various and complicated, but we will give an instance. An influential villager, say a *gomasta*, has an intrigue with a widow; the widow's parents, let us suppose, sacrifice custom to nature, and through affection for their child receive her into their house; this offends the immediate neighbours who revive the outcasting them; the *gomasta* gives his powerful aid to the widow, and her family gives some of their neighbours a

non-payment of rent against them. They too bring some criminal charges against the *gomasta*, and in a few days the whole village is divided between the two factions. The disputes go on increasing day by day, a vast number of criminal cases crops up, and the witnesses who appear at court consider the duty of serving a particular party, or a particular friend, as more binding on their conscience than either the solemnity of the oath or the legal sanctions against perjury. The depositions of witnesses, therefore, in criminal courts are replete with falsehood ; in fact, the witnesses are almost invariably coached beforehand as to what they will have to say when they appear in court. If any one, therefore, forms an estimate of the veracity of the villagers of this country from the transactions in court, one assuredly does them great injustice. Among themselves the villagers are neither very untruthful nor very dishonest ; promises and contracts are faithfully fulfilled ; and debts, contracted without any written document, are as a rule faithfully repaid ; but in courts, it is painful to observe how universally truth is sacrificed to the interests of a friend or of a party.

One of the institutions for restoring peace to villages is, like almost all other indigenous institutions, fast decaying in these days ;--we mean the Panchayet. We do not know to what particular causes we ought to ascribe the decay of Panchayets,--probably the centralized powers of the zemindars have taken away their authority and importance ; and probably also English rule in India, by bringing justice in criminal cases within the reach of every villager, has shaken the influence of the Panchayets and made them comparatively useless. Still, however, Panchayets are not unfrequently held in villages on special occasions, for example to decide a civil or a criminal dispute between two parties, or to determine whether a certain party should be outcasted or not. The Mandals, as well as other respectable villagers, sit in the Panchayets, and as the real facts of the case can hardly be unknown to the members of the Panchayets, substantial justice is as a rule done to the parties.

But these are minor evils. The frightful epidemics, which break out almost periodically in our villages and devastate whole districts, are too well known to our readers to require any special description. The harrowing reports that we are receiving even now of the epidemic in the Burdwan district, the painful accounts we had of the sufferings of the people in the Twenty-four Parganahs and neighbouring districts last year, the accounts in fact which we receive almost every year from some part or other of Bengal, are such as to call forth pity from the most unfeeling heart. Government is doing its utmost to relieve the people, dispensaries are being established in the heart of districts, and municipal committees are busy with plans of drainage,—and yet, in our humble opinion, the axe has not yet been laid at the root of the tree. Medical opinion is divided as to the precise causes of these frightful epidemics, though it has been generally admitted on all hands that the noxious exhalations from stagnant pools and thick jungles, which are but too numerous in our villages, play a principal part in causing those epidemics. But to clear these jungles and to fill up, or even to purify, these tanks, is a task for which the resources in the hands of Government are hardly equal. Whoever has had occasion to carefully survey our villages must have remarked, how completely the country is choked up with noxious jungles and swamps. Nature seems to triumph in her luxuriance; rank vegetation and rank weeds cover acres of lands, and stagnant pools and swamps afford habitation to poisonous plants, snakes and reptiles, revelling as it were with excess of life. The country teems with animal and vegetable life; and a weak race of men, unassisted by science, or even by a spirit of civilized co-operation, seems hardly equal to combat nature on terms of equality. Under such circumstances, we are free to confess, we can hardly expect our Government to remove these evils; nor does the present state of the finances of the country admit of any sweeping measures calculated to remove them. A poor peasantry has neither the impetus, nor the spirit of co-operation, which might enable them to take any effective steps; and we can

only look up to our enlightened zemindars for giving this impetus to the people. Unfortunately, however, all our best educated and most enlightened zemindars crowd to towns, and take little interest in the country. We cannot help reflecting with pain that the little interest which our zemindars take in the *country*, has not only prevented the improvement of the condition of our villagers, but has also deprived the mass of the people of that privilege of representation which is, to a certain extent, enjoyed by the educated classes. We entertain the hope that the education of the mass of the people, and the village municipalities, will, in the course of a generation or two, help our village population to improve their own condition.

The village *pathsalas*, which have been sanctioned by the Lieutenant Governor, may be expected to impart to our peasantry a knowledge of reading and writing and arithmetic. With this simple knowledge they will learn to take care of their *kaulás* and *dákhilás*, to read and understand deeds of agreement and tenure, and in cases of emergency to draw them out. Further, the familiarity with laws and imposts, which village municipalities will enable every villager to possess, will enable him to glean the import of laws and regulations, and the scope and object of taxes, and will help him to a certain extent to determine his liability to be taxed. The village *pathsalas* and the village municipalities will therefore, we feel confident, help our villagers to resist the extortions of the village tyrants—the *gomasta* and the tax gatherer. None who has not an intimate acquaintance with villages, is sufficiently aware of the extent to which the tax gatherer, when he has opportunity, as well as the zemindar, or rather his underlings, carry on oppression and extortion among the villagers. The *gomasta* is a lordling in the villages from which he collects rents, and rules his kingdom with an iron sceptre. Employed by his master, the zemindar, to collect rent from the villagers, he would ill discharge his duties if he had any degree of kindness or humanity in his nature; and be it said to his credit that, an efficient officer, that he is, he does not entertain any such

weakness in his heart ; as a rule he succeeds in collecting a great deal more than he is required to do,—the surplus he of course considers as a legitimate reward of his efficiency. It almost exceeds the powers of arithmetic to enumerate the ways in which a *gomasta* receives his perquisites. Is a villager guilty of any offence or indiscretion ? He must be taken to the Thana unless he pays something to the *gomasta*. Is a market to be held in the village ? Each shop-keeper must pay something to the *gomasta*. Refuse to comply with these modest demands of the man of power and dignity, and you get a sound beating, and there is brought a charge of theft against you in the Police ! For our worthy *gomasta*, be it remembered, is a not an unfrequent visitor of the courts, and is perfectly aware of their ins and outs. He knows the courts too well to appear himself as the prosecutor or the plaintiff ; in most cases, a third party is instigated by the *gomasta* to bring a complaint against the man who may have incurred his displeasure,—and a *gomasta's* instigation is often tantamount to compulsion ; and few are aware of what a large proportion of the criminal cases that come to our courts are got up by the instigation of our worthy *gomasta*. And yet it is only in extreme cases that he proceeds to court. Generally speaking, to drag the villager to the *gomasta's* house or *Káchhári*, and to beat him, or confine him, till he complies with the *gomasta's* orders, are the means adopted by him ; and this practice is so common, that the villagers, in course of time, have come to consider that the *gomasta* in doing so only exercises his legal rights. Nor can we quite exculpate the zemindar from all blame. He sometimes practises the same things in his own vicinity, and generally connives at the doings of his *gomasta*, in fact, it is his interest to do so, because the more a *gomasta* is dreaded, the more certain will be the due payment of rents by the villagers. Poor cultivators ! Who will save you from the tyranny of the zemindar's *gomasta* ? Who will bring to light the thousand and one ways in which you are robbed to enrich the *gomasta* ? We need not go into the extortions of the tax gatherer. We may lay it down as a rule, that a

direct tax is seldom levied from the villages of Bengal without almost necessitating cruel extortions. These cases of cruelty and extortions will, we have no doubt, be greatly diminished with the spread of popular education. Knowledge is power, and no where is power more needed than among the villagers of Bengal.

PRIVILEGED OFFENDERS.

By Tārā Prasād Chattopādhyāya, B. A., B. L.

MANU's leniency to Brahman offenders is well known ; but when people denounce him for his partiality, they forget that he is only the most prominent representative of a system which has prevailed more or less in every age and country. The parallel between the old English law of the benefit of clergy and certain provisions of the Code of Manu must strike even the most superficial observer. "The benefit of clergy," says Sergeant Stephen, "originally consisted in the privilege allowed to a clerk in orders when prosecuted in the temporal court of being discharged from thence and handed over to the Court Christian in order to make canonical purgation—that is, to clear himself on his own oath and that of other persons as his compurgators. This was extended by degrees to all who could read and were thus capable of becoming clerks. It had no application except in capital felonies and from the more atrocious of these it had been taken away by various statutes prior to its entire abolition by 7 and 8 Geo. IV. chapter 28 section 6. As the law stood at the time of that abolition, *clerks in orders were, by force of the benefit of clergy, discharged in clerical offences without any corporal punishment whatever and as often as they offended, the only penalty being a forfeiture of goods. And the case was the same with peers and peeresses.*"—(*Commentaries IV*, 530-31) The last relic of this law was swept away by 4 and 5 Victoria, chapter 22, *i. e.* only thirty years ago—a remarkable proof

of the conservatism of Englishmen and the vitality of English institutions.

Down to 1530, the most atrocious murderer could escape the penalty of death by pleading the benefit of clergy, in other words, by proving that he was actually in holy orders, or that he was capable of being ordained by reason of his capacity to read and write. We are far from denying that the benefit of clergy mitigated the extreme inhumanity of the English law in an age in which a wretch, who stole property worth more than twelve pence, was liable to expiate his offence at the gallows; what we mean to say is, that the law made a distinction between clergymen and laymen, peers and commoners, men with a knowledge of letters and utterly illiterate men—a distinction as irrational and unjust as Mann's distinction between the ruling and the servile classes.

Even in countries which enjoy the highest degree of civil liberty, the severity of the law to offences, which the poor are under peculiar temptations to commit, contrasts painfully with its leniency to the offences of the rich and the powerful. In England, where grand larceny, or theft of property above twelve pence in value, was so long a capital crime, adultery is not a crime at all, but only a civil wrong; though it is hard to conceive why a man who steals two shillings should be held to inflict a greater injury on society than another man who robs his neighbour of his wife. Bigoted admirers of the English law may speak of that law as the perfection of reason; but to sober inquirers a system which hanged a poor man for stealing thirteen pence worth of bread to save, it might be, his hungry children from starvation, but exempted the adulterous aristocrat from the jurisdiction of the criminal courts, was rather the perfection of iniquity. Thanks to the exertions of Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Robert Peel, no Englishman is hanged now-a-days for what was absurdly called grand larceny. A poor man's life is now worth more than thirteen pieces of copper. The powerful man, who deprives his neighbour of the possession of a whole orchard, commits only a civil wrong for which he is liable to an action of

trespass and ejectment, but the poor wretch, who steals a fruit or two from that orchard, is a felon. That there is a fundamental distinction between immovable and moveable property (we don't use the words *real* and *personal* which convey ideas somewhat different) will be admitted on all hands. But that is no reason for leniency to the robber of the orchard with its grounds and, severity to the fruit-stealer.

In most modern codes we look in vain for traces of that kindly spirit which forbade a Hebrew to make clean riddance of the corners of his field when reaping his harvest, and commanded him to leave the gleanings for the poor and the stranger (Leviticus, XXIII. 22). If a member of the British Parliament were to propose a law like this, he would be denounced as a socialist and communist, hooted like "citizen" Dilke, or received with ironical cheers and derisive shouts of laughter and cock-crowing, like Mr. Auberon Herbert. Poverty is a crime. In imitation of English Acts, the Calcutta Police Act has made it a penal offence to beg in the public streets. Mr. Fawcett, and hard-hearted economists of his school, propose to go further and make it a crime to give alms as well as to solicit them. It is not easy to conceive a lower depth of degradation to which the Mammon-worshipping civilisation of our age could descend. How a rich offender can lurk in the back-ground, and send his *luttials* to rob and maltreat those with whom he is on bad terms; how hard it is to obtain a conviction of abetment against a man who is not actually present at the scene of the offence abetted; how easy it is for him, when summoned to answer the charge, to buy over some of the witnesses for the prosecution and engage a crack barrister to bully and intimidate the rest, until the poor fellows in the witness-box are unable to say whether they stand on their heads or heels; how, when a conviction is obtained, slight irregularities of procedure are shown to be proofs of bias on the part of the lower court,—all these are facts too well known to require to be dilated upon.

Kings occupy the front rank of privileged offenders; we refer to crowned heads in constitutional monarchies, not to Asiatic or

African despots on whose tyranny the only check is a rebellion. One of the maxims of the English Constitution is, that the king can do no wrong, and that if he misgoverns, his responsible advisers are to blame. Englishmen set aside this convenient legal fiction whenever the misgovernment reaches a certain height, as they did under the Stuarts; but they are very tolerant of minor offences in their kings. George IV committed bigamy with impunity—an offence which in one of his subjects would have been visited with enforced residence in a penal settlement. The whole Anglican church did not produce a single preacher who, like brave old Nathan, could rebuke him for his adulteries.

The privilege of sex is perhaps quite as strong as the privileges of birth, wealth, and social or political position. The Indian Penal Code exempts women from punishment for adultery. It may be that women are oftener sinned against than sinning; but cases do occur in which the very reverse is the fact. If there are circumstances which extenuate the guilt of the adulteress and aggravate that of her paramour, that is a ground for punishing her more leniently and the adulterer more severely; it is not a ground for totally exempting her from punishment. The ratio of women convicted to women prosecuted is generally lower than that of men convicted to men prosecuted. In England and Wales, the percentage of convictions in the case of female defendants was 58.1 only in 1864, whilst it was 70.7 in the case of males. "It will probably have been remarked by any person who has frequented criminal courts," says the *Saturday Review* (September 30, 1865) "that juries are not insensible to influences which operate upon other men, and that acquittals are apt to occur on trials of women who are young and at all good looking, which scarcely appear warranted by the evidence." The story of Phyrne and the Athenian judges may be a fable; but our readers may recollect a case of child murder which took place in Calcutta about eight years ago. The evidence for the prosecution was quite conclusive, and Mr. Justice Macpherson charged strongly for conviction; yet the criminal, a handsome young creature of sweet sixteen, was let off by the jury.

Next to the privilege of royalty, the privilege of race and colour is perhaps the greatest of all privileges. Martial prowess, intellectual power and certain moral qualities, have elevated the German, the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the American, to a position scarcely inferior to that of a Roman citizen in the time of Trajan. An adventurer belonging to any one of these races can beard a Chinese Mandarin with impunity. It may not be quite correct to say that Englishmen are now the Brahmans of India; but it will be admitted by all candid men that an English criminal in India is now scarcely in a worse position than a Brahman criminal in the time of Manu. It is the old story over again. The Brahmans belonged to a conquering race as Englishmen do. It is not perhaps quite reasonable, though it is quite natural, to murmur against a historic law; but if history is against us in some respects, it is in our favour in others. A handful of Englishmen conquered India just as a handful of Normans conquered England. Within three centuries of the Conquest, the Saxon elevated himself to the level of the Norman. Let us by all means try to elevate ourselves to the level of Englishmen within a shorter period, and there will be no more talk about privileged offenders of the ruling race.

TA' RA' PRASA'D CHATTOPADHYA'YA

WATER FOWL.

From the low hills that skirt these mighty meres,
 And more than rival in their loveliness
 The dreaming Indian's Happy hunting grounds,
 In boyhood's careless prime, I once beheld
 The wild fowl migrate. 'Twas a cloudless morn
 In early spring; the sun had bathed in gold
 The dewsprent turf, and trees of giant girth,
 Whose gnarled trunks, deep scarred and scathed with fire,

Raised by the neighbouring herdsmen to destroy
 The rotting leaves, and withered undergrowth,
 And clear the pastures for the early grass,
 Stood like grim warders of the lone hill side
 On which I lay ; a faint breeze stirred the leaves,
 When from the fens a mighty rushing sound
 Rose,—the precursor of a wedge-shaped host
 Of swans, and pelicans, and clamorous geese,
 White-collared teals, widgeons, and stately cranes
 With flocks of vivid green upon their wings.
 Northwards the phalanx streamed, and soon the sky
 Was hid as with a veil of glancing wings !
 And from the grassy slope my wondering eyes
 Could at one single glance, with ease survey,
 Millions of birds ! for hours and hours they flew,
 With harsh shrill screams that echoed from the woods,

It was a sight to fire with wild delight
 A youthful heart. I felt a keener joy
 Than feels in far Caffrarian wilds the Boer,
 (Lone tenant with his partner of a hut
 And cherished garden 'mid the arid waste,)
 At a "trek bokken," when the nimble deer
 Sweep past his tiny farm, in such vast herds,
 That to the welkin's verge the brown Karoo
 Seems a bright carpet to the gazer's eye.

Long years have past of joys and griefs and cares
 Since that spring morn of which I speak, yet oft
 When I sit silent in long winter eves,
 And gaze upon the fire in listless mood,
 To my mind's eye returns in vision clear,
 Those gnarled trunks upon the lone hill side,
 That cloud of out-stretched necks and restless wings !

MR. CAMPBELL'S SCHEME OF PRIMARY EDUCATION.

WE see at last the beginning of the end. In a Resolution, dated Házáribágh, the 30th September 1872,—a Resolution which will be memorable in the annals of education in Bengal,—His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor has sketched a scheme of popular instruction, the successful carrying on of which cannot but contribute towards the regeneration of the humbler classes of that vast population whose destinies have, for a time, been entrusted into his hands. And right loyal has he proved himself to the trust committed to him. It is too much the fashion with a portion of our educated countrymen to represent Mr. Campbell as an enemy of education ; we should now like to ask whether a ruler, who makes a grant of four lakhs of Rupees for the instruction of the mass of the people, is to be regarded as a foe to Native enlightenment. If making provision for the instruction of the masses be a sign of hostility to education, we could wish that spirit to be increased a thousandfold. The fact is, no Lieutenant-Governor has ever taken such an interest in the education of the people as Mr. Campbell. Ever since his accession to the Bengal *musnud*, he has been overhauling the whole of the Education Department, noting down deficiencies, suggesting improvements, carrying out reforms, cutting down extravagant expenditure where it did not bear answerable fruit, making additional grants of money to those operations which were likely to be successful, penning minute after minute and resolution after resolution ; and though this ceaseless activity has naturally created dissatisfaction in certain quarters, it cannot be denied that it bears ample testimony to the lively interest he takes in the education of the country. And now he has devised a scheme of popular instruction which must call forth the admiration and gratitude of every patriotic Bengali.

Several attempts had been previously made for the education of the common people, but most of those attempts proved unsuccessful. In the year 1835, Lord William Bentinck, than whom no abler, more liberal-minded and philanthropic ruler ever wielded

the sceptre of vice-regal authority in India, appointed Mr. Adam, Commissioner, in order to obtain accurate information regarding the state of indigenous education in Bengal "with a view to ulterior measures". Mr. Adam completed his enquiries and submitted his final Report in 1838. In that admirable Report he gave a bird's-eye view of the lamentable state of vernacular education, and suggested a plan for its improvement. The friends of education formed high expectations. They hoped that Lord Auckland, the amiable though less energetic successor of Lord William Bentinck, affected with the deplorable ignorance of the mass of the people, would at once chalk out a liberal and comprehensive plan of popular instruction. But they were sadly disappointed. Lord Auckland's celebrated Minute, dated Delhi the 24th November 1839, by shelving Mr. Adam's Report, extinguished the hopes of the friends of vernacular education. That Minute, while it acknowledged the importance of vernacular education, and promised that in future "arrangements for introducing it should be made on a liberal and effective scale", declared that the small stock of knowledge which could then be given in elementary schools, would of itself do little for the advancement of a people"; that the history of Europe showed that the progress of education was from the Universities downwards to the parish schools and not from the parish schools upwards to the Universities; and that, therefore, in this country, "the first step must be to diffuse wider information and better sentiments amongst the upper and middle classes." We need hardly remark that, at this time of day, we look upon this opinion with the same curiosity as we look upon the fossilized remains of some extinct genera of animals. Lord Hardinge, in the year 1845, established, in tardy fulfilment of Lord Auckland's promise, one hundred and one vernacular schools of which, we believe, only one remains to this day as a sort of *memento mori*. Sir John Peter Grant, the second Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, to whom the Bengal peasantry are greatly indebted, made the first serious attempt to educate the masses; but the large grants

of money he made were devoted to the education, not of the peasantry, but of the middle classes who stood in no need of help to educate themselves. Lord Lawrence, in an official communication dated the 28th April 1868, to the Government of Bengal, which was then presided over by Sir William Grey, deplored the educational state of the country, expressed his inability "to bear any longer the reproach that almost nothing had been done for the education of the people of Bengal," declared the incompetency of the State Exchequer to sustain the burden of education, and concluded by vigorously calling upon the local Government to take speedy measures for devising a plan of popular instruction by levying an educational cess. We all remember what followed. The educational cess was converted into the Road Cess Act—facilities for locomotion being, in the opinion of the Bengal Government, of greater importance than the intellectual and social elevation of the mass of the people. The present head of the Bengal Government, however, seems to be of a different opinion. "However desirable," says Mr. Campbell, "buildings and other public works may be, the improvement of the humbler classes of the people by making them intelligent human beings is an object to which even some material improvement may, if it is absolutely necessary, be postponed." He has, accordingly, sketched a scheme for converting the Bengal peasantry into "intelligent human beings." To the leading features of that scheme we now draw the attention of our readers.

1. One feature of Mr. Campbell's scheme is, that the object of the education, for which he has made a grant of four lakhs of Rupees for the remainder of the official year 1872—1873 and for 1873—1874, is not to turn out gentlemen, or as His Honour expresses it, "to turn out clerks and attorneys," but to make the humbler classes of the people intelligent human beings. The Lieutenant-Governor entertains a just horror of turning the heads of the sons of peasants and of making them disinclined to manual labour, by educating them above their station in life. Such an education, instead of doing them good, might do infinite mischief. "What is

wanted is," to quote Mr. Campbell's homely but forcible language, "what is wanted is, to teach ordinary village boys enough to enable them to take care of their own interests in their own station of life, as petty shop-keepers, small land-holders, ryots, handicraftsmen, weavers, village head-men, boatmen, fishermen, and what not". Hence in these primary schools instruction of a very elementary character will be given. The curriculum will be confined to the three R's.—reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic : to those branches may be added a little mensuration, zemindari accounts, and the Bengali system of land survey. There is provision made, however, for the higher education of exceptionally clever sons of peasants. By the new system of graduated scholarships which Mr. Campbell has devised, and which go down even to the village primary schools, "the gifted son of a ryot" to use His Honour's own words, may become "the Judge of the highest court in the land." Instruction in these schools is to be imparted in the "real indigenous language and character of each province." The Bengali, Assamese, and Uriya languages, have their own characters ; in the Hindi schools both the Nagri and Kaithi characters will be taught ; while those barbarous aborigines who have no characters of their own will be taught in the Roman character.

Every man of common sense must admit that the above is the sort of education which is adapted to the million. But to our astonishment we have heard this course of instruction objected to by some of our educated countrymen. They say—*cui bono*? Of what earthly use is this so-called education? We answer,—of great use. It will give eyes to the blind. One of the common sayings of Bengali peasants and artizans who cannot read is, that though they have eyes they are blind, that is, they are unable to read what is written on paper. The course of instruction which Mr. Campbell has chalked out for rural schools will open the eyes of the masses by enabling them to read. But it will open their eyes in another and a more important sense. It will enable them to read the zemindar's or rather the *gomasta's* receipts for rent, and thus materially protect them from that functionary's

wiles. It will prevent them from being cheated by the tax gatherer, the money-lender, and the thousand and one harpies who take advantage of the ignorance of the peasantry and screw money out of them. It will enable them to buy and sell without loss, and to keep their own accounts. But this is not all. Some education, however limited in its extent, creates in its possessor self-respect ; and this self-respect produces moral superiority. A Scotch peasant is not generally educated above his station in life, — though there are found occasionally University men among the peasantry of that nation ; but what makes him superior to his English brother is the simple fact that he has had some education, whereas the other has had none : and competent judges have declared that one reason of the superiority of the Prussian army in the late war over the French was, that every Prussian had had the benefit of some education, whereas most of the French soldiers could not read and write. We cannot too often remember the noble words of Lord Brougham :—“ *The schoolmaster is abroad ; and I trust more to the schoolmaster, armed with his primer, for upholding the liberties of the country, than I fear the soldier with his bayonet*”.

2. Another feature of Mr. Campbell's scheme is the utilization of village schools called *pathshalas*, presided over by that large and respectable class of village teachers usually called *guru-mahatmyas*. By the way, why does the Education Department call these men *gurus*, and the schools in which they are trained, *guru-training* schools ? Whoever introduced the use of that term must have been ignorant of the Bengali language ; and the term should be forthwith abandoned. A *guru* is a spiritual preceptor or Father-Confessor. A *guru's* business is to initiate a neophyte into the mysteries of religion ; he has no more to do with reading, writing or arithmetic, than the man in the moon. A *guru-training* school must, therefore, be an establishment for turning out spiritual guides and Father-Confessors for the people of Bengal, — a function which, we are quite sure, the Bengal Government would be in no haste to assume. A village teacher is not a *guru*,

but a *guru-mahasaya*, or simply *mahasaya* as he is called in some districts : but he is nowhere called simply *guru*, except in the Education Reports. But this in passing. Every *guru-mahasaya* in the country, who is willing, is to be subsidized. In our opinion this is a wise measure. There must be several thousands of *pathshalas* in Bengal, and it would be unwise, even if it were practicable, to abolish them. Though the *guru-mahasayas* are incompetent to teach in the higher vernacular schools, they are quite qualified to take charge of Mr. Campbell's rural schools. Of the three R's they have a thorough knowledge,—their *forte* lying especially in two of them, namely, writing and arithmetic. Almost all of them write a perfect hand ; and as teachers of simple arithmetic, it is no exaggeration to say, that they are unrivalled in any country in the world. If they are somewhat deficient in orthography—and that is confessedly their weak point—the deficiency will be made up by the provision Mr. Campbell has made, that they must—at least the younger ones—attend for some months the Normal School of the district.

3. But not only will the existing *pathshalas* be subsidized, but new village schools will also be established. In connection with these new village schools the question has been raised—How does Mr. Campbell expect them to be filled? It is implied in this question that there exists already ample provision, in the shape of *pathshalas*, for all the school-going population of Bengal. This is news to us ; and the news is too good to be true. We are told that in one district there is a *pathsala* in almost every village : that Happy Valley is Howrah. Of another district we are told that provision exists in it for the education of every class. That blessed district is Hooghly. Happy Bengal ! to be so far advanced in point of popular education as to beat hollow England, Scotland, and most of the countries on the continent of Europe, the several Governments of which are at this moment engaged in adopting measures for making provision for the instruction of all classes of their subjects ! But we don't believe in any such nonsense. The Lower Provinces require not only the 6,000 thousand

schools that Mr. Campbell intends to set up, but it requires, as we shall show before concluding this article, ten times that number. But the question is,—Will those people, for whose benefit Mr. Campbell's schools are intended, take advantage of them, and send their children to them? Will they not rather keep their sons at home and utilize their labour? Well, for whom are Mr. Campbell's schools intended? He himself mentions some of the classes in a sentence we have already quoted :—"petty shop-keepers, small landholders, ryots, handicraftsmen, weavers, village head-men, boatmen, fishermen," &c., &c.. Now, any one that is acquainted with village life in Bengal must admit, that most of these classes will find no difficulty in sending their boys to school, simply for this reason that in most of the above-mentioned occupations infantile labour cannot well be utilized. There is one class, however, to which exception must be made, and that is the class of very poor ryots, who avail themselves very much of the services of their young boys. But this difficulty is not insuperable. On this point the writer of this article will take the liberty of re-producing here what he said elsewhere—"To remove this difficulty I would introduce the *half-time* system of England. Almost the only service which in this country a peasant's boy of from 7 to 12 years of age can render, is to take care of cows when grazing. Now, suppose there are in a village 20 boys of this description; any one that knows the nature of the service, also knows that 10 boys could easily do the work of 20. Instead of making these 20 boys go to school every day in the week, I would make them go only three days in the week, so that when the first 10 were at school, the second 10 would be with the cows in the field. I would also allow peasants' boys to stay away from school for some days during the sowing season, during harvest, and other times, when husbandmen are busy, in order that their fathers might not be deprived of the little services they might do them. In this way, by consulting the convenience and the feelings of the peasantry, I do not think it would be impossible to induce them to send their male children to school." The

adoption of this system, coupled with the personal and official influence of the Magistrates and Sub-divisional Officers, may greatly obviate, if not entirely remove, the difficulty under consideration.

4. A further feature of Mr. Campbell's scheme of rural education is its extreme cheapness. The Lieutenant-Governor has granted three lakhs of rupees for 1873-74, and he expects to establish or to subsidize between 6,000 and 7,000 schools, that is to say, between 40 and 50 Rs a year for each school. We think we hear somebody whispering in our ear—"Surely Mr. Campbell expects to perform miracles. Forty Rupees *a year* for each school! that is to say, 3 Rs. 5 annas and 4 pie is to be the *monthly* salary of each schoolmaster! There is not a single *mehter* in Calcutta who gets so little. Mr Campbell's model schoolmaster will surely require to eke out his pay by tilling the ground or by selling mustard-oil in the bazaar!" Well, Calcutta Babus may consider the above sum ridiculously small, but the fact is, that for, we know not how many generations, most of the village *guru-mahasayas* have not been receiving one farthing more. And Mr. Campbell is going to double that sum; for, it is to be remembered, that the village schoolmaster, besides receiving the Government grant of 3 or 4 Rs. a month, is to pocket all the schooling fees of the boys; so that he will be more comfortable in his circumstances than his forefathers, pursuing the same craft, ever were. Whatever may be said by people who know nothing of the Mofussil, we have not the slightest doubt that it will be quite practicable to get 6,000 or 7,000 village *guru-mahasayas* on that small salary. Any one that is practically acquainted with the state of matters in the villages must admit the faithfulness of the following picture drawn by the Lieutenant-Governor :—"But Mr. Campbell believes that, in most districts of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, though unhappily too rare in so great populations, there are still scores, if not hundreds, of petty village schoolmasters, who keep village schools of 15 to 30 boys and girls, and who maintain themselves and their families from the fees in money or in kind which the parents may be able to afford. If a

boy's father is well to do, he gives the *guru* two, three, or four annas a month ; if he is poor, he gives one anna or a couple seers of rice a month. Boys of very poor parents or orphans are often taught by the *guru* without any fee. This is the kind of educational agency Government finds ready to its hand in Bengal villages. One of these *gurus* would certainly find his position immensely improved by a Government or municipal grant of Rs. 30, 40, or 50 a year." There cannot be the shadow of a doubt that the *guru-mahasaya* will "find his position immensely improved." Simply as the village schoolmaster, he is respected by the people ; if to this are added the weight and influence of Government or municipal appointment, he will command vastly greater respect ; and if, in addition to this again, he is made an important functionary of the village municipality, as the Lieutenant-Governor proposes to do, the *guru-mahasaya* will acquire as much influence as he can well bear without turning his poor head. Altogether, the plan seems to us to be quite feasible and simple ; indeed so simple that one wonders it did not occur to any body before. But it is the old story over again of Columbus's egg.

5. One objection urged by some people against Government taking up education into its own hands is, that it suppresses voluntary effort, and chokes up the stream of private liberality. Though the voluntary system and private liberality have not of late done much for education in our country, Mr. Campbell's scheme not only keeps clear of this objection, but it is a part of the scheme itself that landlords will be asked by the Magistrates of the districts to contribute their quota, of their own free will and consent, towards the education of their ryots. Indeed, one zemindar in Tipperah has already done this. Four grants of 5 Rs. each have been given to four *pathsalas* in the district, the Government paying one-half the grant in each case, and the zemindar the other half. In the wards' estates the Court of Wards will no doubt double any share of the grant that may be allotted to village schools established in them. And when the Municipalities Bill is sanctioned, and village municipalities are organized, those municipalities will be

asked to give for the education of the humbler classes as much as the Government grant. When one remembers that the largest sum which a village municipality will be asked to give to the village *pathsala* will not exceed 2 Rs. and 8 annas, one can scarcely regard it as a heavy burden on the municipality. Indeed, a great many village municipalities will be in a position, on their organization, at once to support the *pathsalas* without any grant from Government. In Switzerland, all the primary schools are entirely supported by the municipalities; and we see no good reason why, in course of time, the same thing may not be done in Bengal, especially as it can be done so cheaply.

6. The principle on which the grant of four lakhs of Rupees has been distributed among the several districts of Bengal proper, Behar, Orissa, Chota-Nagpore and Assam, namely, according to the amount of population and of the public money already spent in them, seems to be an equitable and wise one. Tirhoot, accordingly, which has the largest population of any district in the Lower Provinces, numbering nearly four millions and four hundred thousand souls—which, by the way, is only a fraction less than the whole population of the kingdom of Belgium—gets a grant of 24,000 Rs. It has been objected that, on this principle of distribution, some of the most backward districts get the largest amount. But it is precisely for this reason that we like that principle of distribution. The more backward a district is, the larger should be the grant allotted to it, in order to raise its population, if possible, to the same platform of improvement with the more advanced districts. As the Bengali proverb has it—“We should pour oil not on oiled but on unoled heads”. But Mr. Campbell's law, in this respect, is not like the law of the Medes and Persians which changeth not; if the Commissioners of the Divisions can suggest a better made of assignment, His Honour will be glad to adopt it.

7. Nor has the Lieutenant-Governor forgotten to make provision for the inspection of the 6,000 or 7,000 schools which, in the course of a year and a half, will be added to those already existing. Besides the Inspectors and Deputy Inspectors,—and these latter Mr. Campbell thinks are too numerous and too hig

paid—a class of inferior supervisors, to be called Sub-Deputy Inspectors, will be appointed, each on about thirty Rupees a month, whose special vocation will be to inspect the rural primary schools. But those schools are also to be inspected by the District Committees which will ere long be formed, by Deputy and Assistant Magistrates in charge of Subdivisions, by the Magistrates and the Commissioners. And this leads us to the last, and perhaps the most important, feature of Mr. Campbell's scheme, which is

8. The making over of the grants for indigenous education to the Magistrates of the districts, and entrusting them with authority to make use of those grants without any control on the part of the Education Department. It does not concern us, in this article, to discuss the question, whether it is expedient to subordinate the Education Department to the Civil Officers. So far as the higher education is concerned, it may be doubted whether such a policy would be wise. Not that we question the competency of the Civil Officers to be entrusted with such a charge, but because we suspect that few Civil Officers have sympathy with that so-called high English education, which is turning out, every year, a large number of under-graduates and graduates of the Calcutta University. We believe we state a simple fact when we say, that by far the great majority of Civil Servants are half-hearted in the cause of English education; and it may be doubted whether such men should have control over the higher schools and Colleges. But, on the other hand, it does not admit of a question that all Civil Servants, without any exception, feel greatly interested in the progress of vernacular education, and especially in the education of the humbler classes of the population. To put, therefore, the whole of primary education under their control, does not seem to us to be so unwise a measure as some have represented it to be. Though the hands of Magistrate—Collectors are full of other work,—not, however, of so overwhelming an amount as is sometimes represented, a good deal of office-work and judicial work being done by the Deputy Magistrates, the Assistant-Magistrates and the Joint-Magistrates,—we are sure, many of them will embark upon the undertaking with zeal

and assiduity; while their local knowledge and influence will enable them to do more than Inspectors of schools can ever hope to do.

It may be said, however, that Collectors were once charged with the inspection of vernacular schools, and were found wanting. "Look," it may be said, "at the history of the one hundred and one vernacular schools established by Lord Hardinge. They were placed under the control of the Board of Revenue and the fiscal authorities. On some fine summer's day they were to be favoured with the visits of the Collectors of the districts. But what could the Board of Revenue and the Collectors do in the way of inspection, oppressed as they were with their multifarious duties? The visits of the authorities, like angel visits, were few and far between; the schools were neglected; the people got disheartened; and the scheme fell to the ground. Such may be the case, too, with Mr. Campbell's six thousand schools." But the cases are by no means parallel. In the one case, the charge was committed, not to a single individual, but to a Board, and Boards, as Lord Dalhousie used to say, are useful only as *screens*. Besides, the Collectors regarded the inspection of the schools as a sort of bye-job, and not as a part of those duties for the due discharge of which they were amenable to Government. The present case is widely different. Here, the head of the Government, in a long, elaborate and earnest Resolution, deliberately commits to the hands of the Magistrate the care of primary education in his district, places at his disposal funds for carrying it on, and thus makes him responsible as much for the progress popular education makes in his district as for its peace and its material improvement. We can not conceive how, under such circumstances, the Magistrates, honourable men and true, can perfunctorily discharge the work entrusted to them. Our idea is that, so far from neglecting the work, they will—at least many of them—enter into the work with enthusiasm, and take pride in its success.

Such are the leading features of Mr. Campbell's scheme of indigenous education, a scheme which has in it a great many of the elements of success. And we hope and trust that it will be "a great success." We must not, however, lay the flattering unction

to our hearts, and suppose that the above scheme will regenerate Bengal. Six thousand primary schools ! It certainly sounds large. But what are they among so vast a population ? The population of the Lower Provinces has just been ascertained to be sixty-six millions, considerably more than *double* the population of Great Britain and Ireland ! Now, what provision is there for the education of so large a population ? When Mr. Campbell's six or seven thousand schools are established, we shall have in the country 9,665 vernacular schools of all sorts, or say, in round members, 10,000 schools ; that is to say, we shall have one school for 6,600 inhabitants. Now, what is the proportion between primary schools and the inhabitants of the best educated countries of Europe ? In Prussia, for example, there is one primary school for every 500 inhabitants. As Bengal is scarcely ready for female education, let us say we require one primary school for every one thousand inhabitants. Divide 66 millions by 1,000, and you get 66,000. For the universal education, then—the girls excepted—of those millions who obey the behests of Mr. Campbell, we require 66,000 primary schools. Of this number we hope to get 10,000 before the summer of 1874. Where are the remaining 54,000 ? Echo cries—where ?

Mr. Campbell is far from entertaining the idea that, when he has set up his six thousand or seven thousand schools, he will have done all that is necessary to be done. On the contrary, the concluding paragraph of his Resolution has the following hopeful words :—" When the system develops, when the rural municipalities undertake schools with Government assistance, when the demand for and means of education increase, more money may be available, and we may attempt more schools. The object of the present grant is to make a beginning of mass education in the country, and the Lieutenant-Governor hopes to be assured that the money is well spent."

We pray God, the bountiful Giver of all good, without whose blessing no undertaking can ever prosper, that this " beginning of mass education " may be crowned with complete success, and that it may truly be " the beginning of the end ."

SONNET.

If grief's dark shadows on thy path be thrown,
 If thy fond heart its dearest treasures lose,
 Oh! in such hour go seek the queenly Muse,
 And pray to her in solitude, alone ;
 Where the clear rivulet's melodious tone
 Is heard midst reeds, and flowers of varied hues
 A balmy fragrance on the air diffuse,
 And Silence rears unseen her sapphire throne.
 It cannot be that she will fail to hear
 The murmurs of a heart where griefs abide,
 What tho' she likes in glory to appear
 Oftener to those who wear her crowns of pride,—
 Yet she delights woe-stricken souls to cheer,
 And for them lay, at times, her royal robes aside.

O. C. DUTT.

THE MODEL BABOO PAPERS.

III. WHITE-WASH.

If we were asked what was the chief characteristic of the present age, we should answer—White-washing. White-washing of men, measures and things, is the order of the day. All the worst characters of ancient and modern history have been, and are being, white-washed to such an extent, that we hope some day to see Nero made out as the most amiable and beneficent of monarchs, and Macchiavelli as the purest and loftiest of ethical teachers. Under this new system of white-washing, vices are being rapidly purged of their impurities and dressed out in the garb of virtues. Publicists gravely argue whether a lie is to be condemned irrespective of the consideration of the occasion

of its being uttered. Lies, from the beginning of the world, have been always black ; but, thanks to lime, we have now a class of white lies ; and the day may not be far distant when the Father of lies himself, by some affectionately called Old Nick, may be exhibited as one of the brightest characters of antiquity. What the cause of this new tendency may be, we know not. Some say, it is the effect of an exuberant charity, a larger store of which has come to our possession than our forefathers ever had. Others, more justly, opine that it is the effect of the overgrowth of the spirit of latitudinarianism, and of the decay of the moral sense. But whatever the cause, this same white-washing threatens to do infinite mischief, by removing the ancient landmarks, and by confusing our ethical sentiments.

After the example of my Lord Bacon, who divides History into Natural, Civil and Ecclesiastical, I divide White-washing into three branches, Natural, Literary and Religious. Natural white-washing consists, as every body knows, in whitening the plaster of walls by a composition of lime and water, in England they sometimes use whiting, size and water. Literary white-washing, which is again subdivided into purely literary, historical and philosophical, consists in garnishing and beautifying those poets, historical characters, and philosophical systems, that had for ages been either neglected or derided by mankind. Of this branch of white-washing we have a noted example in the character given by Grote of the Sophists of Greece. Religious white-washing, which is more fashionable than the other branches of the craft and cultivated with greater assiduity, consists in giving a fair appearance to all systems of religious belief, however inconsistent with reason, or revolting to conscience. Under this process, the most irrational forms of fetichism have been discovered to possess hidden beauties, and the immoral mythologies of Greece and Rome to be clothed with nameless charms.

I had always thought that white-washing—I except, of course, the natural or literal white-washing—was confined to Europe ; but I find I was mistaken. It, like the other English arts, has

lately been imported to this country ; and its first exhibition has been in the form of an attempt to white-wash the ancient fabric of Hinduism. The attempt is certainly one of peculiar hardihood. Hinduism is not only an old building, but it is in a state of fearful dilapidation. The roof came down long ago. The walls, which have received the rains of three thousand years,, are fast mouldering away, and are at this moment threatening to come down with a crash. There would be some sense in a proposal to reconstruct the fabric of Hinduism ; but what earthly use is there in white-washing a roofless building, or rather a heap of ruins ? No attempt is made to dig out the ruins—the *debris* of the once magnificent building, to cart them away, and to sweep the floor clean. That would be as hopeless as to cleanse the Augean stables,—unless, indeed, a Hindu Hercules appeared on the scene. But there is no sign of the advent of such a being. All that is seen at present is, a huge quantity of lime brought, some say, from Sylhet, and others say, from Midnapore—for the witnesses do not agree in their depositions. Of this I am sure, that white-washing can do little good to a roofless, beamless, rafterless building,—to a building which has nothing but empty walls crumbling to ruins, and a building, too, tottering on its foundations.

It is odd that white-washed Hinduism should be exhibited to us at a time when the whole country is ringing with music, such as it is, devoted to the worship of Durga. As I write I hear the shouts of men offering bloody sacrifices to the ten-armed goddess. That is Hinduism. Is it like the white-washed affair that the Lecturer of the *Adi Bráhma Samáj* sets before us ? Not a bit of it.

MODEL BABOO.

THE "CHIT CHAT CLUB."
OCTOBER MEETING.

Bengalis and the Civil Service.

INTERLOCUTORS.

Babu Rádhá Krishna Banerjea.

——Pyári Chánd Basu.

——Jaya Gopál Ghosha.

——Syáma Charan Chatterjea.

——Jadu Náth Mitra.

Maulavi Imdád A'li.

As the evening, on which the last meeting of the Club was held, was an uncommonly fine one, the members instead of meeting in the room where they usually assemble, went out into the garden, and sat in the *chandni* of that beautiful tank which is justly regarded as the pride of the Rajah's grounds. In the four corners of this *chandni* stood, or rather sat, wrapt in serene meditation, four images of Buddha, made of Jayapur marble; flowers, amongst which were roses of an infinite variety, the jessamine, and the *gandharaj*, or king of smells, grew on both sides, and perfumed the atmosphere; while the fish, with which the tank was well stocked, gambolled in the waters, and coming to the water's edge ate out of the hands of some of the members quantities of fried rice with which they had provided themselves. It was a delicious evening. The sun had not yet gone down, but was concealed behind a row of lofty tamarind trees to the west of the garden, sending forth only a few feeble rays between the leafy boughs; birds were warbling forth melody from a neighbouring bush; and a delightful breeze, scented in its passage through a grove of lime trees planted at no great distance from the tank, gently blew upon us and exhilarated our spirits.

Rádhá. "What a beautiful evening, Jaya!"

Jaya. "Charming evening! The poet has well said——

Every prospect pleases,

Only man is vile."

Rádhá. "You seem to-day to be in a sermonizing vein, Jaya. One would suppose you had turned a Calvinist. You talk of man being vile."

Jaya. "Well, Calvinist or no Calvinist, no body can deny that with much that is good and noble in man there is a vast deal of littleness and vileness in him."

Pyári. "What has put you into this moralizing fit, Jaya Babu? You are not usually melancholy."

Jaya. "I am neither melancholy now. But I confess I have been somewhat saddened by what I have been reading in the *Pall Mall Budget*, the *Englishman*, and the *Indian Daily News*. It seems they have now found out that the admission of the Natives of India into the Civil Service was a blunder."

Rádhá. "But why should you be sorry on that account? Do you suppose that the Secretary of State for India and his Council, and the Government of India, shape their policy according to the views of the *Pall Mall Budget* and the *Englishman*? Thank God, we have in the Council of the Secretary of State men of the most liberal views; and the present head of the Indian Government, Lord Northbrook, is a man of large-hearted philanthropy and a sincere well-wisher of the Natives of India. It is impossible to suppose that these noble-minded statesmen will ever subscribe to the narrow views of the *Pall Mall Budget*, the *Englishman* and the *Indian Daily News*, though all three are very able and respectable papers."

Jaya. "I quite agree with you. But still a great deal of mischief is done by ventilating a matter of that sort."

Pyári. "I don't think, there is any harm done by discussing any question. We should candidly examine the statements they make, and if we think them to be groundless we should give our reasons."

Imdád A'li. "I do not think, Jaya Babu, you are right in saying that the papers you have named object to the admission of the Natives of India into the Civil Service. They object to the *present system* of admitting the Natives of India, especially for this reason that Bengalis only are getting into the Service."

Jaya. "In the name of justice and fair play, I ask, why should not many Bengalis enter the Civil Service? Does any body prevent the other races of India from entering? If Bengalis qualify themselves by a superior education, if they have the pluck and the enterprize to go up to the examinations in London, and if they succeed, why should they not enter into the Civil Service?"

Imdád. "Exactly: that is the very reason why they find fault with the system. They think it an unfortunate circumstance that only Bengalis, of all the races of India, owing to the mere accident of their superior English education, should become Civilians, to the practical exclusion of the other races."

Jaya. "*Owing to the mere accident of superior English education!* Good gracious! You call superior education, superior qualifications, a mere *accident!* Who else should enter the Service but those that are qualified?"

Syámá. "And I should like to know why it is an *unfortunate* circumstance if many Bengalis do enter the Service. Are Bengalis not men? Are they not Her Majesty's subjects? Have they not as good a right to enter the Civil Service as your Plowdens, your Lushingtons, your Chapmans, and the rest?"

Jadu. "And, pray, what do you mean by the exclusion of the other races of India? Does the law forbid them to compete for the Civil Service appointments? If they are not qualified, they have only to thank themselves. But should Bengalis wait, because others are not ready?"

Imdád. "By the holy Prophet! What a nest of hornets have

Jaya. "Charming evening! The poet has well said——

Every prospect pleases,
Only man is vile."

Rádhá. "You seem to-day to be in a sermonizing vein, Jaya. One would suppose you had turned a Calvinist. You talk of man being vile."

Jaya. "Well, Calvinist or no Calvinist, no body can deny that with much that is good and noble in man there is a vast deal of littleness and vileness in him."

Pyári. "What has put you into this moralizing fit, Jaya Babu? You are not usually melancholy."

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Imdád. "By the holy Prophet! What a nest of hornets have

I stirred ! You seem determined to swallow me outright. But observe, friends, I am not stating my own views. I am only trying to put fairly the views expressed by the newspapers which have been named. Let me then, once for all, state, to prevent misunderstanding, that I am not opposed to many Bengalis entering the Civil Service. My only object is to do justice to the views of those who are of a different opinion."

Pyári. "That's right, Maulavi Saheb. Let us by all means hear what you have to say as the advocate of the other party."

Imdád. "Well, as you have given me permission to state the views of those Englishmen who are opposed to the present system of appointing Native Civilians, I shall endeavour to do so with all impartiality. But mind, gentlemen, you are not to take offence at the language I use,—and I shall have now and then to use strong language—but always remember that I am not stating my own views but those of others."

Rádhá. "Maulavi Saheb, you need not take such precaution, we quite understand you."

Imdád. "Well then, they object to the present system, because the Civil Service Examinations in London are not a fair test of the qualifications which an Indian Civilian ought to have. What does that test amount to? It amounts simply to this—whether certain individuals have such an amount of book-learning or not. But book-learning does not constitute all the qualifications of a successful administrator of an Indian province. A jackass in *chapkan*, or in pantaloons either, by mere dint of memory and cramming, may contrive to lug into his wooden head a huge quantity of book-learning; but it is absurd to suppose that such a man can ever become the successful administrator of a province. Some other qualifications are necessary—intelligence, common sense, a high sense of duty, energy of character, courage, and all those personal qualities both

physical and moral which command respect. But all these qualities cannot be tested by an examination."

Jaya. "What nonsense are you talking? You mean to say that a young man who passes the Civil Service examinations may be devoid of intelligence—of common sense?"

Imdád. "Well, I don't think that that is impossible. There are, you know, learned fools in the world. A book-worm is not necessarily an intelligent man, that is to say, a man who takes a broad, comprehensive and intelligent view of things. But leaving that aside, those people whose views I am now advocating insist upon physical and moral qualities."

Jaya. "As for moral qualities, I do not think Natives of India, or Bengal either, are one whit inferior in that respect to the people of England. I admit that in mere physique and in courage Bengalis are inferior to Englishmen. But then do you propose that the Civil Service Commissioners should make it a rule that none who are not so many feet high and who do not weigh so many stones should become Civilians? Would not such a rule be ridiculous?"

Imdád. "Of course, it would. But personal qualities are necessary, and as these cannot be well tested by examinations, they maintain that the present system is a bad one."

Syámá. "But talking of courage, I do not think that educated Bengalis are inferior in that virtue to Englishmen. Look at Babu Pyári Mohan Mukerjea, the *fighting Moonship*, as he is called. He did good service to the country during the Mutiny and earned the thanks of Government."

Imdád (laughing). "Ha! ha! ha! Well, I do not say that all Bengalis are destitute of courage; but that as a nation they have no courage is a fact which it is absurd to question. One of my own co-religionists, Bukhtiyar Khiliji, it is generally said, took possession of the capital of Bengal with only *seventeen horsemen*! That does not speak much of the courage of our Bengali friends. As

to the case of the *fighting Moonshiff*, of whom we have heard so much lately in the newspapers, it is an exceptional case, and exceptions only prove the rule. And as for the statement that educated Bengalis are not inferior to Englishmen in courage, I regret I am not able to subscribe to that opinion. I have heard some Englishmen say that educated Bengalis have not courage so much as—excuse me for making use of the term, it is not mine—as *brass*."

Jaya. "They are right, Maulavi Sahib! We have plenty of brass, and the world cannot get on without brass. There are two things which conquer the world—*brass* and *tin*. You know, what *tin* is, of course."

Rádhá. "But, in the name of common sense, why are you all talking so much of courage, which is a virtue man possesses in common with tigers and bull-dogs! You seem to think that courage is the most essential qualification of an Indian Civilian. Why not speak of the higher qualities of the mind, of those noble qualities which distinguish us from the brutes, and which qualities can be tested by an examination?"

Imdád. "Well, they say that real intellectual superiority cannot be tested by these examinations. Success in those examinations only shows that the passed candidate has a good memory. That is all."

Rádhá. "They must be talking sheer nonsense. Those people who talk in that style do not know the nature and character of the examinations. Though they test memory, they also test the intellect."

Imdád. "You admit, I suppose, that Rajah Dinkar Rao and Sir Mádhava Rao, are about the two most distinguished of Indian statesmen. But I dare affirm that if both of them went up to the Civil Service Examinations, they would miserably fail. Neither would of them pass."

Rádhá. "Well, that might be or might not be, I dare say Rajah Dinkar Rao would be plucked, as his acquaintance

with the English language is not very deep. But I am not sure of Sir Mádhava Rao. But do you mean to say that there are not other men in India—I of course mean amongst the Natives of India—who are not equal to Rajah Dinkar Rao and Sir Mádhava Rao in intellect and in statesman-like capacity? It is opportunity that makes the man. It is circumstances which bring out all the hidden qualities of a man. For ought I know there may be a thousand inglorious Dinkar Raos and Mádhava Raos rustivating in the villages of Bengal, and who are unknown to fame simply because they lack the opportunity to display their talents. It is bad logic to say that a system must be bad, because men like Dinkar Rao and Mádhava Rao could not pass under it."

Imdád. "Let it be granted that Bengalis have good intellects, and that they are well qualified to hold situations which require mental acuteness, but——"

Jaya. "No more of your *buts*. It is impossible to deny that the Bengali has a keen intellect—far keener than that of the Anglo-Saxon. Is it not a fact that Bengalis excel in judicial work? Is not the Hon'ble Dwarka Náth Mitra an honour to the Bench? Is not Babu Nilambar Mukerjea winning golden opinions as Chief Justice in Cashmere? And are not most of our Bengali judicial officers as a class most able?"

Imdád. "Just so. That is exactly what I said; I admit that Bengalis have good talents and are qualified to hold offices which require mental capacity. But what I was going to say further, when I was interrupted was, that there are many offices in the Indian Civil Service which, in the words of the *Pall Mall Budget*, "require in their incumbent the coolest courage and the most unbroken firmness under political responsibility." The question is, has the educated Bengali this "cool courage and unbroken firmness"? They deny that he has."

Rádhá. "I suppose the writer in the *P. M. Budget*, when he talks of "cool courage" and of "unbroken firmness," means only *moral* courage and firmness; for *physical* courage and firmness, though indispensable in a soldier, are not absolutely necessary to a Civilian. That many educated Bengalis, especially those who, disregarding the restrictions of caste, cross the ocean and go over to England in order to appear at the Civil Service Examinations, have moral courage of a high order, none can deny. Such Bengalis, at least, have courage, firmness, enterprize, or in one word—pluck. Such men must be more spirited and courageous than the average Englishman; and why, in the name of fair play could not such men be entrusted with the administration of a district?"

Jaya. "That's right Rádhá Babu. You have hit the nail on the head. The Maulavi Saheb must be now speechless."

Imdád. "Well, I confess there is good deal in what you say. There is a great difference between young men who go to England and stay there for some time and go up to the Civil Service Examinations, and those other young men who stay at home. The former, I have invariably observed, are energetic characters. By travelling to Europe and mixing with Europeans for two or three or more years, they acquire a great deal of pluck; and I agree with you in thinking that such men may well be trusted with those appointments to which the *P. M. Budget* alludes. But there is another argument made use of by the party whose views I am setting forth which I should like you to meet. The *Indian Observer* some months since had one or two very clever articles on that point, and I saw it the other day briefly reproduced in the *Englishman*."

Rádhá. "What is it! Let us hear it."

Imdád. "Why, they say Bengalis are the weakest and most effeminate people in India, and are despised by the other

racés who are all stronger and braver. The Hindustanis, the Rajputs, the Mahrattas and the Sikhs, who have lost their independance, can hardly brook the dominance of the sturdy Anglo-Saxon; and if Bengalis are posted over them as Judges, Magistrates and Commissioners, will they not regard that circumstance as the filling up of the cup of their degradation? Will they tamely brook the dominance of the weakest and most despised race in India? If they will not, is there not political danger in the elevation of the Bengalis.?"

Pyári. "You have put the objection well. I remember I saw it in some paper or other. But the argument has not a leg to stand upon. *In the first place*, while admitting that the Bengalis are physically about the weakest people in India, I deny that they are despised by the other races. So far from being despised, they are actually dreaded, not on account of their physical prowess—for, so far as that matter is concerned, one Sikh is equal to at least three Bengalis, both in size strength—but on account of their quick intellects and the fertility of their mental resources. Go to any town in the North Western Provinces, in Oudh, in the Punjab, in the Central Provinces, where Bengalis or *Babu Sahabs*, as they are generally called in those parts, and ask their opinion; and they will tell you there that, though lilliputian in size and weak in constitution, rice-eating and fish-eating Bengalis are, in many respects, a wonderful people; they do marvels with two little instruments—the tongue and the pen."

Jaya. "Admirable! Pyári Babu, you have become eloquent. Any person that has been to the North West or to the Punjab must admit the truth of what you say."

Pyári. "*In the second place*, you may depend upon it that mind will ultimately prevail over matter. Mental capacity, though lodged in a weak body, will invariably command respect and esteem. The supremacy of intellect over brute

materialism is felt even by the most barbarous nations ; for after all, it is intellect, and not physical force, that governs the world. "

Imdád. " I should say, gunpowder governs the world. "

Pyári. " There you are wrong, Maulavi Saheb. Gunpowder does not govern the world. In the late great war, the French had, I suppose, as much gunpowder as the Germans. What then made the difference ? The military genius of a weak, worn-out, decrepid, spectacle-bestridden man of seventy years of age. It is the force of intellect that achieves triumphs as well in the field as in the council. A Bengali's intellect will always extort admiration and respect from even the stalwart Sikh however his physique may be despised."

Syámá. " Capital ! "

Pyári. " *In the third place*, we cannot decide the question on *a priori* grounds. No Bengali Civilians have as yet been appointed either to the North West or to the Punjab ; we cannot therefore say with what feelings the people of those regions would regard Bengali Magistrates and Judges. But so far as the experiment has been tried it is all on the side of the Bengali Civilian. Babu Satyendra Náth Tágore has been for some years in the Bombay Civil Service ; and it is well known that he has everywhere, whether in Gujarat or in the Southern Mahratta country, commanded the respect and esteem of the hardy races that inhabit those countries. This one fact speaks volumes."

Imdád. " You have certainly made out a good case ; and I must confess there is considerable force in your arguments. But there is just one more argument used by the party whose views I am propounding. They say that at the rate Bengalis are getting into the Civil Service, in the course of half a century the country will be inundated with Bengali Civilians, and the administration of the

country will virtually pass into the hands of the children of the soil. Such a consummation is, they say, devoutly to be deprecated, as it is fraught with political danger."

Rádhá. "When there are one hundred or two hundred Bengali Civilians, it will be time enough to think of what you say. At present there are—let me see how many there are,—one at Bombay, one at Alipore, one at Sylhet, one at Backergunge, one just arrived—in all five Bengali Civilians in all India. These five gentlemen cannot endanger the safety of the empire. But even if the present number were increased fiftyfold, I don't believe there would be any political danger, On the contrary, I believe that when the Natives of the country see that some of their own countrymen are entrusted with high and respectable offices, their loyalty and attachment to the British Government will be deepened. Gentlemen, as it is getting late, and as no member seems inclined to say any thing further on the subject, I propose that we adjourn."

THE IMPOLICY OF CONTINUING THE INCOME TAX.

At a time when the Supreme Government is anxious to know the feelings and opinions of the people regarding the taxes that have already been or are being imposed, and specially regarding the income tax, it may not be inopportune to offer a few remarks on that obnoxious tax.

The income tax, as it exists at present, does not reach the masses, and cannot be said to be a directly oppressive tax, so far as the lower strata of the people are concerned. But notwithstanding this good feature which it has, its imposition is inseparable from hardship and oppression, and never fails to engender feelings of discontent and dissatisfaction in all who come under its operation. To show the impolicy of imposing such a tax, even in the

mildest of forms, we shall classify our remarks under the three following heads.

1st. The procedure adopted to ascertain the incomes of people.

2nd. The injustice and oppression inseparable from the assessment of the tax.

3rd. The feelings which its imposition has engendered in the minds of the people.

1st. The procedure adopted to ascertain the incomes of the people.

It is no doubt a most difficult thing to ascertain correctly the incomes of the people, unless the latter choose to afford correct information on the point. The task imposed on an assessor of the tax is not an easy one, because people are supposed to make false statements regarding their incomes. An assessor who, for the first time, engages in the work of assessment, goes to a village or town, and from enquiries makes a list of the assessable people of the place. He then either summons them to appear with their business accounts and make statements regarding their incomes, or sends them blank forms asking them to make returns of their incomes in those forms. If he take the people at their word and trust the accounts they produce before him or accept the returns they submit to him, then he would find few assessable people there, and, in consequence, would be sure to be put down by his superiors as a worthless officer. He would thus be led to think it his interest to distrust the statements, the accounts, and the returns of the assesseees and make his own arbitrary estimates of their incomes, simply taking into consideration their apparent condition and circumstances. That assessments made in this fashion should be free from injustice and oppression would be a wonder.

Most of such guess-work assessments, in consequence of no objections or appeals being preferred against him, come to be confirmed and embodied in a register, which forms the basis of future operations. If the first assessor's estimates happen to be accidentally correct in some instances, well and good, otherwise the

injustice and oppression are continued through successive years, and the victims submit to be fleeced, simply because they consider it a greater hardship to undergo the trouble and expense of appearing before the assessor or Collector than to pay the amount demanded. Those who happen to be under-assessed consider themselves fortunate, and in secret congratulate themselves on their good fortune. Such is the fate of persons who carry on business or own property in one place or district. But when a person has several places of business, as is frequently the case, his troubles increase in proportion to the number of the places. For he is assessed at the principal place after references have been made to the collectors or assessors of the other places. But these references prove a farce in practice, though they have been directed to be made to ensure a correct estimate of the assessee's aggregate income. For the procedure generally adopted in disposing of the references from other districts is very singular. On receipt of a reference a notice is issued to the assessee or his agent, fixing his income at the place of reference at an exorbitant amount, and if no objection is made within a fixed period that amount is accepted as the assessee's income at the place, and is communicated as such to the officer making the reference. We know of one instance in which the profits of a single brazier's shop in a rural town were estimated at Rs. 25000 although the actual profits of the shop did not exceed Rs. 300 a year! We remember another case in which the profits of a small share in a zemindari were fixed at Rs. 9000, although they did not in reality exceed Rs. 200 a year! It is easy to adduce other instances of such arbitrary and unjust assessments. It will be said, that it is always in the power of the assesses to object to exorbitant estimates of their incomes, but the exercise of this right and power of objecting to improper and exorbitant assessments, is not always easy in practice and frequently attended with great trouble and expense. This we intend to show more fully under the 2nd head of our remarks.

2nd. The injustice and oppression inseparable from the assessment of the tax.

When a person happens to be exorbitantly assessed, if he be at a great distance from the place of assessment, which is not unfrequently the case, he must undergo the trouble and expense of going to the assessors' head quarters, and if he find the assessor there, well; if not he must wander about from place to place in search of him. In the second case of over-assessment we have adduced above, the assessee, we know, had to travel about 50 miles before he found the assessor and had the unreasonable estimate corrected. It will be said that it is very wrong of the assessors to make such exorbitant assessments, without making any enquiries at all. We do not find it an easy matter to defend the conduct of the assessors in this respect. But it seems that the arbitrary procedure adopted by them, is countenanced by some circulars of the Board of Revenue. The policy of such procedure is in the interest of Government. It throws the trouble and expense of having the estimates corrected on the shoulders of the assessees. The injustice, and oppression of this procedure, however, culminate when the assessees fail to present their objections within the time fixed in the notice, and in consequence they are refused a further hearing. We have known some instances of this. We remember a case in which the profits of a dealer in grass, were, without any enquiry, fixed at Rs. 1,000, while it was doubtful whether he realized Rs. 100 a year. He happened to be absent from the place of his business, when the notice estimating his profits was served, and so failed to appear within the time fixed in the notice to present his objection, and he was refused a further hearing. It will be said, that it is quite possible to put a stop to such arbitrary proceedings on the part of the assessors of the income tax. True, it is not only quite possible, but to our thinking, it is quite easy, to put a stop to such things. But then how are the assessors to proceed in their work? There are no doubt some cases in which a little enquiry would suffice to bring out the proper estimate. But in the majority of cases, all enquiry would be at fault, and the assessors must depend on their own guess-work estimates, unless they be bound to accept the statements, accounts, and returns of assessees as

correct. We cannot say that, as a rule, the people make false returns and produce false accounts, but it would seem to be a rule with the assessors to regard them as false especially in the Mofussil. Hence injustice and oppression are at present inseparable from the assessment of the income tax.

Though the current year's assessments have been made on the basis of those made during the last year, and there have been comparatively few objections presented against them, yet it would be wrong to say that little or no injustice has been done this year. Our country-men are an ease-loving people. They would rather suffer injustice and oppression to a certain extent than undergo any trouble and vexation. Besides, since the tax in many cases is comparatively a small sum, while the trouble and vexation to get it reduced or cancelled are great, its imposition is borne patiently, though with sullen discontent.

3rd. The feelings which its imposition has engendered in the minds of the people.

All direct taxation is distasteful to the people who have to pay it. And the income tax is especially so, since the procedure observed in assessing it, involves injustice and oppression, and imposes trouble and additional expenses on the assessee.

Few like to part with a portion, however small, of their hard earnings, without seeing any tangible benefit accrue to them therefrom. What benefit does the income tax confer on those who pay it? Why is a zemindar blamed for levying a cess on his ryots on the occasion of his buying a horse or an elephant, his son's or daughter's marriage, or his father's or mother's *shraddha*?

Why is the impost stigmatized as cruel and illegal? And why is the Government ready to take up the part of the ryots against the zemindars in such matters? Do the zemindars impose on their ryots a hundredth part of the trouble and vexation that the Government causes to the wealthier classes of its subjects by imposing on them the hateful income tax?

If the Government be afflicted with *deficit-phobia*, it would be better policy on its part to select a few of the millionaires of

this country, and, like the Mahomedan kings and Naba's of old, to take away the superfluity of their riches, than to create a general discontent by levying a general impost on its subjects. Unlike every other thing, the income tax has created a sympathy between the Natives and the Europeans. They join in heartily hating it. Even Covenanted European servants of the Government do not hesitate to express their strong dislike for it.

So much has been said and written against this most hateful tax, both by Natives and Europeans, in times and ways without number that it is a matter of intense wonder to all that the Government has not yet been led to put a stop to it.

Had the proceeds of the tax been large compared to the general revenues of the Government, we might have made some allowance for the cupidity manifested and persevered in. But when the amount realized scarcely amounts to a 50th part of the revenue from other sources, and when it is borne in mind that the Government if they really were in want of the paltry amount, could easily secure it by imposing some indirect tax, the continuance of the income tax appears to be altogether inexplicable.

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A CAROL.

It is the glorious Yuletide,
The birth-night of our King,
Let every heart be open
For joy and welcoming.

The chaste cold stars were throbbing
Upon the morning sky,
When bright-tiaraed angels
First raised the joyful cry—

“Glory to God, the highest,
On earth good-will to men”—
Should not that song be ringing
As even it rung then?

Our King, the Lord of glory,
Our King, the Man forlorn,
Our King in heaven who reigneth,
Our King, the Virgin-born!

Our King, who gave His blessing
To them that did deride,
Our King o'er death triumphant,
Our King, the Crucified!

Another morn more glorious
 Shall start into new birth,
 When, o'er His foes victorious,
 He sets His throne on earth.

Another song of triumph
 Shall rise with loud acclaim,
 When learneth every nation
 The Great Mashiach's name.

A loftier diapason,
 A holier song of praise,
 Than sang those shining angels
 In old Judean days.

H. C. DUTT.

THE SOCIAL AND LEGAL RIGHTS OF HINDU WOMEN*

BY NOBIN KRISHNA BOSE.

THE condition of women and their mode of treatment by the sterner sex, have generally, and not without reason, been regarded as an index to the stage of civilization which a nation has attained. Among rude and savage tribes, they are, commonly speaking, required to perform all the hard and laborious drudgery of life—the men thinking war to be the only occupation worthy of them,—and when not engaged in it, spending their time in idle dissipation and ease. Sensualism, on the other hand, has guarded the sex within the four walls of the zenana with a jealous care, regarding her as a being not to be trusted to herself and created only to minister to the carnal gratification of man. Nature, however, did not design woman to be either a slave or the object of a mere sensual desire. No,—she was made for a higher end than that—to be the best friend and companion and counsellor

* A Lecture delivered before the *Dyân Prasârak Sabhâ* of Khundwa.

of man. In proportion to a just and enlightened appreciation of the part she is destined to act in the great economy of life, she has accordingly been treated with confidence and respect by all civilized nations, and admitted to an equal participation with her lord of the common rights and privileges of a rational and intelligent being. At a time, then, when the state and social position of our own wives and daughters have excited so much sympathy and public interest, and attempts are being made both by the Government of the country and our educated countrymen themselves to improve and enlighten their mind, it will not, I hope, be unprofitable to see in what light woman was regarded, and how she was treated, by our ancestors of old ; as also what the position and privileges were which, under the Hindu system, in its integrity, she was permitted to occupy and enjoy. The enquiry will help to show, at least, in what respects our modern practice has deviated from the usage of olden times, and, likewise, what may be of greater importance perhaps, whether the measures now advocated as necessary for rehabilitating the condition of our females, are so many novelties of foreign importation, or they formed at one time a part and parcel of our own system itself.

It may be observed, at the outset, however, that the seclusion in which our females are held, and the ignorance in which they are suffered to grow up, have led some foreigners to jump into the conclusion as though they were no better than branded slaves, and had to pass their lives in a state of wretchedness of the most pitiful kind. As a matter of fact, however, our women are neither slaves nor altogether wretched and degraded beings. In all well-regulated households in the country, they enjoy as much of domestic happiness, and are held in as much esteem as their sisters in any part of the world. "Wherever females are honored," says Manu, "there the deities are pleased ; but where they are dishonored, there all religious acts become useless." And notwithstanding the changes which our social system and manners have undergone, owing to foreign conquests and dynastic and other revolutions, during the centuries which since have rolled

away, this precept of the great Hindu lawgiver continues, in spirit I may say, to be revered and acted up to by his countrymen even to the present day. The wife is still the honored head of the family and the mistress of the house. All household arrangements are regulated by her, and the servants are under her command. In every important matter connected with the domestic economy, too, she is the confidential adviser of her husband, and, in case of difference, her's, generally speaking, is the casting vote. Of course, her vision ranges within narrow limits, and she has not yet learned to fill up the languid pauses of life with 'finer joys'; but this in no way detracts from her happiness according to her own estimate of things, nor causes her in any way to be discontented with her lot. But there is a dark side also of the picture I have drawn—the result not so much of the secluded and untutored condition of our females, as of some other social customs now in vogue among our countrymen, but which cannot be rooted out too soon. And these are no other than polygamy, lifelong widowhood, and early marriage, which have been decried so often and so loudly in lectures and speeches, but are tolerated in practice still.

The great importance attached to offsprings by the Hindu religion, as necessary for the future salvation of the parents, naturally led to its sanctioning the taking of a second wife by a man in certain exceptional cases—and in these exceptional cases only—in which there was no chance of his having an issue by the first. Whether even in such cases, it may be asked, perhaps, any departure from the great rule of monogamy can be justified on general grounds. But this opens up too wide a question—the vexed question, in fact, in another form, as to whether divorce under any circumstances can be allowed—a question which it would be impossible here to discuss. It would be enough for the purposes I have now in view to observe, therefore, that, had the permission accorded by the *S'ūtras* to marry a second time, been kept within its legitimate bounds, and availed of only in cases to which it applied, instances of such marriages would have been few and

rare, and attended, perhaps, with no very appreciable mischief in practice. But the fact is, that this privilege has been greatly abused by the men, and taken advantage of by them, for forming new connections, in a most shameful manner. Among the Kulin Brahmans of Bengal, it has been turned into a trade. The result is, that hundreds and hundreds of innocent and lovely women are condemned, by an unfeeling recklessness, or from sordid motives of gain, to be miserable for life, by having to share the affections of their husbands with other rivals, or worse still, by having to remain as mere domestics in the house under the control of the favorite wife. The evil, too, is without any remedy at present ; and hence, however its effects may be obviated in practice by the common good sense of the great bulk of men, it leaves the wife still in an insecure state—liable at any moment to be discarded from her conjugal rights. It is much to be regretted that the sensitiveness of the supreme Government, in regard to native prejudice, has hitherto prevented it from interfering in the matter, so as to put down this baneful practice by an act of the Legislature, even though a petition for this purpose was submitted to it some years ago, by the intelligent and influential public of the Native community of Bengal.

Life-long widowhood, on the other hand, has been the curse of India's daughters from the earliest times. The *S'ástras* lend no sanction to their being married a second time, after the death of their husbands, and precedents are also wanting in the records of Sanskrit literature for solemnising marriages of the kind. Hence, whatever the age of a female might be, she ceases by the death of her husband, to be an integral part, as it were, of the family to which she belongs, and is doomed, from that moment, to lead a dreary and aimless existence in a state of bemoaning for her departed lord. She is obliged even to keep aloof on occasions of joyous festivities, like marriages and the like, as her taking part in the rites connected therewith is supposed to augur no good. Yet,—however time-honored this custom might be, it is repugnant in itself both to nature and reason, and, as might have

been foreseen, has been productive of no small amount of moral depravity and social mischief. It is gratifying to find that, under the influence of a soul-illuminating English education, initiatory movements have commenced already for its abolition in the Presidency and some other towns, and some instances, at least, have occurred, of widows being actually united in marriage a second time. It is only to be hoped that these movements from the centres to which they are now confined, will radiate, ere long, to every part of the country, and rescue our widows from their present mournful state.

But apart from polygamy and perpetual widowhood,—evils so peculiarly Indian in their nature,—our women are liable also to suffer from the effect of hasty and ill-concerted marriages which have proved so fatal to the happiness of the sex in every part of the world. But the comparative frequency of such unions among the Natives of this country aggravates the evil in proportion here. A good and eligible match for a girl is not always to be found with ease. When, therefore, under the stern law of caste, she must be given away in marriage before she arrived at a certain age, it may be imagined how much the difficulty is increased. Parents are thus under the necessity, at times, of making, as it were, a nuptial sacrifice of their daughters, by tying them in hymenial bonds to parties, whose very proposals they would not think of entertaining, perhaps, only if they were allowed some further time to make a choice. But the critical moment has arrived, and the law of social excommunication is in view; and so to obviate worse evils, the poor girl, by an unsuitable union, is made unhappy for life. Nay, at the period of life at which our boys become bridegrooms and husbands, it is not always possible to divine how matters will turn out with them at the end. Appearances may be quite in their favor at the time, and yet they may prove to be no better than a mirage after all. A promising undergraduate of a university, descended from a rich and respectable family, would, no doubt, be considered a very desirable son-in-law by a parent having a daughter to dispose of in marriage. But

unfortunately this under-graduate is still in his teens, and his habits of life have not been fully formed. Nor is a mere pass examination a certain guarantee that he will not turn out a drunkard, a debauchee, or a spendthrift, in after-life, and so scatter to the winds the hopes which had been fondly formed of him. Hence, in spite of all that parents could do to secure the conjugal happiness of their daughters, they have often the mortification to find that the object of their choice has, after a course of dissipation, so ruined and beggared himself, as to be without the means even of supporting his wife and children ; and their only consolation in such a case has been to take the burden on themselves. And yet, remarkable as it may appear, this practice of early marriage—the prolific source of so much conjugal unhappiness, not to speak of its other bad results,—is no real part of the Hindu system itself. It did not prevail, at all events, during the most flourishing period of our national history, when the country was under its own kings, and had imbibed no admixture of foreign manners. And in proof of this I have only to refer to the custom of *swayamvaras*,—of which several instances are on record,—at which, in a public assembly, a spinster was allowed to choose a husband for herself from among a number of eligible candidates for her hand. It was in such an assembly that Indumati bestowed her hand on Aja. It was in such an assembly that the lovely Drapudi chose Arjun for her lord. It was in such an assembly that the accomplished Damayanti threw the *barmala*, or nuptial garland, over Nala's neck. And all these ladies are described as having reached the blooming period of womanhood when their *swayamvaras* were held. Indeed, it would be absurd to suppose that the privilege of choosing a husband for herself could either be allowed to, or exercised by, a girl who had not yet arrived at the proper marriageable age. The custom of wedding such girls which has now obtained among us, therefore, is evidently an innovation of later times,—an unhealthy accretion, as it were, on our pristine system ;—and, considering the mischief with which it has been fraught, it is high time, I think, that some organised effort should be made by our educated countrymen and they can

muster pretty strong in numbers now,—to discountenance it as much as lies in their power, and return to the healthier practice of former times.

It will be observed then, as stated already, that the sufferings of our women do not spring so much from ignorance and seclusion,—although these causes being the most patent to European eyes, have been the most loudly cried down by them,—as from the vicious customs lying below the surface, to which I have referred. And I have thought fit to insist on this distinction here as one of some real importance in itself. Ignorance and seclusion are at present causes of such wide and general operation, that, had they in any way contributed to make our women miserable, happiness would have remained a thing unknown by the sex in India. Luckily, however, such is not the case, for the great bulk of them are contented wives and happy mothers. The causes of female misery which I have pointed out, are only of partial application, and a comparatively small number, therefore, is affected by them.

But neither are ignorance and seclusion the normal state of woman under Hindu law and manners in their genuine state. Abundant evidence, on the contrary, is to be found in the records of Sanskrit literature, of not only letters being cultivated by her, but of her appearing also in public assemblies, taking part in the affairs of state, and even leading armies at times into the field for defensive wars. A few instances may here be cited to illustrate these facts. In the account given in the *Mahábhárata* of the coronation of Raja Yudisthira and of the *asvamedha* afterwards celebrated by him, we find his queen seated by his side in open court near the sacrificial fire, and publicly assisting in the ceremonies which the occasions required. The princes, Rishis and others, invited to witness these ceremonies, too, came attended by their better halves, who graced the assembly by their presence,—each being seated by the side of her lord, instead of retiring as modern ladies would have done, into a *zenana* kept in readiness for their special reception. The history of Vidyottama, wife of the poet Kalidasa

which is well known, illustrates again the double fact at once of the freedom and the culture of our women in ancient times. Clever and accomplished herself, this lady had made a vow not to marry any man who did not surpass her in learning and intellectual attainments. She invited, accordingly, the learned men of the day to hold a public controversy with her on scholastic subjects, promising her hand as the reward of victory. Anxious to secure so accomplished a lady for wife, many were the suitors who repaired to her father's court to break a lance with her, but discomfiture and disappointment were the lot of all. At length, in the genius, which has enriched the Sanskrit language with so many noble poems and beautiful plays, she found a worthy match for herself. Another lady, of the name of Gargi, is also known to have publicly contended for a prize with the Pandits of her time at the court of Raja Janaka, on the occasion of a solemn festival, and some idea of her learning and scholarship may be formed from the fact of her being obliged even in such an assembly to yield the palm to one alone. In the union of Krishna with Rukmini, there is evidence again to show that Hindu ladies of old knew how to write love-letters just as well as their modern European sisters. And even the fact of music and dancing forming a part of their accomplishments, may be gathered from the circumstance of Arjun, when in exile, being engaged by the Raja of Virata to teach those arts to the princesses of his house.

It was the boast of Spartan mothers that they alone knew how to bring forth *men*. But in heroic spirit, and a keen sense of honor, the women of ancient India need not suffer even by comparison with them. In the same spirit in which Spartan mothers used to tell their sons when going out to war—"Return *with* the shield or *upon* it," did the mother of the Pandavas, on the eve of the great war described in the *Mahábhárata* admonish them thus—"If you cannot avenge your wrongs, it is useless for you to live. Slay or be slain; better a thousand times to die with honor than to live in disgrace." In the same spirit also, in more historic times, did the heroic Sanjagata urge her lord to battle against Mahomed of

Ghor, and bid him sacrifice life, if necessary, in the defence of his country. Nor was it merely in rousing their sons and husbands that this heroic spirit of our women showed itself; on critical occasions they knew also how to act the heroine themselves. Not to go beyond the historic period, it is well known how successfully the affairs of Mewar were administered by the princess Karuna Devi, during the minority of her son, and how, when the place was invaded by Kutub-u-din, she repulsed him by leading an army against him in person. Equally well known also it is how gallantly, at the head of her troops, the Rani Dourgati of Mandla opposed the invader Asaph Khan in Akber's reign, and how, when her efforts became unavailing at the end, she disdained to survive the loss of her honor and her Raj.

Other instances of the kind may also be adduced, but those cited already will suffice to shew how different in former times the women of India were from their degenerate daughters of the present day, and how, if they could rise from their ashes they would blush to see these as they are—growing up in ignorance, cut off from intercourse with society, disposed of in marriage without a voice of their own, through life, in the enjoyment of their conjugal rights. But the difference serves only to prove, what has been stated before, viz, that the evils which press down our females at present are altogether alien to our system—being mere innovations of a later date or the result of an importation of foreign manners. Perpetual widowhood apart, perhaps, neither our laws nor our manners denied aught to woman here which, elsewhere, her other Aryan sisters were permitted to enjoy; and she was in by-gone times just as free and accomplished as any of them. But seclusion came with the Mahomedan conquest of the country,—just as the habit of drinking is now spreading itself under the British rule,—and in its train followed ignorance and other evils—the whole combining to produce the present altered condition of the sex. To raise her from this state, accordingly, no very violent innovations, which may be justly objected to either on religious or on social grounds, are required. It is necessary only that we

should trace back and reclaim the ground which has been suffered to be lost. And it is of importance that this truth should be impressed on the popular mind, in order that all blind opposition to the cause of female improvement might cease.

I now proceed to offer a few remarks on what may be called the legal rights of our women. You may remember, perhaps, the case of Mrs. Norton who, when she, being plagued and persecuted by her husband and robbed by him of the fruits even of her own literary labours, appealed to the laws of her country for redress some years ago, had the consolation only to be told that a married woman had no separate legal existence from her husband. In this respect at least, a Hindu woman is better off than her English sister. Even the metaphysical turn of the national mind has not led our lawgivers to doubt that she forms a separate entity by herself, and as such she has been allowed to hold property of her own. This property, called *stridhan*, is at her absolute disposal, and she can do with it just as she likes, though not with what she inherits from her husband. In the event of there being male issue, in fact, she does not inherit at all; she is entitled only to a mere maintenance from her husband's estate. In the absence of such issue, she is the ostensible heir no doubt, but it is not very apparent to what she succeeds. In the words of Professor Wilson, "she has not an absolute proprietary right, neither can she, in strictness, be called even a tenant for life; for the law provides her successor, and restricts her use of the property to very narrow limits." As some defence of this singular ordinance that a widow should succeed to her husband, and at the same time that she should be deprived of the advantages enjoyed by a tenant for life even, it is added by the writer just quoted from, that "by giving her a nominal property, she acquires consideration and respectability, and by making her the depositary of the wealth, she is guarded against the neglect or cruelty of her husband's relations. At the same time, by limiting her power, a barrier is raised against the effects of female improvidence and worldly inexperience." But the truth is, that the law of female

inheritance does not seem to have descended to us in a genuine state. The earlier jurists of India, such as Narad, Vishnu, Vrihaspati, Vyas and others, allotted to the widow an equal share, of her husband's property with the sons, and to the daughters a fourth of what their brothers received. Later expounders of the law, such as the authors of the *Daya-Bhaga* and other compilations of the kind, have so curtailed their rights, however, as to leave only a shadow of inheritance to widows, and to the daughters not even that. One very untoward effect of this has been to encourage polygamy, no doubt, by relieving husbands from the necessity of leaving a portion of their property to their wives; and yet, all things considered, I am not prepared to say, whether the change adverted to was altogether uncalled for in the altered circumstances of our females in modern times. Wealth, in the hands of a Hindu woman, is nothing but a lure for heartless relations and unprincipled knaves; and I can cite instances without number in which fortunes, large and small, have slipped out of her hands from sheer inexperience of the world and inability to transact business herself. The restrictions put on her power and rights have no doubt acted as a partial safeguard in cases, in which collateral relations have had a reversionary interest in the property in her hands. But in the absence of the father, the mother is the natural guardian of her children, if not of age; and in this capacity she must often be called upon to hold in trust the inheritance of her own infant sons. Her *stridhan* is also all her own. And it is unfortunately in these very cases, in which the mischief done is the most irreparable, that knavery has commonly found in her an undefended prey.

And now, from what has been said in course of this lecture, you will perceive at once how our women in recent times, have been cut off from rights and privileges which, under the laws and usages of their country, they were formerly permitted to enjoy, and how this exclusion has operated to reduce them to their present debased and helpless state—endangering, in turn, by a reflex action, as it were, some of the dearest material in-

terests of the community itself by placing them within the easy reach of designing knaves. Happily, the evil has arrested the attention of the present rulers of the country and also of the educated and advanced section of the Native community ; and need I here observe that it is incumbent also on every friend and well-wisher of India to omit nothing in his power to aid in its removal and cure. No doubt, our close system and prejudices, which during long centuries have gained strength in the national mind, are obstacles in the way which it will require time and perseverance to overcome ; but certainly no mere prejudice, however strong, can long maintain its ground before the rising tide of free enquiry and independent thought. And here I say—and say with gratitude too,—that, if England has done nothing else for India, it has stirred up at least its rising generations to vindicate and exercise their precious but long-lost birth-right of thinking for themselves ; and who can tell where the mighty movement which has thus been set agoing will end ? Can a nation have a second life ? And is it too much to hope that the Hindus, once so high in the scale of nations, but now so fallen, reasserting their former prestige, will once again be in a condition to rule their country themselves ? Event like this, alas ! it is not in the power of man to foretell ; but I certainly do say that if England's rule in India, and her intellectual and political training of its people should ever culminate in a consummation like this, she will have achieved a triumph of which no conquerors yet can boast, and her laurels would be brighter far than if she had subjugated the world itself by her arms. History up to this time has been written mainly in characters of blood, and, in the words of one of its own most eloquent disciples, is nothing more than “a register of the crimes, the follies, and the sufferings of mankind.” May it be reserved for England, in her treatment of this great empire, to set forth a brighter and nobler example to the world.

Nobin Krishna Bose.

EVENING.

BY A YOUNG HINDU LADY—A CONVERT.

How peaceful is this quiet hour !
 How bright the evening sky!
 Day's heat is past, from hedge and bower
 Sweet birds to birds reply.

Listen, the leaves are stirring now,—
 There's music in the trees,—
 Thou'rt come, I feel thee on my brow,
 O welcome southern breeze!

'Tis meet all earthly thoughts to lay
 In this calm hour aside,
 And let religious feelings sway
 The heart where cares abide.

At such a time did Isaac muse
 Alone, in fields retired,*
 And such a time did David choose
 To pour his hymns inspired.†

At such a time to deserts bare,
 'Our saviour oft withdrew,'
 And there in solitude and prayer,
 His spirit did renew.‡

I, too, O Lord, at such a time,
 Will bend my suppliant knee,
 And ere be past youth's sunny prime,
 Ask Love and Grace from Thee !

S. D.

Rámbágán.

* Genesis. XXIV. 63.

† Psalm. LV. 17.

‡ Matthew. XIV. 23.

ON THE PLEASURES OF SENSE.

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

MILTON.

OUR pleasures entirely depend upon our senses. Cavil you may, but you can no more deny the fact than you can deny the existence of Hooghly mud in the municipal water, or catholicity in my lord Canterbury's phobia of "Heathen Conversion" on the banks of the Thames. True it is, that the quinary alliance often betrays us into all sorts of extravagances, and makes us the laughing stock of our neighbours. "At the bottom of every quarrel," they say, "there is a woman." Without doing any violence to truth you may generalise the text, and substitute "sense" for "woman." Full fifteen-sixteenths of the awful revelations in our Police-Courts, or Courts of Small Causes, owe their origin to mischievous inspirations from the Horeb of the omnipotent FIVE! The "prisoner at the bar" has either tasted mutton chops had and delivered by the Great Eastern; or has, from a temporary obliviousness of the laws of *meum et tuum*, touched the purse of a fellow traveller on the Railway jetty; or has seen the inside of the Free Mason's Hall, while the Grand Provincial Lodge was manipulating the Bengali Babu into the mysteries of the brotherhood; or has heard the disclosures of Mr. Austey to Lord Northbrook at Simlah about the Patna Court's Ameer Khan recreations; or has smelt the sweet breath of Miss Fanny from a heterodox distance by the smallest conceivable fraction of a geographical inch on Mercator's projection! Yes; in all sorts of squabbles, private or public, Tasting, or Touching, or Seeing, or Hearing, or Smelling, is "at the bottom"! Nay, I admit, that these petty larcenies are sometimes fearfully aggravated by a conglomeration of all the different operations, the foremost inclusive, if there is any truth in Addison's genealogy of Macarroni and the like,—provoking the ire, not of the delicate object experimented upon, and ready, as far as appearances go at least, quite ready, ay, willing to

stand a fresh cannonading of the same description, but of the unconcerned by-standers, who kick up the greatest row, just as professional mourners cry themselves hoarse, while the nearest of kith and kin can afford to think of sundry other matters not exactly so gloomy as the funerals of the deceased.

It is at the same time equally true that, but for the fascinations of the syren band, life would not be worth living for. In fact, it would not be life any longer, but a sort of mummy existence, stale, flat, and unprofitable, an intolerable incumbrance, a bore, a curse. Take away the beauty of the extensive lawn, the fragrance of the opening rose, the flavour of the savoury fruit, the music of the resounding grove, the thrilling touch of the dimpled cheeks of a lisping baby,—and you convert the fair face of Nature into a Demonstrator's Hall, a reservoir of maimed and mutilated subjects, huddled together into one mingled pestiferous mass, so fearful, so sickening to behold. Stop the eager pursuit, the vigilant watch, the mortal dread, the narrow escape, the keen disappointment, the vivifying success, that infuse life and vigour into the frame, and prop up the spirits sadly harassed and oppressed by the cares and anxieties human flesh is heir to,—and you leave the soul enveloped in Cimmerian gloom, without a single ray to cheer or vary the monotony of the dreary scene. In short, the transport of joy, the flood of tears, to which we are alternately subjected by our sensual pleasures, force us to exclaim with Martial:—

“ In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou art such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow ;
Hast so much wit, and mirth and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee nor without thee.”

I know the phrase “ Sensual Pleasure ” stinks in the nostrils of Purists and would-be Purists, as Vespasian's Urine Tax would stink in the nostrils of his fastidious Hopeful. They ignore flesh altogether. The consecrated tabernacle is nothing to them. All its belongings are of the earth earthy, gross, carnal, —and, indeed, what not? Whatever passes through it, carries a plague

mark, catches a contagion the virulence of which no quarantine can mitigate. It is not to be quoted as testimony in any thing whatever, nor is the most distant allusion to be made to it in the course of rational conversation. How far this brag of rationality is supported by experience and common sense I may show on some future occasion; suffice it for the present to say, *entre nous*, that, were the affair left optional, I should much rather be a dog and bay the moon than undertake to prove my own existence. To prove one's own existence! Did any body ever hear the like of it? The logic is, as a matter of course, quite unique. *Cogito, ergo sum*. Mind you, gentle reader! it is not *Edo, ergo sum*; nor is it *Gigno, ergo sum*; but *Cogito, ergo sum*. The latter two processes are sensual, and, *ergo*, quite out of place as far as the establishment of eternal truths is concerned. For shame, Monsieur Descartes! Call you this Philosophy? Alexander was, by way of compliment, said to have been worthy of Aristotle; without compliments, Reni! thy gouty, crochety Kilkenny apostle has, not only proved himself worthy of thee, but has left thy great self full fifty furlongs behind. Pray, what do you think of death by strangulation with a view to realise the agonies of a felon executed on the gallows? This the notorious Bishop of Cloyne did try, and would have been gathered to his forefathers, cheating street boys of their standing sport, but for the officious interference of Goldsmith's uncle.

Crochet! thy name is Demon.

What fell malignant pleasure dost thou take
To put poor mortal men at their wit's ends;
With fun and folly nature so to fill,
That cats and rats would burst their sides, could they
But make or head or tail of human thoughts,
Or this our jargon understand!

To put a ban upon sensual pleasure because of the excess to which men are occasionally betrayed by it, would be as reasonable as to extinguish religion on account of the atrocities in the Crusades or "Holy wars," so called, doubtless on *lucus a non*

lucendo principle,—those being the most *unholy wars* ever engaged in by crowned heads, Christian or Pagan. The practice of condemning a thing on the ground of its abuse is so transparently absurd, that any allusion to it in serious composition might be deemed superlatively ridiculous, but for the authority and sanction conceded to it by honored and honorable men, even at this fag end of the nineteenth century. A learned conclave in august council met for ascertaining the number of spirits that can dance on the point of a needle, is not more calculated to excite mirth in ordinary men, than the futile attempt of the Alliance to reclaim black sheep in the army and navy by preaching total abstinence. That temperance of itself is, under all circumstances, desirable, must be admitted on all hands ; and, on all hands, it must also be admitted, that those who do not observe it from a sense of honor, are not likely to do so on account of the hugbear of an oath !

The fact is, it sorely galls the vanity of the so-called lord of the creation to think that, he is indebted for pleasure, which is but another name for happiness, to organs similar to those through which the grunting pig derives its humble gratification ; but a moment's sober reflection will divest him of the superiority he arrogates to himself, and convince him at once that he can boast of no better media. There is no royal road to happiness. Whoever hankers after it must be prepared to receive the same at the hands of the much-despised senses. Refuse the charity, and sink the soul in eternal misery, which is the negation of happiness as darkness is the negation of light. It is idle to talk of Hope, Memory, or Imagination,—a pack of hungry dogs that live on morsels flung at them from the voluptuous board of Sense ever groaning under dainty dishes of diverse descriptions. They must beg, borrow or steal, not only for ease and comfort, but even for their bare subsistence. When these “refined” resources fail, they are starved to death like famished *Oorias*, to have their skulls buried or drowned by the Campbells, the Rogerses and the Akensides, interested in disguising the fact, as otherwise their occupation would be gone, as would have gone the occupation of sundry

Subordinate Executives in the other case. An ostentatious parade of independence is disgusting in any body, and, in a professional sycophant, is simply intolerable. We can perhaps put up with the arrogance of the lord of the mansion, but the contumely of his "thermometer" boils the blood of every honest man. Somehow or other, however, it is the latter worthy who bullies and blusters most. Like an empty vessel, he makes the greatest noise. Painfully aware of their own worthlessness, the Grub Street pettifoggers of the mind ape the accomplishments of their patrons, with a view not only to cancel all obligations, but, strange to say! to establish their claims to higher distinctions.

The Pleasures of Hope and Memory are evidently reducible to those of Imagination; so that when the dependance of the last on the Senses is established, the dependance of the others follows as a matter of course. Insidious attempts have been made by demagogues to displace the interesting group from the high pedestal they so deservedly occupy, by trumping up spurious "Primary Pleasures"; but the conspicuous absense of joint in their arguments is of itself a sufficient refutation of their mendacity.

The sources of the Pleasures of Imagination are said to be three in number, *viz*, Greatness, Novelty and Beauty. Without vouching for the metaphysical correctness of the classification, I may be here permitted simply to observe that, all things considered, it is perhaps, as good as could be desired for every practical purpose. So it becomes evident at once that in no case is Imagination independent of sense. We can form no idea of any thing great, new or beautiful, but by tasting it, touching it, seeing it, hearing it, or smelling it. Alluding to Addison's Primary and Secondary pleasures, a distinguished critic thus philosophises:—"In his secondary, he seems to us to err in attributing them to an indirect reference to objects of sight, where the pleasure has not necessarily any such reference. Even in statuary and painting the pleasure consists not in the reference to certain visible objects, for then the reference would not be pleasing, unless the object referred to were pleasing, but in the resemblance itself. The

novelty, beauty or grandeur of the object imitated, may increase the pleasure, but it is the *imitation* itself that produces it." Here is a literary Don Quixote. He conjures up a foe, and demolishes him precisely in the same style as did the knight of La Mancha. It is readily admitted that imitation produces the pleasure. None but a civilized Roman could derive any gratification from the sight of a dying gladiator, and none but a civilized Londoner can enjoy the groans of honest girls dying of starvation. We advance no claims to such high civilization, and must, alas! ever remain perfect strangers to these rare luxuries. What puzzles us, however, is the occult science of gauging the merits of the imitation without any reference to the external object of which it professes to be an imitation. The representation of a mangled carcass, carved by crows and vultures, by dogs and jackals, with their natural knives and forks, to please, must be exact, that is, in common parlance, must be exactly like—like what, pray, Dr. Johnson? Of course not like the unsightly carcass in question, for that will mar the pleasure of the representation. Then like what? Shall we say, like your own clumsy carcass?

Banter aside, to our lay understanding, not only a mere reference but a mental juxtaposition is absolutely necessary to enable us to form an idea of the representation. "The analogy between subjects abstract," the learned Doctor goes on to say, "from matter seems to be chiefly in the *emotions* they produce in our minds, not in the *subjects themselves*. Thus we can find no visible resemblance between the impetuosity of a torrent and the impetuosity of a Pindar." Were we pugnaciously disposed, we might easily show that the grammar of the critic in the passage just quoted, is not, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. But let that pass. We are more seriously concerned in this "visible resemblance," without which the "impetuosity of a Pindar" would be just so much distilled nonsense. Even if we should waive this consideration too, we could ill afford as summarily to license the consequent wholesale destruction of the entire family of Figures involved in the Doctor's capricious

abnegation of "visible resemblance" between the two "impetuosities."

Nor indeed is it at all difficult to place the "Pleasures of Understanding" under the vassalage of Sense. At first sight, doubtless, there appears to be no analogy between these and the "Pleasures of Imagination", but a little reflection will serve to show, that the one is only a modification of the other. The pleasure derived from the solution of a mathematical problem is virtually the same as that derived from harmony or symmetry. The mind of man instinctively seeks for agreement amongst the several parts in works of art or nature. Any slight disagreement, fancied or real, causes it a pain similar to disappointment. When we contemplate the three unequal sides of a right, angled triangle, for instance, we feel the same sort of vexation that we do in jarring notes of music, or ungraceful projection in architecture. The solution varies, as it were, the temperament, and produces perfect harmony, the seeming want of which so long oppressed the soul. The lines, though of different complexions, seem no longer mere strangers fortuitously thrown together, but members of the same family-group united by ties of consanguinity. Our minds are relieved, and this relief we call Pleasure of Understanding, so intimately connected with Pleasure of Imagination, and therefore with sense.

In short, human enjoyments are so mixed up with the senses, that it is almost impossible to conceive a state of happiness in their absence. "Our souls are at present delightfully lost and bewildered in a pleasing delusion, and we walk about like the enchanted hero of a romance, who sees beautiful castles, woods and meadows, and at the same time, hears the warbling of birds, and the purling of streams; but upon the finishing of some secret spell the fantastic scene breaks up, and the disconsolate knight finds him on a barren heath, or in a solitary desert. It is not improbable that something like this may be the state of the soul after its first separation, in respect of the images it will receive from matter." We need not suppose, as some have done, that

the soul will not be deprived of these pleasures, but perhaps find them excited by some other occasional cause, as they are at present by the different impressions of the subtle matter in the organs of our senses. The nature of happiness reserved for the virtuous we cannot speculate upon without being guilty of an impious curiosity to pry into the secrets which the all-wise Providence has thought fit to hide from our knowledge. For my own part, I am quite satisfied that the Being, who can transmit such exquisite delight to the soul through the senses, is both able and willing to accomplish the same benevolent object by other means as mysterious and effectual, without any necessity for retaining the existing machinery. What those means may be I count it sin to enquire in those whose sole duty is to trust, to admire, and to sing with the bard:—

“These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty: Thine this universal frame;
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable! Who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.”

VANQUISHED !

(*From the German of Goethe.*)

To the fields one bright spring morning,
Went the shepherdess along,
Filling silent plain and valley
With the sweetness of her song.
So la la.

For a kiss beseech'd young Thyrsis,
—Round her frisk'd her lambs in play;—

One short moment she was thoughtful,
 Then she laughed and sang away.
 So la la.

And a second offered ribbons,
 And a third his heart,—in vain,—
 For with ribbon, heart, and lambkin,
 Made she sport and sang again.
 So la la.

But at eve, when home returning,
 Damon's silvery flute she heard,
 Pouring floods of fairy music,
 All her heart was strangely stirr'd.
 So la la.

As she stopp'd, he drew her to him,
 Kissed her softly o'er and o'er,—
 "Play again"—she gently murmured,
 And he deftly played once more.
 So la la.

She has lost her heart entirely,
 And her peace away has flown,
 Ever now she seems to listen
 To that flute's delicious tone.
 So la la.

O. C. DUTT.

THE FROZEN NOSE.

(*From the French of Monsr. Alexandre Dumas*)

A BIT FOR APPROACHING CHRISTMAS.

THE first few days I spent at St. Petersburg, when it had put on its snowy winter-garment, were to me days of curious interest for every thing appeared to me so new. I never tired travelling in a sledge, and felt great pleasure in being drawn

a surface polished like glass by horses, excited by the bracing atmosphere, and which, barely feeling the weight of their drag, seemed to fly rather than to run. These days seemed the more pleasant as winter, with something of coquetry, made itself felt only gradually, so that, thanks to my great coat and furs, to the 20th degree of cold I hardly felt its severity; at the 12th degree the Neva commenced freezing.

My unfortunate animals I had caused to be driven so hard that the driver declared to me one morning that, unless I allowed them rest for 48 hours at the least, they would be unfit for further service. The sky was beautifully clear, but the air sharper than I had yet felt it. I determined to take to walking. I armed myself from head to foot against the hostilities of the season. I wrapped myself in my heavy Astracan cloak. I drove down my padded cap over my ears. I wound round my neck my cashmere neck-tie. Thus I ventured out into the open streets, having all my person, but the tip of my nose, exposed to the air.

At first all went on famously. I was even astonished at the slight impression which the cold made on me and I laughed internally at the stories which I had heard about it. I was well pleased among other things with the opportunity which it seemed to offer for acclimatising myself.

M. de Bobrinski and M. de Nareschin, the two celebrated scholars whom I went to visit, I did not find at home, and on my way back I commenced to suspect that the opportunity was perhaps becoming a little too good. Then, I believe, I remarked that those who passed looked on me with an air of inquietude though without speaking a word. Soon after a gentleman or passenger accosted me with the single vocable, *Noss!* I understood nothing of Russian, and did not think it worth while to stop for a monosyllable, so I continued my walk. At the corner of Pois Street I met an *ivoschik* who was driving his sledge at full speed, but though he passed me most rapidly he still thought it his duty to speak to me, and in his turn cried out *Noss! Noss!* Finally, on arriving at the Admiralty Square I found myself face to face with a

moujik who said nothing, but picking up a handful of snow threw himself upon me, and before I could disentangle myself from my cloak, set himself to scrub my face with this snow, especially the nose. I thought the joke so bad that, drawing out one of my arms from my pocket, as quickly as I could, I gave a blow which sent him reeling nearly ten paces. Unfortunately or happily for me two peasants, passing at the moment, looked upon me for an instant, and then sprung upon me and held me by the arms, while the enraged *moujik* picked up another handful and recommenced his operations. It was no longer possible to treat him as I had done. But though my hands were held my tongue was free, and believing myself to be the victim of either unprovoked insult or some scampish trick, I called out for help with all my might. An officer came up in a few moments, and asked me in French against whom I complained.

"How, sir," I cried, making a last effort to rid myself of my three enemies who, with the most composed appearances, slowly withdrew and pursued their several ways, "Did you not see what the three fellows were engaged in?"

"What were they doing?" he asked.

"They were rubbing my face with snow, would you yourself find this by any means a good joke considering the weather?"

"But, sir, they were rendering you an enormous service," replied the officer, staring me full on the face.

"How so?"

"Without doubt you had the nose frozen."

"Mercy!" cried I, carrying my hand to that most beautiful and useful feature of the human countenance.

"Sir, sir," said another passenger to the officer at this moment, "I forewarn you that your own nose is getting frozen."

"Thank you, sir," said the officer, as if one had spoken to or apprised him of a thing most natural.

And stooping, he picked up a handful of snow, and rendered to himself the same service for which I had so ill requited the poor *moujik*.

“ You mean to say then, sir, that without that man’s service I would—— ”

“ You would have had no more nose,” interrupted the officer, continuing to scrub his own.

“ Then, sir, ” I said, “ allow”——

I had hardly time to say more, and I set myself to run after my good *mougick* who, thinking that I wanted to finish thrashing him, began to run also, so that as fright is more agile than gratitude, I probably would never have overtaken him, if some persons seeing the chase had not taken him for a thief and stopped him. When I reached the spot I found him speaking with great excitement, in order to make them understand that he was culpable only of too great philanthropy. Ten roubles, which I paid him, settled or explained the whole affair. The *mougick* kissed my hand, and one of those present, who spoke French, advised me to be more careful of my nose in future. The advice was useful during the rest of my sojourn, and I never neglected to pay attention to it.

H. C. DUTT.

SONNET.

1871

O ever first to quell presumptuous pride,
 To dare the despot’s wrath, and bar his way,
 The impious foes of liberty to slay,—
 Of stainless honor, and of valour tried,
 O high-souled France ! in sadness turn aside,
 From the rude world, in this thy evil day,
 Bend low the knee to God, and weep, and say,—
 Thou art my Help, my Confidence and Guide :
 ’Tis writ the king who smote Jehovah’s foes
 With a continual stroke,—who in His sight
 Was the Great Hammer of the earth, arose
 From his sad fall arrayed with heavenly might ;
 Therefore bend low the knee—lift up the eye,
 Plead with thy God, O France !—thou canst not die.

D.

DISTRIBUTION OF POWER.

For the purposes of this article, we shall use this phrase in its widest signification, and include in it all measures which serve the purpose of distributing power from the hands of a few to the hands of many ; and we shall examine how far, and in what respects, the policy is attended with beneficial results in its application in India.

Distribution of power may be effected in two different ways. The more primitive way is to distribute power bodily as it were among various functionaries, each particular functionary becoming almost irresponsible for the power he exercises. This practice is generally found among oriental nations not highly enlightened, but who have yet progressed so far in civilization as to require some sort of organization and distribution of power in the economy of their state. This policy, in so far as it has been followed by our rulers, has been attended with sad results. The second and more refined way of distributing power is, by creating and multiplying the responsibilities of every individual tenant of power, and thereby making him directly responsible to his brother officers for almost every thing he does. Such salutary interweaving of powers and responsibilities among the officers of state is found only in highly enlightened countries and, in fact, is the product of long and tedious development. This practice has been attended with the best results in India, and we shall take this first into consideration.

The necessity of sanctions and responsibilities being attached in every instance to the possession of power discloses a sad feature of human nature. History does not record one instance of irresponsible power without its being attended with the grossest abuse. No temptation is perhaps more difficult to resist, than the temptation of abusing our power when we are free so to do ; certain it is that, however individual men may have now and then succeeded in resisting such temptations, mankind as a class has been found utterly unequal to the task. The most calamitous

epochs in the rolls of time, the most heart-rending passages in the ever living Book of History, bear ample evidence to this. The annals of the acts and doings of oriental princes and potentates,—nay of the pettiest Subadars and zemindars in Asia, the annals of the European conquerors of the East and West Indies before the enlightened public opinion of Europe could throw a check on their actions, the history of the Spanish and Portuguese chiefs in Mexico and Peru, and of the European and American traders on the shores of Africa,—the annals of potentates, priests and armies, whenever and wherever they could get absolute power and could shake off the shackles of public opinion,—all shew how man, civilized and uncivilized, has acted whenever in possession of irresponsible power, and point out to the reflective student of History the strength of the propensity implanted in human nature, never to be erased, to abuse our power whenever we are free so to do. Civilization tries *slowly* to cope with this propensity, and by creating a strong public opinion as well as by multiplying responsibilities and legal sanctions, slowly educates us to a proper sense of our duties, and enables us rightly to use our power ; but as soon as these salutary checks are removed, human nature is selfish human nature again, and we are apt to forget but too soon the righteous lesson which it took us so long to learn.

The short history of British rule in India is replete with such instances, but we must content ourselves with one. The public opinion of our country has never been so enlightened as to deter our ancestors from the abuse of power whenever such was possible, and hence abuse of power has been the rule rather than the exception among our countrymen. We shall therefore choose an instance in which the recipients of power were of English parentage, had received English education, and were trained up to English notions of right and justice and to the high standard of English morality. Every school-boy knows the history of the servants of the East India Company who lived and worked in India about a hundred years ago. They came out to India with every qualification which could make them honest men and beneficent

rulers, and as such they were placed in possession of irresponsible power. For the good use of the powers and opportunities which were lodged in their hands, they were *practically* not responsible to any one,—neither to direct official superiors, nor to the public opinion of England ; and history records how the rights of the people, the rights of the Indian traders, the rights of Subadars and Nawabs, English honor and English justice, were unhesitatingly sacrificed to the lust of wealth.

We have cited this instance, because the lesson which it teaches has its application to the present day. Corruption has happily decreased in these days, but has not altogether disappeared, and especially rages among the ranks of the Police. Increase of pay, education, and such like liberal measures, are sometimes proposed to stamp it out altogether, but such measures we venture to hold are destined to fail. When every act of corruption in town or in village will have at least a fair chance of detection and of visitation with punishment, then, and not till then, will perfect integrity be restored. But we are digressing. Happily for the welfare of India, distribution of power in the more civilized mode is to be now found everywhere. Sanctions and liabilities are now attached to every office from the highest to the lowest, and the system is improving every day. Such a system, by compelling each individual member to do his duty, produces a righteous habit in all, and has a most salutary effect on society at large.

We now turn to the more primitive form of distribution of power, which is generally to be met with in oriental countries. In such countries, we generally find, under the imperial ruler, a number of Subadars or Satraps entrusted with the management of portions of the kingdom, and bound to furnish their master with stated sums of money and, in times of war, with a certain number of troops. So long as these Subadars furnish their quota of money and army to their master, they are practically independent within their respective territories, and govern and treat their subjects just as they like. Subordinate to these Subadars again, we find other chiefs and land-owners bound to the

Subadars by ties similar, or almost similar, to those by which the Subadars are bound to the emperors. Such feudal or demi-feudal systems prevailed at one time all over Europe, but while the civilization of Europe has outgrown such a crude system of distribution of power, in Asia the system has crystalized into a settled regime which threatens to last till the end of time.

The mind turns curiously to enquire into the causes of this difference of phenomena between the two continents. One palpable explanation is afforded in the fact that, while the division and subdivision of empires with officers for each division are at once suggested to the power governing a vast empire, the creation of sanctions and responsibilities to keep in check every officer, including the supreme officer himself, is of later development, and is attained only at a later stage of civilization, such as Asia has not reached up to this time. But there is another, and a more latent reason, which explains the phenomenon. It is the misfortune of warm and fertile countries that, while on the one hand the land produces too much, the producers themselves require too little to supply their natural wants ; consequently population increases at a fearful rate, and the wages of labor through the stubborn law of demand and supply decrease to a miserable pittance. While, therefore, much is produced by laborers in such countries, little is consumed by them, and the equitable distribution of wealth is seriously impaired, and undue accumulation in a few hands is fostered to an alarming extent. Hence the phenomenon of isolated lordlings and potentates rolling in wealth and luxury, and surrounded by poor and starving millions, is uniformly presented to the eye by all warm countries with any pretensions to wealth or civilization.* In such countries, *national* independence is possible, and is often stubbornly guarded by ideas of clanship and national union ; but as the *individual* counts for nothing, the rights and freedom of *individuals* are unknown and unrecognized. As a nation they may be free, but as men

* See the subject ably treated in Buckle's *History of Civilization*, Chap.

they are subjected to the tyranny of their domestic oppressors. Servility is thus engendered, and all institutions partake of a servile character. On the other hand, in cold countries, while less is produced by the laborers, a large proportion is required for their own sustenance : undue accumulation in a few hands is thus retarded, and the importance and rights of individuals are recognized and respected. True political freedom is therefore maintained in such countries. Now, the crude form of distribution of power referred to above, affording as it does ample scope for oppression by the irresponsible recipients of power, is peculiarly fitted to a servile, and not a free, people. That form is therefore found in the civilized countries of the East,—Egypt Persia, India and China, not in the colder countries of Europe. Every nation has had slowly to progress from a state of utter barbarism. Both starting from the same point, the civilization of Europe has secured for her independent population a system of distribution of power which recognizes and respects individual freedom, while the civilization of Asia has got for her servile children a different form of distribution of power, which ignores the rights of individuals, and gives the freest scope to oppression. Fortunately for India, this system of distributing almost irresponsible power has been knocked on the head by the British Government. The reign of political and social patriarchs is well nigh over, and where law and government have not intermeddled, a liberal English education is fast sapping away the foundation of their power ; for the spirit of English literature is the staunchest advocate of individual freedom, and is creating a reformation in the heart of families. Family patriarchs are becoming obsolete as well as political patriarchs, and the rights of the *individual* are beginning to be recognized among the members of a family no less than among the members of the community.

There is one prominent instance, however, in which our rulers forgot the spirit of their laws, and, in imitation of the letter and not of the spirit of their institutions, have not only tolerated but confirmed an institution in which the system of patriarchal distribution

of almost irresponsible power is displayed in its worst features. Our readers have no doubt anticipated that we allude to the Permanent Settlement. The Permanent Settlement, as it is one of the most important acts of our rulers, so it is certainly one of the most memorable instances of their undoubted generosity and their lamentable indiscretion. After a careful and impartial enquiry it was ascertained that, by the law as prevalent in India, the land belonged, and had always belonged, to the supreme rulers of the country. Consequently, when the English succeeded the Mahomedans in the possession of the country, the property of the land vested in them. The generous resolution was then taken to sacrifice this right, this property, for the good of the people. It was a resolution worthy the most humane government on the face of the globe, a measure the like of which was never witnessed under oriental rulers. But how was it sacrificed? A little insight into the social condition of the people might have informed our rulers, that the peasantry had the most spacious claims to the property of the land; a knowledge of their extreme poverty and weakness might have convinced our legislators, that to create a set of hereditary zemindars over them would be tantamount to creating a race of hereditary oppressors. But the landed aristocracy system acted well in England, and that system was on an evil day inaugurated in Bengal. Indeed, nothing has been a more fruitful source of mistakes in English legislation in India, than their aptness to conclude, that an institution which acts well in England must necessarily act well in India. There are a thousand and one different conditions which, like the minute wheels of an engine, regulate and modify the action of any particular institution; and these conditions are so widely different in India from what they are in England, that an institution, which is a source of happiness to the people of England, may be converted into an engine of oppression in India. We are by no means admirers of the Permanent Settlement system in England. It involves the policy of legislating for future generations, so strongly and justly censured by Bentham and other jurists; it has lodged too much power in the hands of the

landed aristocracy, and has rendered reforms antagonistic to the interests of that class almost impracticable in the Houses of Parliament; and it has left the peasantry of England in a very backward state of civilization.* But, with all these drawbacks, the Permanent Settlement has acted well enough in England. The natural independence of the people, the enlightened and strong public opinion of the land, and the publicity given to every important occurrence in England, preclude the possibility of any gross abuse of power by the landed aristocracy, while the want of these salutary checks, combined with the extreme weakness of the peasantry of Bengal, renders the oppression of the zemindars and gomastas the rule rather than the exception.

The wise legislator will not, therefore, try to transplant bodily into our country the institutions of freer and happier countries. Such exotic institutions may never take root in this uncongenial climate, or if they do take root, they often change their character, and become poisonous and oppressive. One thing we cannot too strongly impress on our legislators, and that is, to constantly bear in mind the extreme weakness and helplessness of the people. Among such a people, power, however and wherever lodged, tends to be oppressive unless jealously guarded in its use and operations. Local bodies there exist in England without number, and they answer a very good purpose too; but the attempt to create such bodies, unless made with the greatest caution, is fraught with danger in India, for they are but too apt to partake of an oppressive character. Such bodies are the natural off-shoots of the freedom of institutions and the freedom of the people, but the converse of this proposition is anything but true;—the artificial creation of such bodies will ever fail to secure the freedom of institutions and of the people.

While speaking of the mistakes of our legislators, we are free to confess, that legislation in India is a most arduous task, and the

* The happy condition of the peasantry of north England, so admirably depicted by Wordsworth, is attributed by Mr. Mill to the fact that the system of peasant proprietors prevails in that country.

difficulties which beset the path of our legislators can hardly be exaggerated. Legislating for a foreign people, with strange habits and institutions, is always a difficult task, but the difficulty in the present instance is aggravated by the total want of enlightened public opinion to help legislation. Anglo-Indian public opinion betrays too much of jealousy and ill-feeling towards the people of the land, to be a monitor to a legislative body, whose primary object is the good of that people; while the public opinion of the people themselves is often too unenlightened and narrow to be able to grasp or view, in their correct light, knotty political questions. But there is a still graver defect in the public opinion of the people. The fact of sound English education being confined to an exceedingly limited class of people renders our opinions peculiarly one-sided and partial. In advocating our rights, we betray ourselves to be sadly wanting in sympathy for the uneducated millions who really constitute the nation. Whoever has carefully examined the proceedings of our associations and the articles of our newspapers, must be painfully alive to the truth of this remark. Rights of the educated natives of the country to the higher government services, rights of the leaders of our community to a place in the legislative councils, rights of the zemindars to an exemption from all land impositions, have been frequently insisted upon in vigorous language; but the right of the ryots to be educated, to be represented, to be freed from the trammels of ignorance, to be saved from the oppression of zemindars,—such ideas have invariably emanated from our rulers and not from us. While legislation has been busy for the best half of a century in restricting the powers of the zemindars, our press, English or vernacular, sees no such necessity; while legislation for the last few years has been advocating mass education, we are calculating the probable loss that high education may sustain if such a step is taken! And yet high education concerns hardly one man in a thousand; and all that has been written or spoken in its favor, all that has fired the patriotism of our countrymen, and has filled the columns of our newspapers, was for the benefit and

interest of one man in a thousand,—the claims of the remaining nine hundred and ninety nine being ignored or forgotten! All honor to the legislation which has disregarded such public opinion, and has worked for the million as well as for the upper ten-thousand.

But we are digressing. We have said that one of the most fruitful sources of mistakes in English legislation is the aptitude to conclude that whatever acts well in England will act well in India. The error is not, however, confined to legislation alone. Many of our educated countrymen in their warm admiration for England believe a close imitation of English institutions as the remedy for all evils. They forget that the action of those institutions depends on other conditions which are different in the two countries. To such we commend the following tale :—A certain Brahman went down from Calcutta to Ulubaria, and early in the morning went to the river side to perform his morning devotions and ablutions. A damsel, who passed that way on her way to the bathing *ghat*, saw the Brahman engaged in making an image of the god Siva from the river-side clay. After sometime, while returning from her bath, the girl saw the Brahman still engaged in the same work, “Brahman!” quoth she, “the sun is up, you have spent the whole morning in making a Siva, when will you worship him and finish your *pūja*?” “Damsel,” replied the Brahman, “it is not my fault; I have been attempting all this time to make a Siva, but such is the soil of Ulubaria that the figure, despite all my endeavours, invariably turns out to be that of an ape.” We may attempt to import bodily the institutions of England, but such is the soil of our country, that the institutions will too often change their natures and turn into veritable apes!

PHÆDRIA.

(See Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book II. Canto VI.)

O gentle maid, of care devoid,
O waft me o'er thy placid sea,
To that fair isle where ever reigns
Simple-hearted Jollity ;

Where songs of birds have power to soothe
The troubles of a broken heart,
Where gentle murmurs of the rill
Comfort to the soul impart.

Too weak to wage the war of life,
I 'd seek thy island's lonely bowers,
Forgetting all the world around,
In peace would pass my happy hours.

J. C. DUTT.

THE " OCCASIONAL REVIEWER. "

THE *Experiences of a Bengali Christian** is one of the prettiest books we have ever seen. Not that we agree with the writer in all that he says about Missions and Missionaries, about Converts and Converts'-Buildings, about zenana teachers and their " dusky satellites " ; not that we think that he gives a fair representation of Mission work in Bengal ; but there is in the little book before us such an amount of really fine writing, such genial humour, such raciness of expression, such delicacy of feeling, such graphic word-painting, such innocent fun, that we envy not the man who can read it through without being infinitely amused. And yet there is more in it than simple amusement. There are in it hints and suggestions, not formally but only indirectly made,

* *Experiences of a Bengali Christian*. In Three Parts. Part. I. Calcutta : Cones and Co. 1872.

which are well worthy of being considered as well by Missionaries as by the Directors of Missionary Societies; indeed, the author regards his *nouvellette* "as a feeble help to the inauguration of a better state of things with respect to the extensive Missionary operations carried on in this country." We hope and trust that the author's desire will be fulfilled.

As a specimen of the author's style we give below the opening chapter of the book.

"I was hastening home after a hard day's work, and those who know how trying to the brain and nerves are the duties of an assistant teacher of youth at an Institution or College, in a populous town like Calcutta, will at once understand how fagged I was—when Pecari, our old maid servant, met me on the road: "Baboo," she said, "your father is very angry with you, to-day he has ordered the cook not to cook for you, and the servant not to let you have the use of any plates and drinking vessels; he has heard that you will become a Christian next Sunday. It is not wise to anger your father. Be wise and change your mind."

At this remonstrance I was somewhat taken back. My father knew that I believed in the Christian religion. He knew this for years. I had myself spoken to him on the subject of my baptism, and had apprised him that as the rite seemed to me so full of blessing, I could not for anything or any one's sake defer it longer, but I had added that I would gladly remain separate from him after my baptism, so that he might not be in any way incommenced or compromised. No signs of displeasure had my father (now upwards of five and fifty) evinced to me. But now his attitude was, to all appearance, thoroughly hostile.

, Without minding old Pecari I pressed towards home. I thought that some of the passers-by stared at me as I walked on, old Pecari trudging before. But this might have been my own imagination. On both sides of the street were the shops of sweetmeat sellers exposing their tempting goods of various colors. Carriages dashed past while others moved on at a jog-trot pace chokefull of turbaned clerks dismissed from their office desks. A cartman (than whom royalty itself could not be more jovial or happy) with cart drawn by jaded bullocks was wending home, at times vociferating some lively catch, and at each *refrain* striking the beasts alternately with one end of his sceptre or *baton*. Here a shabby urchin was flying his kite, and there two half-starved looking dogs were listlessly loitering. As I emerged into the broad road the scene changed. On one side was a large square or tank with a few old trees and some idle promenaders. On the other a beautiful church, and grounds green with grass, on which a few young ladies, smartly dressed,

were playing croquet. A crowd had collected to see how the play was going on without understanding it. Too absorbed with my own thoughts, I had no time, either to enjoy the rising breeze by strolling near the tank, or joining the gaping by-standers. I pressed on towards home, and on reaching my destination, found the entrance fast bolted. Pecari had spoken truly. My father's door was shut !

"I turned not without an internal pang and as I walked slowly my reflections were somewhat like the following : Where am I now to put up for the night ? It would not do to go to the missionary who has promised to baptise me. It would not do to go to my wife who is now with her father, a rigid Hindu. Is baptism necessary for salvation ? I have often been told that baptism is only a badge of profession and a test of moral courage. That seems very unsatisfactory. No.—No. It is an instrument of special grace and I must have it. But why should I apply to a missionary of some foreign body or society espousing sectarian principles for this purpose ? Where else *can* I apply ? Why are there so many sects ? What is a real Christian ? Is it possible in this life to live up to the sermon on the Mount ? Do the missionaries do so ? Will my wife join me after I have been baptised ? Will her heathen relations persecute her so long as she remains with them ? Is civilization as I now see it, and Christianity as I see it in the Bible, one and the same thing ?

"One of the foremost of the street nuisances of Calcutta has its origin in the jute-trade. Four carts overlaid with jute were now blocking up my way, and notwithstanding the whips and vociferations of the drivers, the bullocks seemed determined to stand their ground. At this juncture, an idea occurred to me about a sleeping place. Not far there was a shed in which *palkies* stood for hire, and in one of these *palkies*, I determined to pass the night by bribing the simple Beotians who had charge of them. I managed to slip out of the entanglement of the carts and was proceeding for this purpose, thinking of nothing else but that Christianity was after all a glorious reality, when the western sky attracted my attention. The sun was setting. On either side the clouds had ranged themselves like walls of jasper, and a gate flooded with radiance seemed to stand open to my admiring gaze. I stood as one spell-bound. Never had I seen anything so beautiful, or rather never had anything exercised so potent a charm over me. And something or some body whispered in my ears "My father's house !"

We have read with great pleasure the little volume entitled *Three years in Europe**. The writer, who is evidently a Bengali

* *Three Years in Europe*, being extracts from Letters sent from Europe. Calcutta : Stanhope Press. 1872.

gentleman, made, while in Europe, a good use not only of his eyes but also of his pen, and regularly sent to his brother in Calcutta an account of every thing he saw in England, Scotland and the Continent; and those letters—most of which we remember to have seen in a weekly Calcutta newspaper—have now been reproduced and collected in the volume before us. Though there is nothing new in it, it is an interesting publication especially as coming from a Bengali gentleman travelling in Europe. It is, we believe, the first in its kind; for though a Parsi gentleman, Mr. Dossabhai Framji, long ago told his countrymen in Gujarati what he saw in Europe, no Bengali had hitherto given any account of his foreign travel. And the account is a well-written one. The writer's style is natural, easy and simple, utterly devoid of that verbosity and pomposity which characterize the compositions of the majority of our so-called educated countrymen. It is impossible to read a single page of the book without feeling that the writer is well up in English and Scotch history, and extensively read in English literature. The book is exactly what one would expect from a Bengali gentleman who has had the benefit of thorough English culture. We want, however, a more elaborate book, conveying fully the impressions made on a Bengali by English manners and customs,—such a book, in fact, as has been lately written by that eloquent Frenchman, M. Taine. In the meantime we are thankful for what we have got. As a specimen of our author's manner of thinking and writing, we give the following extract:—

“ Thus far about the highest class in England, and I shall tell you something about the lowest, *i. e.*, the laboring classes. I have often told you that the thing which probably, more than anything else, strikes a foreigner in England is the spirit of independence and self-reliance which pervades every institution and every class of people in this country. There are hardly any traces here of that baneful patriarchal system on which every institution in our country may be said to be based. Relative duties of different classes of people are determined here with an eye towards utility and not towards sentimental idealism, and children in this country are not bondsmen to their parents nor are servants slaves. Possessed of a wonderful amount of

self-respect, the servants and laboring classes of England deserve and receive a degree of good treatment from their masters unheard of in oriental countries. Your servant will serve you faithfully and well, but not with flattery and cringing, for that does not form a part of his contract. He is dutiful and honest, walks with a bold step, and looks you in the face, respectfully, but like a free man.

“ Their sense of independence is the parent of a host of virtues. For visiting with punishment every slight violation to rigid rules naturally and necessarily leads one to resort to excuses and falsehood for the avoidance of the punishment, and mendacity, dishonesty and cowardice are the natural concomitants of rigid subjection, while veracity, honesty boldness and accompany independence.

“ Notwithstanding these noble qualities, the lower classes of England are in many respects very far from what they ought to be, and their character is soiled by some of the worst vices of human nature. Drunkenness and cruelty to wives prevail to a fearful extent among them, their independence often borders on insolence, and their remarkable imprudence necessarily makes them wretched. They form the only uneducated class of people in England, and their want of education makes them incapable of improving their condition. What is wanted for them is education, and effective steps are being taken to spread education to all classes of people in England.”

The *Address to India* *, in verse, by the Revd. Dr. John Wilson of Bombay, ought to be perused with attention by the educated youth of India. Dr. Wilson is no ordinary man. He is one of the best oriental scholars in India, as well acquainted with the *Rigveda* as with the *Zendavesta*, in their original forms. But he is not a mere orientalist,—a class of men, many of whom inflict the public with a perilous heap of trash sprinkled here and there with some learned Sanskrit and Arabic words, and pompously dignified with the name—“antiquities.” Dr. Wilson is not an orientalist of this stamp. He is a man of general and broad culture. He can break a lance with Max Muller in the field of Vedic literature, and with Haug, in the field of Zoroastrian literature; but he can do more. He is familiar with the Botany and Zoology of India; and he will eloquently expatiate for hours on the genesis

* *Address to India*, in verse. With Illustrative Notes. Bombay Tract and Book Society. 1872.

and characteristics of a pebble which he has picked up on the shores of the Gulf of Cambay. Learned men, especially of an oriental type, are generally sour and austere in their manners; Dr. Wilson is just the reverse; genial-hearted, affable, cheerful, he is the most agreeable of companions. As an author, the books he has written, in English and other languages, might fill a large shelf. But this is not all. His extensive learning, his wide culture, his high talents, have all been consecrated to the service of God and of humanity. He came out to India as a Missionary, we believe, in the beginning of the year 1829; and for the last forty-three years he has been working in the Mission field with a constancy and a zeal and a faith and a love, above all praise. Such is the man who has just issued an *Address*, "affectionately inscribed by the author to his educated Native friends." The poet—for Dr. Wilson has written the *Address* in verse, and he justifies his choice on the principle—

"A verse may catch a wandering soul that flies profounder Tracts,"
—the poet sees by anticipation the dawning of that bright day when India shall be truly regenerated, and when the Sun of Righteousness shall shed forth "light and healing" on its vast population; and he asks the question—How shall this "blessed change" be brought about? With the answer to this question the bulk of this short poem is taken up. And what is the answer? It is given first negatively and then positively. That blessed change will be brought about

"Not by the Rishi's songs, of olden time,
Sung on the banks of Sindhu's mighty flood,
In earnest but misplaced piety;"

not by the pantheistic speculations of the old sages; not by the several schools of *Darsan* philosophy; not by the tenets of Buddhism, the *summum bonum* of which is *Nirvana* or annihilation; not by the "hope of innumerable births," agreeably to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; not by "gulping fables old and fictions, legends and tales romantic, as set forth by poets to amuse, or cunning men for selfish ends;" not by confiding in "man-formed

gods " like Rama and Krishna ; not by worshipping idols made of earth or stone, silver or gold ; not by " weary pilgrimage performed to the Himálaya peaks ; " not by austere penance by which life is spent " not in doing good but suffering ill ; " not by " the Bhaktibháva of Chaitanya famed in all the provinces of Ganga East, and Tuká, his follower, of great name throughout the Maharashtra in the West ; "

" Not by the guesses of the fallen mind,

Called " intuitions " by the new Samáj :—

By what, then, will this blessed consummation be brought about?
Here is the reply :—

" But by God's sacred and most blessed word

Forth-breathed from on high, holy and pure,

Harmonious, consistent, and sublime,

Worthy of God to give, and fit for man

To take, as guide on path of righteousness,

Announced by saints of old, taught by his Spirit,

Or spoken by his loved One from heaven,

Confirmed by miracles in sight of men,

Witnessing for it even unto death,

Revealing Jesus, God's eternal Son,

Incaruate in our nature, by men beheld

Light of the world, the sacrificial Lamb,

Ransomer from curse of broken law,

And purchaser of peace to sinful men,

Image express, in moral glory bright,

Of God who is not seen by mortal eye,

The Manifester of God's boundless love,

Inviting faith, and rest, and holiness,

Wrought and consummated through power divine."

We heartily commend to our educated countrymen this little book, which may be had for four annas only at the Bombay Tract and Book Depository. We had nearly forgotten to mention, that the illustrative notes appended to the poem are very valuable.

OCCASIONAL REVIEWER.

THE "CHIT CHAT CLUB."

NOVEMBER MEETING.

The Viceroy on the Admission of Indians into the Civil Service.

INTERLOCUTORS.

Bábu Rádha Krishna Banerjee.

——Pyári Chánd Basu.

——Jaya Gopál Ghosha.

——Syámá Charan Chatterjee.

——Jadu Náth Mitra.

Maulavi Imdád Ali.

Rádha. "I am sorry I cannot remain long at the Meeting this evening, as I have an engagement elsewhere."

Pyári. "So have I, I regret to say; and I must go away in a few minutes."

Jaya. "And if you both go away, how can there be any meeting? We better adjourn."

Imdád. "What a disappointment! I expected to have a long talk on the subject of our last meeting's conversation, I mean the admission of the Natives of India into the Civil Service. I suppose all of you, gentlemen, have seen Lord Northbrook's deliverance on the subject."

Rádha. "O yes; I have seen it, and if you are very anxious to speak on the subject, I can spare a few minutes. At the last meeting we nearly exhausted the subject, there is not much more to be said upon it either way."

Jadu. "But to what minute of the Viceroy do you allude? Has His Excellency written any Resolution on the admission of the Natives of India into the Civil Service? I have seen nothing about it in the papers."

Imdád. "No, no, no Minute, neither Resolution. When Lord Northbrook was at Bombay the other day, an influential deputation of the Bombay Association, somewhat similar

to our own British Indian Association, waited upon His lordship and presented him an Address, in which amongst other things the Association solicited the Viceroy to give to the Natives of India increased facilities for entering into the Civil Service."

Pyári. "Although I am in great haste and must go away in a few minutes, I am greatly interested in what you have just now said. I don't think I have seen His Excellency's reply to the Bombay Association in full. Have you got with you any newspaper giving a report of the Viceroy's reply? I should like to hear it read."

Imdád. "I have got with me a copy of the *Times of India* received this morning. It contains His Excellency's reply in full. If you wish I will read that part of it which refers to the admission of Indians into the Civil Service."

Pyári, Jaya, Syámá and Jadu, (bawling out). "Read! Read! Let us hear it."

Imdád. "Here it is. His Excellency says to the deputation:—

"You advert to the fact that no regulations have as yet been made by the Government of India under the provisions of the 33 Vic. cap. III. for the purpose of affording additional facilities for the employment of natives of India of proved merit and ability in the Civil Service of Her Majesty in India. I am glad to be able to inform you that these regulations are now under the consideration of the Government of India, and that we hope very shortly to submit them for the approval of Her Majesty's Government at home as required by the Act. So far as I can gather from your address, it appears to me that you consider that the intentions of the Act of Parliament and of Her Majesty's Gracious Proclamation, to which you also refer, would be best carried out by the admission of natives of India to the Covenanted Civil Service by means of competitive examinations to be held in India. Much has been said by men whose opinions are of great weight against any system of open competition as the only means of admission into the public service, but I am of opinion that the system is probably the best which could be devised to suit the circumstances and conditions of society in England. It seems to me, however, without depreciating the value of high education, that a mere test of intellectual capacity at an early age is not suited under

the present conditions of India to form the sole test of the fitness of natives for employment in offices of importance. Competitive examinations, therefore, in my opinion, would not adequately fulfil the intentions of the Act of Parliament. Of one thing, however, you may rest assured, and that is, that in forming our conclusions the Government of India will recognize to the fullest extent the desirability of gradually extending the employment of natives of India in several important branches of the public service."

Jaya. "Good Gracious! What is this? And did you not, Rádhá Babu, tell me at the last meeting to dismiss my fears on the ground that the present head of the Government is a liberal-hearted statesman, and a sincere well-wisher of the Natives of India?"

Rádhá. "I do not even now doubt that Lord Northbrook is a sincere well-wisher of the Natives of India, though I confess I have been completely dumbfounded by His lordship's remarks."

Indád. "But what is the precise gist of His lordship's remarks? What do you infer from them?"

Jaya. "Why, the meaning is as clear as the sun in the heavens. His Excellency is of the opinion that though competitive examinations are a good enough test for Englishmen, they are not a sufficient test for the Natives of India."

Jadu. "Or in other words, Lord Northbrook has now discovered, that what is sauce for the goose is *not* sauce for the gander."

Jaya. "Precisely! Competitive examinations suit the English goose, but they do not suit the Indian gander."

Pyári. "It is too serious and sad a subject to admit of raillery. I am sad—very sad."

Syámá. "But do you infer from His Excellency's remarks that the Natives of India will not be admitted into the Civil Service Examinations in England?"

Pyári. "I understand that His Excellency will propose that to Her Majesty's Government in England."

Syámá. "Then the door of the Civil Service will be shut to the Natives of India!"

Pyári. "Not quite. The door may be opened once, perhaps, in a quarter of a century, to admit a Native of India into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Civil Service, not by any examination, but by the nomination of the Governor-General. I suppose some such thing will be proposed."

Jadu. "His Excellency gives no reason for thinking that competitive examinations are unsuitable to Indians."

Pyári. "Why, yes. His lordship talks of "a mere test of intellectual capacity *at an early age* being not suited under the present conditions of India." I suppose some wiseacre has put into His Excellency's head the idea that Indians, like the fruits of their own tropical country, ripen soon, but they also wither soon. I confess, I do not understand what His lordship means by the *present conditions of India*."

Jaya. "And is Lord Northbrook, who is said to be one of the most advanced statesman of the day, really going to initiate a policy of retrogression?"

Pyári. "I am very sad, friends, unspeakably sad. I looked upon the coming of Lord Northbrook to India as the advent of a second Lord William Bentinck, but———
I have not the heart to add one word more. Good night, friends, I must be off."

Jaya. "We are all going. I declare the *Chit-Chat Club* to be in mourning."

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1873.



ON THE PLEASURES OF SENSE.

" Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

SEEING.

OUR sight is the most deceitful and the least reliable of all our senses. Its charms mock us from a distance and vanish into thin air at closer approach. Like way-worn travellers in the desert, we see stretched before us the tempting expanse, we strain every nerve, we exhaust the small stock of strength and patience yet left us. We let loose the long stifled desire provoked to frenzy by semblance of relief. We run riot in idle schemes of enjoyment, and blasphemously criticise the niggardliness of Heaven, that has confined such exquisite pleasures to single organs. We wish we could allay thirst through every sense, aye, through every pore, to do any thing like justice to the abundant supply so providentially thrown in our way; when lo! the crystal lake proves a mirage! Our aquatic carousal is postponed *sine die*, leaving us in a condition ten thousand times worse than that of Tantalus himself, who had at least the poor consolation of cooling his limbs in the stream, whereas ours are blistered by the burning sand, proverbially more hard to bear than the rays of the sun whose heat they absorb.

Pleasures to which we attach little or no value hardly cost any struggle to renounce. The mathematician, bent on the

solution of a difficult problem in his favourite science, forgets his breakfast, which is the morning and evening prayer of his less gifted neighbour. The poet pathetically pants for a retreat to escape the blandishments of society which constitute the be-all and end-all of existence with fools of fashion. The Gentile lavishes on worthless sycophants princely fortunes, for a moiety of which the Jew is ready to offer a hecatomb of all the noble instincts of nature. The henpecked dotard cuts himself off from prospects of advancement for the enjoyments of his fireside, and the crack-brained poltroon voluntarily exiles himself from every body that makes life dear, to seek bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. The faithful lover safely regains his haven, heeding not the witcheries of the painted courtesan, in which painting is concentrated the happiness of the libertine's salvation. We are actuated by different motives in chalking out different lines of conduct for ourselves. The whole and sole object of pursuit is the gratification of that single motive. The moment it is gratified we cease to be solicitous for any thing else. So long as it is not gratified we pine away in the midst of plenty, and continue discontented though revelling in all the other bounties of Heaven. Had the magnificent pictures presented by sight appealed to a particular passion, multitudes would have escaped their influence. But patricians or plebeians, warriors or politicians, scholars or rustics, all, all equally yield to their fascinations.

What mortal eye can, unmoved, behold the eternity of green, mosaicked by the deep purple of bombax, while the western sun plays hide and seek with the budding mangoe on the topmost bough, showering frankincense and myrrh wherewith to anoint the infantine Pulse cradled on the soil? Here, in prominent relief stands the patriarchal Banian, surrounded by his numerous progeny, nodding time to the wild music of rooks nestling for the night, and to the still more honied music of welcome, halloo-ballooed by Shem, Ham and Japheth, to Paterfamilias, slowly wending his way to that hereditary gymnasium, a sort of half-way home between his scenes of labor and scenes of rest, now enveloped in

thick smoke, where the village Yelverton, unmindful of political or professional cares, prepares the savoury vegetable meal, supplementing all luxurious adjuncts by unmistakable assiduity and devotion. Frantically you move thitherward, little suspecting that your progress is to be ere long arrested at each step by thorns and thistles ambushed in the velvet sheet, and Aladdin's golden palace, gone, gone with Badroulbador, and all gone, heaven knows where, leaving ghastly fields, rudely cut into all sorts of irregular figures, intersected by a horrid net-work of fetid pools and malarious heaths yonder, denuded of every thing capable of reminding you of the quandom fairy land. So lie the mouldering limbs of a fair female, disinterred in an advanced stage of decomposition, bearing not a single vestige of the dimpled smile that once held worlds of admirers, paralyzed, putrified, robbed alike of speech and motion !

“That man is but an excrescence of his mother” who can, without a permeating beatific thrill, survey the gorgeous east of a fair summer dawn, when kind Heaven lavishes voluptuous tints, to force on the obdurate unbelieving soul of man the truth, that infidelity and insanity are but one and the same thing. “The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.” Folly, I submit, is too mild a term for the woful obtuseness which fails distinctly to see in this endless field of gold and crimson the finger that writes in characters legible to all—HERE IS THE TEMPLE OF OMNIPOTENCE.

“On earth join all ye creatures to extol

Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.”

The vaunted demonstrations of the exact sciences dwindle into nothing compared with a demonstration so strong, so complete. Other convictions may be effaced or considerably modified by time, may be permanently or temporarily ignored by interest, or by motives still more unworthy. But moral conviction admits of no cavil, no quibble. It leaves no room for vacillation or retraction. *DEUS EST*—undaunted proclaims the happy proselyte, dragged to the gaping mouth of the dungeon, or tied to the flaming stake, glorying in the rare privilege of suffering for so noble a cause.

Imitation sun-rise, produced by chemical agency, invites, from far and near, people who pinch their purses and risk their limbs to have a glimpse of the phenomenon. Will the reality go for nothing? Hard, hopelessly hard, must be the heart of the wretch who remains unaffected by this miracle of miracles, certainly none the less so on account of its mysterious and punctual recurrence!

Nor is the eloquence of the period which succeeds the sun's glorious career less persuasive. What it wants in brilliancy is more than made up by its solemnity, equally calculated to rouse devotional feelings, and awaken proud man to a sense of his absolute insignificance in the infinite scale of creation. Vain, very vain appears his lordly boast when he is juxtaposed with the stupendous monuments of divine power wantonly scattered as it were throughout the universe. Compared with this awful array of worlds and systems, what is man but a worm, his life but a span, his space but a point? Lo! in the stillness of the night Her Serene Excellency holds the grand *Durbar*: mounted on her viceregal throne, and surrounded by mighty foreign potentates twinkling homage, she sits, she sits unveiled, looking very mildness itself, the highest attribute of authority. While the austere sovereign of the day awes people into submission, she wins their hearts by suavity, establishing between the two a sort of balance of power, that practically illustrates the maxim *suaviter in modo fortiter in re*.

How infinitely superior must have been these delights did the eye but represent the luminaries in their real magnitude! When this dwarfish sun, only two feet in diameter, transports us with joy, what might have been expected of the sun with a diameter of 855,600 miles, heaving its ponderous head through the clouds, and blazing forth proportional light! Yea, what would be the state of the mind were each of the seeming two anna pieces, with which the whole vault of heaven seems studded, developed into luminous bodies larger than our sun, thus creating a wilderness of gigantic scenes, and flooding a quantity of light which the boldest hyperbole cannot most distantly approach! Imagination

itself gets giddy at the idea ; the soul reels like a frail bark in heavy seas,—its rudder and compass lost. Can any thing possibly be thought of greater, can any thing more beautiful be conceived, than a whole Pacific of burnished gold encircling, as if in amorous dalliance, the waist of a life-size Saturn, while the satellites, in couples four, dance eternal quadrille around ? Contemplation of objects like these could have gradually enlarged the mind, weaned it from the gewgaws and trumperies of this transitory existence, and finally prepared it for the contemplation of Him than whom nothing can be more great, than whom nothing can be more strange, than whom nothing can be more beautiful.

The same with works of art. Yes ; it is that very pair of eyes once so familiar ! Those very jet black balls floating in wide expanse of snow, half shaded by long lashed lids and over-arched by two curves like the perilous bow of the god of love.

“——Oh, where is the heart so wise,
 Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes,
 Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal
 Like those of angels ? ”

The very sly look that, go where you will, north, south, east or west, still pursues you, and flashes eloquence unknown to language written or spoken. “Her lips blush deeper sweets” and tremble—you will swear by every thing sacred on earth or in heaven that, they do—though her wonted silver voice is inaudible. It is she—it is the long-lost FANNY ! You grow mysteriously unconscious of time, place and circumstance ; you snatch the frame to overwhelm the dear one with caresses. By Jove ! you exclaim. Instantly you rub your eyes, you clean your glass. No, nothing is the matter with either. It is not, it cannot be. Surely you have taken the wrong frame down ! Wildly you turn your eyes to the spot, and that spot only is vacant ! Whence the metamorphosis ? A mere daub ! The daub of daubs ! Worse, much worse than what the maiden attempt of GANNA could perform ! In sheer vexation of spirit you replace the picture, and, lo ! FANNY is restored to life again ! The resuscitation is as complete as was

the dissolution. The magic light and shade has done it all. It is a wreck no longer but a gaily equipped ship of the line.

“O’er the glad waves, like a child in the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;
Full on the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward like hope in the gale.”

Our eye-sight not only withholds much of the pleasures derivable from works of nature and art, but mulets us of much even in those it does bestow. The consciousness that what we enjoy is not real, serves in a great measure to mar the effect they might have otherwise produced. There is in man an innate aversion of deceit.

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated, needs but to be seen.”

This is most emphatically true of treachery. The brigand who levels his cold steel and leaves you between the two fearful alternatives—delivery and death, seems, on the whole, to be a more honorable sort of fellow than the base sneak who dares not offer violence face to face but seeks to accomplish his diabolical object from behind. “Walls have ears” is his cowardly creed. Secrecy is his strength ; secrecy is his manœuvre. Like an adept in the black art, he buries himself in obscurity, that he may the better effect his incendiary purpose. His purest motives are shrouded in mystification, his best acts are at best but suspicious. Charity pleads hard in favor of weak humanity betrayed into indiscretion by frailty inherent in its nature. The parson’s young daughter, eloping with the family groom, not only topsyturvy her own status in society, but places her parent in the most unenviable position conceivable, if she does not permanently impair the venerable clergyman’s usefulness in the parish. Yet the most strict of judges will discover some palliation for the guilt in the personal attractions of the low caste Lothario at the bar. But indecent *malice prepense* is so conspicuously obtrusive that charity is awed away from the field, and common sense refuses to accept the brief. What has Olivia Brown (spinster) done to deserve

gipsy treatment at the hands of every woman that is to be married, and that was married in the year of grace 1773 or thereabouts? Why should she be the "for example" of every tale of ludicrous love, or the peg to hang a doleful moral on? She is in society; she had, "once on a time," under her pillow a full-sized bundle of metrical correspondence, since transferred to more congenial quarters and for more useful purpose; she was the standing toast on Christmas-eve for upwards of a quarter of a century; and, sooth to say, was, on many a gala occasion, solemnly declared as belonging to a higher order of beings, by perjured youths who, in the same breath, cannonized scores of other girls all around. Poor thing! In her case, the tables are turned—without spiritual agency. Instead of being the wooed of all wooers, she herself has to go a-marketing, and to commence regular churchgoer before she is due! She does but compliment your taste by bridging over sundry furrows on her face with paste; she consults only your ease and comfort by consulting her dentist. And yet you not only discount the supernumeraries, but clap on a heavy brokerage on her average comeliness, which might have retained the bazar quotation but for the unfortunate attempt to secure a higher one.

The subordinate pleasures of Hope, Memory or Imagination, are also prejudicially affected by the deception in question. Derived as they unquestionably are from the senses, whatever taints these necessarily taints the others. The mind would have been sufficiently delighted with the contemplation of objects even less great or less beautiful than those the images of which fill it at present, but for the knowledge that they are not what they appear to be. Had not experience or science revealed to us the truth, a prospect rendered comparatively coarse by closer inspection, or a heavenly luminary in its reduced dimensions, would have been ageeable enough. Because our eye-sight precludes us from enjoying the highest degree of pleasure derivable from either, we feel dissatisfied and disappointed. The human mind is the most way-ward urchin that ever tried the patience of a mother. Contented it continues its depredations on the pages of the Horn-book till it

spies a more tempting volume, and then nothing short of as fell an attack on the fresh morocco will satisfy the little Genseric. Logic and Rhetoric go for nothing. The child frets; and *hoons* and *hoons* to the end of the chapter, and would much rather forego the luxury of Vandalism altogether, than confine any longer its opérations within the former limited sphere.

THE NEW YEAR.

SMILES for the year that hath come in,
And tears for all the bygone years,
Too senseless he who holds it sin
To greet the NEW with smiles and tears.

O Past, we strow upon thy grave
The tribute, stem-dropt golden flowers ;
O Future, may we be as brave
As thou, who bravest us in sad hours.

Hard is 'the bivouac of life,'
May we to keep it be as strong ;
Glorious the issues of the strife,
Though fought with weary soul, and long.

Cheer up, faint soul, press onwards still,
Press through the woods to your own goal ;
See amber streaks are on the hill,
Press yonder and take heart, my soul.

There, when that Pisgah-height is reached,
Nor fogs, nor darksome shades intrude,
In pure white light our garments bleached,
We worship the Eternal Good.

H. C. D.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF BENGAL.

It is not our intention in this article to describe the condition of the people of Bengal. Such a description is not needed. We would rather trace the causes and circumstances which have influenced and formed the character of the people. Believing as we do that a nation's character is entirely moulded by physical and historical causes, we shall attempt to draw a brief outline of such causes as they exist in Bengal. And we shall then consider how such causes are likely to influence the Future of Bengal.

The manner in which the soil and climate of this country influence the character of the people, must be apparent even to the most superficial observer. All those physical causes which enfeeble and enervate, and make man incapable of having mastery over Nature, are found to exist and work in this country to an alarming extent. The damp heat of Bengal, unlike the dry heat of western India, disposes the people to be inactive and averse to labor; while the alluvial soil of the land, moistened and softened by periodical rains and inundations, produces an exuberance of crops almost without the toil of man, and denies him that salutary physical exercise which is almost necessitated in more hilly countries. Rice too, which is the chief produce of the land, affords nourishment rather than strength, and in this respect has been held to be worse than almost any other food, except potatoes and bananas. All these causes have acted with combined force on the physique of the Bengali, and have made him the weak and inactive creature that he is.

But this is not all. While such influences have made man singularly powerless, Nature and Natural forces, in this country, are pre-eminently strong; and the task of getting the mastery over Nature, and of bringing under human control her endless resources, has ever appeared a hopeless one, to the people of Bengal. Nursed by overwhelming floods and a burning sun, the animal and vegetable life in India, has attained a power nowhere exceeded on the face of the globe. Mighty forests and trackless woods,

extending over hundreds of miles, swamps and malarious lakes teeming with rank vegetable and animal life, tigers of the strongest and fiercest description, serpents of the deadliest poison, poisonous reptiles and insects that defy the pains of the naturalist,—these are the primeval dwellers of the soil, and in the pride of their undiminished strength still present to the weak race, that inhabit the land, a formidable front. The furious hurricanes too, devastating villages and entire districts, and the majestic Ganges ever busy in washing away and again re-forming hundreds and thousands of acres, and not unfrequently sweeping away entire villages in her imperious pride, are foes not easy to be conquered by man.* In many places, entire districts are annually inundated by rivers for several months, and the people have to live on *méchans*, putting up with the greatest conceivable inconvenience. In countries where Nature is less violent, man learns slowly to bring under his control her endless resources; but the case is quite otherwise in such a country as this. The terrific convulsions of Nature, her sudden and awful freaks, only impress upon man his weakness and utter helplessness, debar him from ever hoping to get the mastery over Nature, and make him timorous, devoid of self-reliance, and superstitious in the extreme.† Utter helplessness on occasions of sudden danger lead to superstition, and excite and develope the imagination to an abnormal extent; and the terrific violence and war of elements in India, the sudden washing away of our villages and the blowing away of our homes, the deadly sting of the unseen serpent, and the fatal spring of

* The vast amount of mischief done by the Ganges is known only to those who have had long experience in the villages. Entire villages on the banks of the Padma are often washed away in the course of one year, and the villagers save themselves only by leaving their homes in time. Even the Bhagirathi washes away from, or adds to, either of its banks thousands of acres year after year.

† Mr. Buckle attributes the superstition of the Spaniards and the Portuguese to the frequent and terrific earthquakes that take place in their country. Read his brilliant chapter on this subject.

the unexpected tiger, the whistling of the gale, and the creaking of trackless woods with their nameless inhabitants,—nay, the very aspect of the huge darksome trees that overshadow and almost overawe our villages ;—these, combined with our extreme weakness proceeding from physical causes, have filled our skies, or rather our imagination, with three hundred and thirty millions of gods and goddesses, and fairies, fays and elfins, whom we have not yet forgotten to fear and to worship.*

We do not maintain that Nature has always been unkind to us. On the contrary it was through her kindness that we prospered so well during the younger days of our civilization. Every institution in our country seems to be based on the patriarchal system of “good old times,” and we hope we shall not be accused with drawing too much on the imagination if we venture to assert, that the operations of Nature too in this country, since the beginning of our national life, have been in a patriarchal style. The peculiarities which marked the conduct of the *paterfamilias* of the patriarchal times towards his children were, firstly, the extreme care with which he tried to bring them up,—being himself responsible to government for their conduct ; and, secondly, the extreme jealousy with which he guarded his own power over them, and prevented them from ever becoming independent.† We shall see how, in both these respects, the operations of Nature in this country resemble the conduct of the typical *paterfamilias*. During the earlier days of our national life, Nature afforded us every facility for the advancement of our civilization. The fertile soil of this country supplied us with plenty of food, and thereby increased and thickened population and facilitated division of labor which is the first requisite for civilization. She gave us a net-work of navigable rivers which, by making communication easy, shortened distance, and further facilitated division of labor among people of distant villages. She supplied us, without any effort of our own, with an inexhaustible store of fruits and fish, as well as of vegetable

* Read Hume's *Philosophical Essay on Natural Religion*.

† Maine's *Ancient Law*.

and animal substance for our use. It was through these acts of kindness,—it was on account of these facilities, that we were enabled to secure for ourselves so early a civilization. We sprinkled our beautiful country with towns and buildings, whose ruins among the trackless woods of the Sunderbunds, or by the shores of the Ganges, still strike the traveller with wonder after the lapse of hundreds of years. We filled our rivers with boats of traffic, we cultivated with success the arts of peace, we cultivated literature, law and metaphysics in our schools of Benares, Tirhoot and other places, with wonderful success ; and we spread over our country practical rules of life and of division of labor, and established customs which have not ceased to work to the present day. But the kindness of *materfamilias*, Nature, ended here. Like children brought up with extreme indulgence, we have never learnt to go beyond her apron strings. As *materfamilias*, she is exceedingly jealous of her power, and has never allowed us to get the mastery over her. We have not learnt to be self-reliant, nor to apply the resources of Nature to our service to any extent worth speaking of. On the contrary, Nature still exercises over us absolute patriarchal authority, and we are still content to view with fear and trembling, but without ever thinking of resistance, her sudden and awful freaks of rage, and the abuse of her absolute power over us.

Far different has been the case with the colder countries of western Europe. Nature (to continue the figure) was to them a cold-hearted step-mother, and gave them no facilities for early civilization,—neither fertile soil nor navigable rivers. The people in western Europe, therefore, thus neglected, failed to secure an early civilization. It was later on that they learnt to civilize themselves despite the negligence of Dame Nature, and in that effort to educate themselves they learnt the noble lesson of self-reliance and sustained endeavour, which we have never learnt. These qualities they now employ in a most profitable way, viz, in extorting from Nature (to whom they owe no gratitude) every penny of her vast resources. And in the increasing triumphs

of man over Nature, consists the superiority of the civilization of Europe as compared with the civilization of Asia.

We now turn to the historical causes which have influenced the character of the people. The history of Bengal presents us with a universal and cheerless blank so far as the people are concerned. A long and undiversified subjection for gloomy centuries together,—a subjection which we never attempted to get freed from, has combined with the influences of Nature to make us more enervated and dependant. Nature and man combined to impress on our mind the idea of our utter helplessness, and the impossibility of our achieving any thing great by our own endeavour; and we learnt the lesson so thoroughly well that at last action on any emergent occasion became almost an impossibility with us. Our feelings might be wrought up to the highest pitch without leading us to action, and we could see our homes burnt and our property plundered, with anguish in our heart, but without even combining for resistance;—indeed, the incursions of the Mahrattas even, like the spread of malarious fevers in Bengal, probably only excited our fears and our imagination, and added to our household gods and goddesses. For centuries past, therefore, action, on any emergent occasion, has been with us an impossibility, and resistance even to the grossest acts of oppression out of the question. This utter inaction has resulted in oppression being the rule rather than the exception with every recipient of power in Bengal, be he Subadar or Zemindar, Gomasta or Policeman. Utter want of resistance renders power in Bengal liable to abuse to an alarming extent.

Then, again, during the long centuries of Mahomedan rule, and probably also during the Hindu rule which preceded it, security of property was very imperfectly maintained in Bengal. As a natural consequence, foresight and providence for the future among the people was retarded, and accumulation, except in the hands of the rulers, became an impossibility. For, unless there is at least a tolerable certainty of enjoying to-morrow what we keep in store to-day, providence for the future is useless, and is soon dispensed with. And during certain periods in the history of Bengal, specially

in the last days of Mahomedan rule, insecurity of property reached its maximum, and indeed almost reached that stage eloquently described by Bentham,* when industry is deadened and the people remain in a torpor of despair. No wonder, therefore, that the peasantry of Bengal have always been remarkable for their improvidence.

We shall not here stop to trace how weakness and oppressive subjection smother the noblest feelings of human nature, and generate some of the weakest vices and arts which are the resources of the weak. Nor would our space allow us to trace how many of the remarkable customs in our country have been slowly developed through the influences of natural and historical causes, nor to shew how history itself is the result of natural and physical causes influencing different nations and different bodies of people in different ways. The deeper we go into these investigations the more plainly can we eliminate the phenomena called accidents from the history of nations, and the better can we trace all the general features of history to fixed and unchanging laws. The laws are fixed and immutable, and the only differentiating causes are the different natural influences which produce different effects among nations. But, as we said, we have not time to go into all this. We have said enough to shew how completely the character of the people of Bengal has been moulded by physical and historical causes. It remains for us to consider how these same causes may be expected to operate in future. It may be very pertinently asked why these causes should not operate precisely in the same way in which they have acted so long? What new disturbing element has entered into the scene of action? We answer, that disturbing element is the English civilization with which we have suddenly come in contact ;—and we have to consider how this new element, combined with the causes above stated, will act on the character of the people. And we have only one thing to premise before we enter into these considerations.

* Bentham's *Theory of Legislation*.

We do not here pretend to anticipate the future history of Bengal,—that is a problem no doubt of vital importance,—but at the same time we believe of impractical solution. We shall therefore leave that alone, and shall only consider what change the character of the people may be expected to undergo under the British rule in Bengal.

The historical causes specified above, which have acted detrimentally on the character of the people, are being removed one by one under the beneficent rule of England. Admitting in its full force the general argument, that subjection in any shape is demoralizing, we still believe we are stating a simple truth when we say, that the sort of *morale* that we had could hardly sink lower, and is fast improving under the mitigated form of subjection we are now under. The freedom of action and even of thought, accorded to us by our rulers, is such as is calculated to revive in us the energy we had entirely lost, and the precepts and example of our rulers are even now instilling into our hearts some degree of assurance and self-reliance. Not the least important service done by British rule in India is the protection afforded to labor and its fruits. The insecure times under the Mahomedan rulers were, as we said before, altogether paralyzing to the active energies of the producers, and snapped the strings of the industry of the nation. For “industry and frugality cannot exist where there is not a preponderant probability that those who labor and spare will be permitted to enjoy. And the nearer this probability approaches to certainty, the more do industry and frugality become pervading qualities in a people.”* This security is now afforded by the British government, and trade and accumulation, and the habit of making present sacrifices for future gain, are ever on the increase. The education, too, that we are receiving, is every day familiarizing us with the high standard of English morality, and is gradually creating among us a strong enlightened public opinion, which is the best safeguard for the general morality of the people.

* Mill's *Principles of Political Economy*. Book IV. Chap 1.

We shall not here hesitate to record our painful conviction that the benefits of the English rule are all but lost on the uneducated peasantry of Bengal,—in other words on nine hundred and ninety nine out of every thousand of the people of Bengal. Even the security of property, which is meant to be extended to the meanest of British subjects, is constantly interfered with in the case of these poor people, sometimes by the Zemindar's underlings, and sometimes by the underlings of the Government. Accumulation among them is still as impossible as it ever was. Our enlightened Government, with all its good intentions, has failed to improve their *morale*, to rouse into new life their torpid energies, or to afford to their fainting heart any comfort or assurance. And the future of Bengal must be gloomy, indeed, so long as they who really constitute the nation remain in this backward state. We expect much, very much, from the interest our Government has lately manifested for these helpless millions.

Is the English rule teaching us to obtain the mastery over Nature? To this question we can give in reply a faint affirmative. For, it cannot be denied that the triumphs of civilization and art over Nature, with which we are every day being familiarized, are conveying a slow but salutary lesson into our minds. They are tacitly imparting confidence and assurance to our hearts, and are divesting us of that overwhelming awe for the forces of nature which held us spell-bound for centuries together. At the same time it must be confessed, that there are still many other physical influences which we are not learning to conquer, and which may therefore be expected to exert their baneful influence for ages to come. No means have yet been discovered to counteract the influence of damp heat on the human constitution. Rice is still our chief diet, nor does it seem likely that we as a nation will ever be able to afford to take to meat as our ordinary food. The country is too poor to construct houses for every villager that will brave the cyclones; and embankments, or the construction of inclined banks, to repress the turbulence of our rivers cannot be contemplated with our present resources. Nature in this country

therefore bids fair to continue in the enjoyment of her mastery over man till the end of time. There can be little doubt of the fact that, as a nation, we are improving in many respects under the British rule ; but there can be still less doubt of the fact, that the points in which we are so improving sink almost into insignificance when compared with those in which we may fairly expect to remain just as we are for centuries and ages to come. The attentive student of History, who knows what an arduous and tedious work it is for a nation to improve its character, will probably derive from the few benefits we are receiving under the British rule much consolation.

There is however one ray of hope amid this universal gloom. There is one thing of which we may be deservedly proud,—we mean that intellectual activity which has never deserted us in subjection or in sorrow. Whoever has closely examined the literary history of Bengal even in the most unfavorable times, *viz.*, under the rule of the Mahomedans, has marked the activity of thought and the strength of the intellect as it was displayed just before, and for sometime after, Chaitanya lived and worked, has minutely reviewed the labors of the great Raghunath and his acute followers of the Nadiya School, need not despond. We may not make startling discoveries in the sciences and arts,—for that requires the boldness and the energies of a free nation which we do not possess. But the heritage of an acute intellect and active thought which we have received from our forefathers will live, will be handed down to our posterity the more refined for having received English culture, and will impart solace and comfort to our children long after we have ceased to live.

ARCYDAE.

[To prevent misunderstanding we may remark, that we do not agree with the writer of the above thoughtful paper in all the opinions he has expressed. Having no sympathy with the crass materialism of Buckle and his Philosophy of Despair, and regard-

ing the Christian solution of the problem of life, as well national as individual, to be the true one, we cannot think that the case of Bengal is so hopeless as our esteemed contributor makes it out to be. Besides natural and historical causes, we believe in something higher, nobler and diviner. There are, at this moment, influences at work upon God's earth, by means of which "a nation may be born in a day." Ed. B. M.]

SONNET.

BURRA BAZAR.

THROUGH crowded alleys which o'erhead display
 A tortuous seam of pure unclouded sky,
 Past groups of glorious mosques and pagods high,
 And bubbling basins crowned with garlands gay,
 Oft, ere the school-bell rang, this dim archway
 I sought in youth, (how swift Time courses by !)
 For top, or ball, or beads of gaudy dye,
 Or haply, dreams of times long past away :
 In sooth, a fitter spot to realize
 The days when Bagdad held Al Raschid dear,
 Is not on earth ; for bales of goodly size,
 Embroidered scarfs, and jewelled dirks lie here,
 And in the stalls arrayed in turbans green,
 White-bearded men with amber pipes are seen.

D.

NOVELS AND NOVEL-WRITING.

THE *Saturday Review*, of a recent date, while noticing Ouida's last work—*A Dog of Flanders, and other Stories*,—makes some very cutting remarks which, however, are evidently meant to apply to her, less as an original thinker, than as "a scholar of the great master of the school, Balzac." The *Reviewer* says—

"She [Ouida] delights in affecting that kind of cynicism with which the reader of French novels is painfully familiar. She may be described as, in some respects, a scholar of the great master of the school, Balzac. Amongst the other peculiarities of that inimitable writer, one of the most conspicuous was his inversion of the ordinary novelist's code. Every English writer of reputation has found it necessary to conciliate the good opinion of his readers by exhibiting the ultimate triumph of virtue. A large family, good income, obedience, and troops of friends, almost invariably await the hero and heroine at the end of the volume. Balzac ingeniously inverted this system. Good fortune, in his pages, usually rewards successful villainy, and we are invited to admire virtue only as exhibited in the sufferings of a martyr. * * * Ouida is endeavouring to naturalise among us this agreeable view of human life. The truth is a very simple one, and easily learnt. The worst of it is that, in a very short time, this inverted view of human nature, becomes as monotonous as the old one; and as, on the whole, we hold that it is much less true—for were it true, the world would be ruled by the devil—we also consider it to be artistically inferior." The italics are ours.

That so talented a writer as our contemporary of the *Review* unquestionably is,—one who has, to all appearance, studied, in the light of a healthy philosophy, men and manners in their various and ever-varying forms and phases, and from different stand-points,—who, if any thing, is in most matters, thoroughly unprejudiced, and entirely free from the trammels of canons and dogmas, which have hitherto commanded respect, simply because they have not been confronted by a more enlightened criticism—who, if he is, on the one hand, ever ready to visit, with earnest remonstrance and strong condemnation, fashions and practices, not the less offensive because they are pleasant to the sight, glistening, as they do in the glare of the highly finished arts of civilization, is equally indignant, on the other, when arrogant piety, with uplifted brow, or false sentimentalism, with honied words and nice compromises, stands in the way of either innocent amusement, or the exposure

of hypocrisy and repression of crime—and who, it must be added, never indulges in mere tall writing, except when he is driven to the perpetration of that venial offence by the exigencies of party politics, or sheer penuriousness of matter ;—that such a writer should commit himself to the expression of an opinion which is false, because it is not founded on fact, and ungenerous, because, despite the altered state of things, and the surrounding circumstances, it would still confine the novelist to the bed of Procrustes, lest the government of the world passes off from the hands of God into those of the d—l,—has so shaken our preconceived notions, that we may be pardoned for venturing to dispassionately enquire how far are the principles of the French writers really reprehensible—for invoking the pity of the Reviewer on those whose æsthetic perceptions have been so hopelessly blurred by differences of nationalities, with their concomitant evils, that they cannot see the thing of beauty, whenever asked to do so, in the coat of purely English cut—or, failing in that, for attempting to divert, if possible, the thunderer's bolt from the direction of unproven delinquency.

The diatribe against the French school has, it would seem, been provoked by no mere dereliction of duty on the part of its professors. These professors have, according to the *Reviewer*, been guilty of a grave offence : they have called in question the wisdom of their predecessors—they have hurled defiance at the teeth of “every English writer of reputation,”—they have actually dared to *invert* the “ordinary novelist's code,” and to frame a separate one for their misguided followers, Ouida and others. Now, what can this precious *ordinary* code of the novelist be, which, if one unconsciously offends against, he is at once to be black-balled out of the community of literary men, and gibbeted for the amusement of the reading public? And here our contemporary, instead of keeping us in doubt, charitably steps forward to enlighten us. One broad principle underlies this code—we ought “to conciliate the good opinion” [if such conciliation, it is to be presumed, brought in a good return in Her Majesty's coin,—not otherwise] of the reader “by exhibiting the *ultimate triumph of virtue*.” But how is this to

be done? Nothing can be easier: Give the hero and heroine, at the end of the volume, "*a large family, a good income, obedience, and troops of friends*,—and there you have the *ultimate triumph of virtue*, with the ordinary code of the novelist into the bargain.

We are ready to admit that the generality of mankind,—and for the matter of that we may as well include the portion excepted, who do not seem to be above manifesting indications of a sort of semi-consciousness of their sterling worth,—attach the highest importance to the good things of life enumerated above. Indeed, seeing how very useful they are, not understanding the word exactly in its utilitarian sense, it would have been a wonder if men had formed a lower estimate of them. But it may fairly be doubted whether love and friendship, such as we find them in our everyday life,—mere lip-affairs, and frequently not even as much; whether "*honor*," with its "*troops of friends*" (of course, when a "*good income*" is either in *esse*, or in *posse*), and other kindred blessings, can be said to have, with virtue, any necessary connexion? As cause and effect—such a relation, the experience of the world tells us, does not exist. We must confess it appears something new to us that the motive power to virtue should be a "*large family*," and that an unswerving adherence to the path of rectitude should be rewarded "*with obedience*." And obedience on whose part? Assuredly not on his part who practises virtue; for that, to our thinking, would be a strange return. After a long and consistent course of self-abnegation, involved in the idea of a virtuous life, to be summoned, ostensibly to receive the fitting reward, but, in reality, to be ordered to go through a similar career again, would painfully remind one of the never-ending motion of Ixion's wheel, and, until virtue and vice were defined anew, offer little inducement to others to quit the walks "*strewed with pleasance*." On the part of our children then?—and the writer alludes to the "*mother's heart [being] broken by the irreclaimable brutalities of her reprobate son*." That too would scarcely hold water. The reader must remember that we are discussing the question of the *ultimate triumph of virtue*. We are prepared to concede that, if the father led an exem-

plary life, his children, might, in nine cases out of ten, walk in his footsteps, though statistics, if kept, might, we fear, tell a different tale. But that is not exactly the question. Obedience consists either in a sense of duty, and in a readiness to act in conformity with the dictates thereof,—or in simulating a willingness to obey, and harbouring along with it a spirit of rebellion. In other words, obedience may be either real and voluntary, or assumed, forced, and conditional;—it may be founded in love, in religion, in a consciousness of a moral obligation, as in gratitude, for instance—or in expediency. In either view of the case, we fail to perceive how virtue, in one man, or woman, can be followed, as a logical sequence, by obedience, such as we have defined it, in another, and that too by way of reward to the former, except by that sort of logic, embodied in a well-known saying amongst ourselves, which may thus be freely rendered into doggerel rhyme :—

From hence I aim'd, and let the arrow fly,
It struck the plantain tree that stood so nigh,
The purple liquid runs adown my thigh,

• Oh Bâp, my eye is gone,—Oh Bâp my eye!

As regards the virtuous man being blessed with a large family, all that we can say is, that it is a pity that writers, who have hitherto puzzled their heads to find out a satisfactory solution of one of the most important problems affecting the prosperity of a nation—how to check or deal with superfluous population, that its demand for food might be on a par with the productive capacity of the country, did not know that the said solution lay in a nut-shell. If a large family be a blessing, and if virtuous men are to be rewarded with it, it follows that men who are *not* virtuous have no right to that blessing; and *a fortiori* those who are positively vicious can, under no pretext, set up a claim to it. Promote, therefore, vice, and thus minimize population, reducing each family to only two venerable units, who may go on cooing and billing to the end of the chapter, without ever getting a blessed soul in the shape of a child to enliven domestic life with its innocent prattle, or angelic smile. The *Reviewer*, as might no doubt be expected from one who knows

how to wield language and argument to his purpose, tries to shirk responsibility, and shelve it off on the shoulders of the novelist. "A large family, a good income," and the other blessings of life, "*await*," he says, "the hero and heroine *at the end of the volume*," evidently meaning thereby that the agglomeration of the unlikeliest of events—the unexpected *kow-tow* of the most stubborn of things, time and place—the stale artifice, the *hocus pocus*, which "every English writer of reputation" ought by this time to have set his or her face against, by means of which all good things are concentrated in a happy catastrophe, is the work of the *novelist*,—he, the *Reviewer*, being no party to such poetical justice. But the abuse he heaps on poor Ouida, and on her master, Balzac, of the *inverted* code, clearly shows that, say what he will, his sympathies lie with the novelists who, by their masterly manœuvre, have hitherto supported the credit of the *ordinary* code.

If what we have said above be correct, it would follow that the *Saturday Review* has signally failed in making out a fair case in behalf of large families, good income, &c. as *final rewards*, and as illustrative of the *ultimate triumph* of virtue. These things—we do not say they are of the earth earthy, for we do not affect greater sanctimoniousness than our neighbours—would, as rewards, be, in our humble opinion, a scandal, and a disgrace to the very name of virtue. Wealth, rank, title, troops of cringing friends to admire the luxuries on your table, and then to laugh at your follies behind your back, regiments of servants in rich liveries ready to

"Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,

Where thrift may follow fawning.—"

What! are these all, and peace of mind nothing? We all remember what old Howard's idea of happiness was,—

"No grudge, no strife,

"Without disease the healthful life,

"True wisdom joynde with simpleness,

"The night discharged of all care,

"The faithful wyfe without debate,

"No wish for death, no feare his might."

What ! have they grown so unfashionable, or we so wise, that, in our estimation, they have no perceptible weight in the scale ? Turn over the pages of history, and then ponder, for a moment, whether its teachings are not adverse to recompensing virtue with things that have only a relative and factitious value to command the world's homage. But let that go. The ordinary novelist's code, then, is a failure, and we have now to see what that code ought to be, and whether the French school is opposed to it *toto cælo*, or even in its main features. But before we do so, we beg to be allowed to dwell a little longer upon the art now in vogue of manufacturing novels,—an art which, strange to say, seems to meet general acceptance.

It is the fashion with the novelist to open with a speck on the distant horizon, not bigger than the hand, and, in the middle of the story, to invoke, and bribe, Æolus, and the deity that presides over the “sulphurous and thought-executing fires,” to kick up a shindy. Further on, all the elements are made to run a-muck of each other, and to make confusion worse confounded. Then comes on,—to the relief of the reader, though by no means unexpected—the clearing up of the moral atmosphere—the calm after the storm—the adjustment of all differences—the rounding off of all angularities—the smoothing down of all inequalities; and pat appears on the scene Hymen, in his purple habiliments, with a crown of roses on the head, the well-known torch in the hand, and with smiling faces all around. Molehills are raised, in the twinkling of an eye, to the dimensions of a mountain, and are then brought down, as quickly and as scientifically, to their original altitude. The rubbish, the unbroken stones, the hollows, the stubble, the swamps, the quagmires, are, as it were, with the aid of the Hindu Rajah's wonderful art, converted into a bowling-green that progress may not be retarded. The spirits of the nether world are called up to dance to the tune that accompanies the imbroglio—and lo ! the gods are descending to unravel the entanglement. Machinery, with its extramundane agencies—witchcraft, gypsyism,—have in vain been beaten off the field ; they have appeared only in other forms, to enlist in

their favour, not simply the credulity of the superstitious, but also the appreciative sympathy of those who would fain be believed to have made the mysteries of the universe their own. Art with its means and appliances, science with her endless resources—the stern, unyielding facts of the physical and moral world—are severally and collectively subsidized, and made to yield to the purposes of the novelist. The colored Doctor beautifully deprives one of his eye-sight *secundum artem*, that the villain, who so often outwitted the hero, being removed out of the way, he (the hero) might go on with his self-imposed task of doing good by stealth. Revelations are made by an occult science which, we believe, has no recognized place among the *ologies*, of things unseen and unheard of, to a dreamy girl with two souls, yet one. A tumbler of drinking water enables one of Duke de Richelieu's guests, who had been a contemporary of Cleopatra and of Jonathan and Saul, to read the destinies of the other guests. The sepulchre opens "his ponderous and marble jaws" to cast up again a woman, dead and buried many, many pages back, who comes triumphantly, just in the nick of time, to give her deposition. Such are the materials out of which our novelists' stories are constructed; such is their *modus operandi*; and such is the ordinary code. As in love, so in novel-writing, all is fair that co-operates with, and helps the end.

It is our misfortune, perhaps also our fault, that our ideas of the vocation of the novelist, and indeed of writers of works of fiction in general, do not come up to the *otium cum dignitate* standard of our worthy contemporary of the *Saturday Review*. Of course, in so far as the mere enunciation of principles is concerned, novelists, reviewers, critics, and, along with them, our humble selves, are, we know, in the main, agreed. It is only when these principles are to be applied, that we deem it our duty to come forward with a caveat, and notably in this particular instance. The *ultimate-reward-of-virtue* theory is no doubt a very good one; it is full of hope to those who have chalked out for themselves a line of conduct about the propriety of which there can be no difference of

opinion, and of inducement to others who are wavering on the demarcating line, with the regions of virtue extending towards one hand, and those of vice towards the other. But we have already shown that material prosperity is not the legitimate reward of virtue. The one may, as it sometimes does, accompany, but cannot measure the other, the two being wanting in an essential element of homogeneity. The novelist, therefore, who crowds the penultimate chapter (the last being generally filled up with a few necessary domestic arrangements) with all good things for the loving pair, incurs a heavy responsibility, inasmuch as he renders many foolish youth, and many still more foolish girls, unhappy for life, by creating expectations which, except in very rare cases, can, from the nature of things, never be realised. The *beau idéal* of earthly felicity is certainly a very desirable object, and the reader may be pardoned for indulging in reveries, or in grudging no sacrifice for its attainment. Not so, however, one who assumes the *role* of an instructor, for your novelist professes not less to instruct than to amuse. He cannot be allowed to trifle with, still less to ignore, his obligations. He has no right to indent on what is simply possible, to depict in gaudy colors an unreal world, to spread snares around the unwary footsteps of heedless youth, and to insinuate into the minds of happy families prurient desires, false hopes, heart-burnings, grief and despair. What, then, are the duties and responsibilities of the novelist? Clearly this. He is expected to submit, for illustration of manners, customs, follies, prejudices, virtues and vices, neither caricatures, on the one hand, nor faint likenesses, limned in purple hues, on the other, but veritable portraiture of life as it is, only throwing into the deep shade of the back-ground what is likely to be offensive to correct taste, and infusing into the story the spirit of a sound morality with such artistic skill, that we may not be scared away by encountering, at every turn, the whole decalogue in all its nakedness, but be gently led to the formation of habits and modes of thinking, that are to ultimate in a perception of the loveliness of virtue, and in the spontaneous conformation of every action of ours to her dictates. Judged by this

standard, can the French school be said to have inverted any code,—unless it be that code which, if the *Reviewer* is to be believed, has met with the approbation of every English writer of reputation, but which we nevertheless do not hesitate to say is based upon an *untruth*? On the contrary, is not that code the right one, which professes to present frail humanity in its various aspects—to show what we really are, and not what we might be under different conditions, or a fortuitous combination of circumstances? It is *not* true, that virtue in this world is always, or even generally rewarded, and vice punished. Our contemporary, like a green girl, is scandalised at the very idea of *successful villainy*, as if such a thing were a pure myth, the weak invention of the enemy; and, as regards the *sufferings of a martyr*, why, according to him, they are neither here, nor there! We should really be happy if, by some Act of Oblivion, the painful reminiscences of the past—the rascalities of the species to which we belong, could, as it were by a besom, be swept away from our memory. They are a standing puzzle, and a puzzle, we fear, they will remain till the crack of doom—possibly for our own good. But so long as things remain what they are, our friends of the *ordinary* code are, we believe, bound to accept the facts however unpleasant, and even if they mar, as they certainly do, the beauty of their theory.

It should, moreover, be borne in mind that the salient points of social life undergo such rapid transitions, that the novelist's code, drawn up in Richardson's time, would be to his code in the days of Bulwer, what the Twelve Tables were to the Pandects and the Institutes of Justinian, and the crude laws of Pepin Heristel to the Code Napoleon. It would be, so to express ourselves, simply pre-historic. The days of your Westerns, Thornhills, Jonathon Wilds, Sangrados, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skegges—but their name is legion—may be said to have been fairly numbered. Their mantles may have been left behind, with little chance, however, of their being aired in public. Suppose, for instance, my Lord So-and-So were now to celebrate a birth-day, or

a wedding, and to play bo-peep with matrimony, after the swinish and rakish fashion recorded in novels, plays, and sometimes in sober histories likewise, would he not thereby shock the feelings, and seriously damage the character, of the upper ten, and justify our fast men to do away with hereditary legislators. We are but too apt, again, in these days, to caricature, and at times, not without strong provocation, judges and their justice ; but we doubt very much, if, notwithstanding certain well-known *trials* (?) which have staggered us very much, "Jedwood Justice," with its unblushing inversion of the natural order of things, can entertain hopes of repetition. And, as regards female virtue, it is now purity itself, compared to what it was some four or five decades ago. Pamela, we need scarcely add, could not be, as indeed she was not, accepted by her contemporaries as the type of the girl of the period. When continence was at so low an ebb in Courts, and in high life, it could not be expected that the virtues of the sex would be found in perfection *below-stairs*. Well has he, whose *birth* petty jealousy and meanness of spirit connected with the "stables," lashed the author through the *male* servant, who, *Credat Judeus*, was proof against the blandishments of the noble *lady*, which to one, with sensibilities less pachydermatous, might have, considering all the circumstances, proved irresistible, despite a defect in one respect—*item*, disparity of *age*. And do *Sissys'* adventures faithfully represent the "West-End life?" The *Mysteries*, and *Anonymas* are quite welcome to tell their own *exaggerated* stories, but we may be pardoned, although our opportunities of personally testing the truth are absolutely *nil*, for not receiving them, except with large grains of salt.

Our contemporary seems to have a mortal dread of *monotony*. That there is in it an insipidity, a flatness, a something not positively repulsive, but certainly distasteful, we readily admit, and those who kick against it have therefore our fullest sympathy. The clerk grumbles at the routine work of the desk, and the schoolmaster, at work not less unvarying in its nature. The planter would gladly exchange, for something more refreshing, his single idea of the probable out-turn ; and the merchant would as gladly send to

the dogs his invoices and bills of lading. The judicial officer too, except when a sensational case is on the file, would, if his dignity permitted it, make no secret of his disgust of the sameness that is so sickening. All, all, are for running out of the groove. Naturally, therefore, does the *Reviewer* manifest an ill-concealed irritation, and would, if possible, be done with monotony for ever. "The worst of it is, that in a very short time this inverted view of things becomes as monotonous as the old one!" Just so. Why, then, stick to the *ordinary* code, with its monotony, and why condemn the "*inverted*" one, when it has at least novelty to recommend it for a season?

But is monotony *per se* a thing to be shunned as we shun the viper? The "thrice-told" tale is doubtless a very trying affair. It certainly requires more than the patience of Job to hear it out. Yet we all remember with what avidity we heard, when children, night after night, from the lips of some old woman, the same story with scarcely any alteration, beginning with the stereotyped undying friendship of the *Rajah's*, the *Mantri's*, the *Patra's*, and the *Kotwal's* sons, and ending with the eternal charmed castle, and the damsel with closed eyes, and with *silver* and *gold* sticks on either side. Again, the simplest, and the most stupid of stories, cooked up in the clumsiest manner, with little or no variation in the main incidents—both parties, paragons of beauty, accidental meeting, love at first sight, unequal rank and fortune, but the reader knows the rest by-heart,—so long as they professed to be novels had, at another period of our lives, an all-absorbing interest which we now, in vain, wish to see realised. Need we add that, at this mature and critical age of our's, with plenty of knowledge of the real character, tendency, and ultimate object of works of fiction, we throw away, in sheer disgust,—a chapter or two, in most cases, being quite sufficient—more than half the novels that come in our way? The tediousness, therefore, which accompanies monotony, has, it is clear, a relation to, and is dependant upon, observation and experience, and has not necessarily to do much, if any thing, with "damned iteration."

In the works of Nature, monotony, that is, *sameness, uniformity, repetition, imitation* (which, for our present purpose, may be regarded as convertible terms) is the *rule*,—any departure from it, the *exception*, being very significantly called *lusus naturæ*. In the vegetable, as well as in the animal *kingdoms*, we are led, by a sort of instinctive logic, to expect, in reproduction, *uniformity as regards the species*, of which form, shape, size, color, habits, &c., constitute the leading features. Strange, that even when the process of truncation has been gone through, the parts truncated manifest a proclivity towards the general characteristics of the species.* Nor, unfrequently, do we expect, in higher and more developed organisms, certain physical and mental peculiarities which differentiate, not the *species*, but the *individual*. If monotony were, of itself, the objectionable thing the *Reviewer* would have us believe, (and,—we are the last person to mince matters,—as it is generally believed and felt) should we look aghast if a mango seed produced a jack tree—a kid gave birth to a kitten—and a human being laid, like another Leda, a couple of eggs? We know we here stand face to face with Darwinism. But we think the theory of evolution, (whether true or false, is another question) if fairly interpreted, may not be found to be inconsistent with the view we have taken. Mr. Darwin, if we understand him at all, does not maintain that, *one* given organism, with or without any manipulation on the part of man or God, would almost immediately produce *another*, fully developed. Nor is there, in the works of Art, any material difference in this respect. The general principles, having reference to contour, proportions, symmetry, attitude, coloring, drapery, and expression, still meet with a universal recognition, attesting, by this *consensus* of ages, the truthfulness thereof. In details, but not in principles, has there been any “*inversion*.” Phidias and Polygnotus, Guido and Raphael, Rubens and Reynolds, to this day occupy their wonted niche, unchallenged,

* Read the admirable papers on the *Study of Sociology*, in the recent numbers of the *Contemporary Review*.

and little fearing that they should ever be pushed out by others. There has thus been, in respect of principles, a servile imitation—a repetition—a *monotony*; and we appeal to the *Reviewer* whether there is a *wearisomeness* associated with, and consequent upon, such a monotony. As opposed to *principles*, there is assuredly such a thing as, *capriciousness* or *extravagance*; but it can no way affect the merits of the point at issue; and, we may make only this passing remark, that it cannot, for obvious reasons, prove tiresome on the score of monotony.

But *monotony*, as such, is not only not disagreeable, but is, under peculiar circumstances, positively agreeable,—heartily welcome. The fact is, its agreeableness or disagreeableness is synchronous with the varying attitudes, or emotional conditions, of the soul. When the mind is buoyed up by a quick succession of pleasant ideas, she delights in *variety*;* when, on the contrary, she is pressed down by one all-absorbing painful idea, she seeks for relief, or rather sympathy, in *monotony*. In her merry mood, she dwells with exquisite pleasure upon—

“*Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,*
* * * * *

*Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.”*

She would hear—

“—The lark begin his flight,”

and see—

“Through the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted *eylantine*.”

In her melancholy mood, on the other hand, *one single* image seems to possess her entirely, to the utter exclusion, or temporary suppression, of other images, and to afford her gratification which is *sui generis*, but none the less felt, or none the less coveted. The Duke, in the *Twelfth-Night*, would have but *one* kind of song—

“—————that piece of song,
That *old* and *antique* song we heard last night ;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than *light airs* and recollected terms
Of these most *brisk* and *giddy*-paced times.”

The horror-stricken Hamlet, who encounters at a platform before a castle, and at dead of night, an unearthly being, but in a “questionable shape,” being no other than his—

“—————*father's* spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in his days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away”—

and finds his worst apprehensions confirmed by that spirit—

“O, my *prophetic* soul ! my *uncle* !—”

could have, unless he were duller

“—————Than the fat weed,
That rests itself at ease on Lethe wharf—”

but *one feeling, one idea* ;

“—————Remember thee ?
Yea, from the tablet of my memory
I'll *wipe away* all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pleasures past,
That youth and observation copied there ;
And thy commandments *all alone* shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter.”

In the two instances cited above, *monotony* must have been both a relief and a solace.

But why travel to poetry, for the elucidation of a principle, when we have, in real life, and almost in our immediate neighbourhood, associations bristling with facts in support of our views. The funeral processions of our countrymen have sometimes an imposing aspect which we do not often see surpassed, in point of solemnity, by any thing similar. Picture in your mind, reader,—

if you are not a Native of Bengal,—a *Hindu* who has passed the prime of life, lying on a *khat*, with a rich bedding, indicative of affluence, and covered partially by a pair of valuable *shawls*. On his open breast something evidently is written, as well as on his broad forehead. A string of *tulsi*-beads is visible on his right hand which rests on his chest, and a *tulsi* sapling is beside the pillow that supports his head. The Doctor has pronounced the case hopeless, and the Kaviraj recommended removal to the banks of the sacred Ganges. The pulse has for sometime ceased to beat, yet he is not insensible—for he has a word or two, audible enough, for every body who approaches him. With streaming eyes have his venerable parents just been separated from him—with a heart-rending shriek has the doating wife been compelled to retire to the female apartments—and the two cherubs, unconscious of the bereavement awaiting them, have been gently forced to untwine their hands from around his neck. The procession is moving on with slow, and measured steps. The *khat*, borne by relatives, is in the centre, with troops of friends before and behind, and lights on either side. Carriages of all descriptions, which bring up the rear, move, as it were, with muffled wheels, and the stillness of the summer night is broken only by sobs and long drawn sighs—for the dying man was loved and respected by all who could appreciate the sterling worth of honesty, sincerity, and unobstreperous friendship,—and by the melancholy strains of the musicians ahead which fall on the afflicted ear with a deep pathos that thrills the heart in its innermost recesses, and awakes a vivid conviction—alas ! how short-lived!—of the precariousness of the tenure on which we hold our lives, and the vanity of all sublunary things. And what were those strains? Never mind, what they were ; but the sad accents that could evoke those floods of tears,—and which, the more they heard, the more they wept, and the more they liked to hear again—were they not *monotonous*? Certainly they were. The same song—the recurrence of the refrain after short intervals, could they be otherwise ! Why then were they so agreeable ? And why, to one,—blessed or cursed, we do not enquire—with

a poetic feeling, so highly spiritualised as to

“—————apprehend

More than cool reason ever comprehends—”

the reflected ideas, in the midst of the horrid discordance that accompanies the *Niranjana*, lend a soothing balm? To the mere matter of-fact man, sensibilities so finely attuned, feelings and sentiments so exquisitely harmonised, may appear only a shade better than rank madness. But, inasmuch as the sum-total of mankind is not wholly made up of men of such a turn of mind, there is, perhaps, room for entertaining hopes of redemption for those who do not reckon it a weakness to see beauty even in monotony, and to view things in the mild and subdued light of poetry.

SONG.

EYES with love-light brightly beaming,
 Cheeks where rose and lily bloom,
 Set my truant heart a-dreaming;
 O the power of eyes bright beaming,
 Cheeks where rose and lily bloom!

Smile like sunlight on red roses,
 Flings a glamour o'er my soul,
 Ah! the pearls which it discloses;
 Smile like sunlight on red roses,
 Flings a glamour o'er my soul.

See me, then, a captive pining,
 Fettered in Love's golden chain,
 Will she not her heart inclining,
 Pitying free the captive pining,
 Fettered in Love's golden chain?

I shall go and kneel before her,
 Will she my fond vows believe?
 Will she feel that I adore her?
 When I humbly kneel before her,
 Will she my fond vows believe?

O. C. DUTT.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT TAXES.

WE recur to the subject of taxation, as it is engaging, at this moment, the earnest attention of Government. We repeat, what has often been asserted, that no system of direct taxation is suited to the people of this country, the bulk of whom lack the qualifications necessary to understand the equitableness of such measures, and are either unable to contend against the abuses which the levying of such imposts inevitably produces, or feel inclined to evade their just liabilities. Instances of over-assessments, erroneously and arbitrarily made, and extortions committed on various pretexts, are by no means few, and cases of artful elusion have occasionally happened. The people as a body are not sufficiently advanced in their knowledge and appreciation of public wants, of their rights and duties, as to be able, on the one hand, to resist undue exercise of power to extort what may not justly be demandable from them, nor are they willing, on the other hand, to make the fairest and fullest disclosure of what constitutes their liability under a specified form of taxation. High-handed proceedings on the part of assessing officers, and wilful concealment of just liabilities on the part of the assesseees, combine to produce a large amount of discontent and disappointment, and the joint effect of all proceedings connected with the execution of elaborate systems of direct taxation, in a country circumstanced as this is, concur in producing an amount of demoralization among the people which cannot be too highly reprobated.

In a late number of this Magazine certain evils of Income Tax operations were exposed, and it was from a consideration of like evils and the absence of urgent necessity that Government has been pleased gradually to mitigate the severity of that tax. The entire body of the people, from the millionaire down to a person earning 10 or 12 Rs. a month, were subjected to vexation of the most annoying character, and the shifts and expedients adopted by over-zealous tax-levying officers to raise the proceeds

of the tax, and by their under-paid and generally corrupt subordinates to harass the poor and ignorant people, were varied and many. Cultivators of land who followed no other trade or profession, and who, under the law, had been exempted up to a certain limit of income, were ingeniously made liable on the discovery, sometimes real and oftentimes fancied, of the fact that they sold milk, lent money, and otherwise supplemented their gains from cultivation by other means, however casual or trifling. The income of every individual member of a joint family derived from service, or business carried on by him singly, when found to fall short of the taxable minimum, was not exempted, as the law meant it should be; but the separate incomes of the other members of the family, small or large, were lumped together and the entire sum made liable to the tax. And what was worse, the small incomes of two or three people, living in the same village, who had no connection with each other, in business, family tie, or even in caste and religion, were considered to belong to a joint body and subjected to the tax! Many other irregularities were committed which caused so much discontent and dissatisfaction as to call for special interference on the part of the higher authorities, who, though more willing to deal fairly by the people, were unable, from the numerous instances in which their intervention was necessary, completely to check the evils or afford the relief people of every class wanted. To the cases of hardship, noticed in the last article on the same subject, we may add that, in several other cases, all the earthly goods possessed by the defaulters, from the sale of which the Income Tax imposed on them could be recovered, were sold, but the proceeds fetched were found insufficient to pay the tax-gatherer's demand. Criminal prosecutions, imposing double penalty, operated also in a very mischievous way to heighten the people's sufferings; and the combined effect of all this produced an amount of hardship and oppression which made the Income Tax the most unpopular of any that had been imposed in this country. All these evils have been happily in a great measure put a stop to, by the concessions made by the supreme Governmen

to extend the minimum of taxable income under the Income Tax law. But we shall not be far from the truth when we state that, whatever relief under one law has been accorded to the people, will be more than counterbalanced by the evils anticipated to arise from the imposition of another tax. This latter work of evil, we fear, the Road Cess Tax will accomplish.

Of all the schemes of taxation now existing or proposed to be soon introduced none has raised such a feeling of vague apprehension as the Road Cess. View it in whatever light we may, we fail to see how the working of its cumbrous and complicated details can be effected without causing the greatest annoyance to the bulk of the people who have interest in land. Of all measures of taxation framed by the legislature of this country, the principles and procedure enjoined in none appear to be so intricate as in this; and we shall not be surprised to find if the working of this tax is attended with difficulties far surpassing any in the history of Indian taxation. The enforcement of this tax will, as we have already said, more than revive the complaints of oppression made during the administration of the original Income Tax; and from its most comprehensive character, not recognizing any limit of exemption for small incomes, the operations connected with it will do more to disturb the quiet of every humble cottager in the country, and subject him to unmerciful exactions than any impost realized in the country, under legal sanction, has ever done. The tardy way in which every class of land-owner, from the zemindar of a large estate down to a tenant paying more than Rs 100 as rent, will be required, one after the other, to submit elaborate returns, in forms generally not well understood, and the inconvenience and expense to which poor people living at great distances from the station of the Collector will be put in preparing and filing their returns, are evils of no trivial character; but the greatest evil, which is most likely to ensue from the operation of this tax, will be the illegal exactions to which ignorant and illiterate ryots will be subjected in the collection of this cess, which in the end will contribute to rob the

poor ryot of a portion of his hard-earned money more to fill the pockets of many grinding oppressors and rack-renting land-owners than replenish the coffers of the district Collectors. We do not speak against this tax in hopes of getting it annulled, for that is too much to hope for ; but we would beg His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor who has taken such warm interest to introduce it, so to instruct his subordinate agents that they may not, by their over-zealous proceedings, increase the rigour of this most rigorous law ; that the conduct of the superior land-owners in reimbursing themselves from their under tenants and ryots may be most vigilantly watched, for the first year or two, by competent officers acting under the immediate control of His Honor himself ; and that the assessment of the house rates under part IV. of the Act may be conducted with fairness by a well-selected body of men.

With regard to other taxes in contemplation, the new scheme of municipal taxation is still under the consideration of the supreme Government. Its operation is looked on by the village people with dismay. The varied additional burdens which it will impose may aggravate the sufferings of the people to an extent which will be ill compensated by the supposed benefits calculated to arise in some years to come from the passing of that Act.

I'M FREE!

(Lines written at School.)

I'm free, I'm free, as is the wind
 Which ranges uncontroll'd
 O'er ocean waves and pine-clad hills,
 Thro' leafy wood and wold.
 I'm free, I'm free;—what words can tell
 The joys with which my heart doth swell?

The pleasant holidays are here,
 For which I long did yearn,
 I'll use them well,—for time once flown,
 I know will ne'er return.
 The daily dull routine of school
 No more my precious hours will rule.

I've burnt Sam Johnson's ponderous tomes,
 For O ! they teased me sore,
 And torn my mystic Algebra,
 Its tyrant reign is o'er,
 And kicked and crushed with horrid glee
 Wise Doctor Brown's Philosophy.

Volumes of song and sweet romance
 Before me open lie,
 All weary soporific tasks
 I now can well defy :
 How smooth would glide my hours away,
 Were life but one long holiday !

O. C. DUTT.

THE BANKER CASTE OF BENGAL.

By the Editor.

CHAPTER I. THEIR ORIGIN.

NOTHING would throw a stronger light on the nature and character of Hindu society and on its inner life, than a history of the several castes into which that vast social system is divided. Such tribal histories, if they contained accounts not only of the rise and progress of the various castes and of their sub-divisions, but also of their peculiar manners, customs and religious rites

would form a sort of natural history, or rather geology, of Hindu society, laying bare before us the successive formations and strata of which it is composed. We know not how far such histories are possible. Perhaps, materials for such narratives have perished in the wreck of time. It cannot be doubted, however, that, though complete histories of Hindu castes and tribes are perhaps not possible, a great deal of interesting information may be gathered from the unwritten history and floating traditions of each caste. We purpose in the following pages to present our readers with a monograph upon the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks, usually called the Banker caste, of Bengal.

Though the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks do not at present, owing to circumstances to be mentioned afterwards, occupy a high position in the social system of the Hindus of Bengal, they are a most influential class. The wealthiest men in Calcutta are members of that caste. The late Babu Syámá Charan Mallik, the millionaire—and the only millionaire in Calcutta—was a Suvarṇa-Vaṇik; and the late Babu Mati Lál Sil, who, in his early years, used to go about in Calcutta from street to street with a bag of *pice* on his shoulder for procuring his livelihood, and who afterwards rose to great affluence—second only to the father of the late Babu Syámá Charan Mallik—also belonged to that caste. In commercial enterprise, which is the Vaṇik's own element, no name in the Native community stands at this moment higher than that of Babu Durgá Charan Láhá, a banker by caste; while, in munificence and charity to the poor, few names in Calcutta can equal those of the late Mati Lál Sil, and of the venerable Ráya Rájendra Náth Mallik Báhádur—may his shadow never grow less!—both of them members of the Suvarṇa-Vaṇik caste. Some years since, several of the Rájás of Calcutta were Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks; and the Burra Bazar and Pashúriaghatta Malliks, the Sils of Chinsurah, and other wealthy families, though somewhat shorn of their ancient greatness, may take honest pride in the fact, that some of their former servants and dependants, belonging to other castes, are now amongst the richest and most influential

Zemindars of Bengal—Zemindars, who gratefully acknowledge that they “have become *men*,” to quote the language of a Bengali proverb, “by eating,” though not literally, “the rice of the *Sonár Beniá*,” as the *Suvarṇa-Vaṇik* is called in common parlance. As a class, proportionately, more *Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks* are wealthy than the members of any other single caste; hardly any family of that caste is in absolute want; indeed, it is a common saying, that “*Lakshmi*,” the goddess of riches and prosperity, “is kept tied in the houses of the *Sonár Beniás*.” The origin, social history, manners, customs, and religious practices, of so wealthy and influential a class, can hardly fail to be interesting. ✕

It is well known that, amongst the Hindus, there were originally four castes, Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas and Sudras. The Brahman was the teacher, the prophet, the priest and the spiritual director of his country; the Kshatriya administered its internal affairs, and defended it from foreign invasion; the Vaisya developed its resources, carried on trade, and thus contributed to its material prosperity; while the inferior Sudra waited as a servant on his Brahman, Kshatriya and Vaisya lords, and engaged in menial and servile work. It is true, that some European oriental scholars have maintained that the Sudras were not Aryans, but either the aboriginal inhabitants of the country pure and simple, or mixed races produced by intermarriage between the aboriginal inhabitants and their Aryan conquerors; but recent investigations, especially those made by Dr. Kern of Leyden, tend to show that the four-fold division of caste had an ante-Vaidik origin. However this may be, it is a simple fact, that the Sudras, as a class, though they existed in the time of Manu, or rather in the Hindu society as it is depicted in the code of that great lawyer, do not exist now, —their place having been taken up for the most part by the large class called *Varṇa-Sankaras*, or Mixed Castes, formed by the intermarriage of the four original castes into each other, and by the union of the offspring of those intermarriages with one another. Sudras and *Varṇa-Sankaras* have, in our day, become almost convertible terms. Of these Mixed Castes, Manu gives, in the tenth

Chapter of his Institutes, a list of twenty-nine divisions. At the top of the list is the Ambashṭha or Vaidya (the physician caste) produced by the union—legal in those days—of a Brahman man with a Vaisya woman ; and next to him is the Káyastha, the offspring of a Brahman father and a Sudra mother. It is superfluous to remark, that the twice-born and pure-blooded Brahmans, Kshatriyas and Vaisyas, looked down with contempt upon the Mixed Castes.

The *Suvarṇa-varīks*—literally *gold-merchants*, from *suvarṇa* gold, and *vanīk* merchant—repudiate the idea of being either Sudras or *Varṇa-Sankaras*. They maintain that they are superior to all the Sudras, to all the Mixed Castes— the Káyasthas and Vaidyas not excepted, and inferior only to Brahmans and Kshatriyas. They claim to be the pure-blooded and twice-born Vaisyas of the Vedas and of Mann, the developers of their country's resources, the promoters of commerce, and the guardians of national wealth. We think their claims are just, and shall endeavour briefly to state the grounds on which they base those claims.

1. The traditions of the caste—most of which are found embodied in writing by A'manda Bhatta (a Brahman) in a Sanskrit book called *Baliála-Charitra*, or Life of Ballál Sen, king of Bengal—show that the *Suvarṇa-Vanīks* have been descended from Sanaka Adḍhya, a Vaisya of Rámgaḍ in Ayodhyá (Oude), one of the earliest aryanized provinces of India. There are no records concerning the first settlement of the Adḍhya family of the Vaisya caste in that fertile province ; whether they came along with its first Aryan invaders, or migrated to it in subsequent times from some other part of Aryan India, we know not. The earliest notice we have of them is during that dreadful struggle between Buddhism and Brahmanism, which shook the whole of India to its centre, and which ended in the discomfiture of the former and the re-establishment of the latter. It was while Buddhism was making extraordinary efforts to reduce to religious subjection the happy and holy land of Ráma and Bharata, that there lived in Ayodhyá a wealthy Vaisya of the name of Kesava

Chandra Addhya. Kesava had three sons, Sanaka, Sanátana and Sanat-kumára. The three brothers were all merchants, though the articles in which they dealt were not the same. The first traded in gold, the second in pearls and precious stones, and the third in aromatic spices. Of these three sons, we shall pursue the fortunes of only the eldest of them, Sanaka, as from his loins were descended the Suvarṇa-Vañiks of Bengal. It appears that, in his time, Buddhism was making rapid progress in Ayodhyá. The people were fast forsaking Brahmanism and becoming converts to the Buddhist faith. Many of his friends and relatives became Buddhists. Whether the rulers of the country were followers of Gautama or not, we have not the means of knowing; but, owing to the victorious march of Buddhism, Ayodhyá, which was at one time the paradise of Brahmanism, was becoming too hot for the residence of orthodox Hindus. Under these circumstances, Sanaka, who is represented to have been pious, learned and well-versed in the Vedas, determined, not unlike the pilgrim-fathers of the New World, to forsake his native country and to repair to some other part of Bhárat-Varsha, where he could worship the gods of his fathers without molestation, and at the same time quietly pursue his secular calling. He cast his eyes about, and saw Buddhism triumphant every where except in the kingdom of Bengal. That kingdom had indeed been domineered over by a long line of powerful Buddhist kings of the Pál dynasty, who had reduced many of the neighbouring provinces to their sway. But that dynasty had lately ended, and the sceptre of Bengal had just passed into the hands of Adisura, a monarch who was not only an orthodox Hindu, but who was making every effort to rekindle the dying embers of Brahmanism into a blaze, with the assistance of learned Brahmans whom he had invited from northern India. To this asylum of orthodox Hinduism Sanaka accordingly directed his steps. He was accompanied by his near relatives and by his priest Jnán Chandra Misra, who was a Brahman of the Sváravata order. He repaired to the court of Adisura, who seems to have resided generally at Vikrampur near

Dháká (Dacca) ; and the king was so charmed with the merchant-pilgrim that he granted him a village on the banks of the Brahmaputra which, though now in ruins, is still called Suvarṇa-grāma or Sonárgán, that is the *golden village*, in honour of the great gold-merchant who settled there.

Such is the account of the settlement in Bengal of the progenitor of the Suvarṇa-Vaniks ; and the account is so simple, so natural, so consistent with itself and with the history of those times, that we have no doubt that it is true. And there is no other account of the first settlement in the country of the caste under consideration. It thus appears that the Suvarṇa-Vaniks are Vaisyas, as they have been descended from Sanaka Adḍhya, who was a Vaisya of Ayodhyá.

It is interesting to observe how the great struggle between Buddhism and Brahmanism exerted influence on the Vaisyas of Ayodhyá and the Vaisyas of Agroha in Hariana in northern India. We have just seen that it was Buddhism which drove Sanaka from Ayodhyá ; and we learn from Mr. Sherring's *Hindu Tribes and Castes*, recently published, that it was Buddhism also which dispersed the Agarwálas—who profess to be true Vaisyas—from their settlement in Hariana.* Does not this striking coincidence verify and corroborate, to a certain extent, the traditions of the Vaisyas of Bengal ?

2. The very name *Vanik*, which is a part of the designation of the Banker caste, shows that they are Vaisyas, for *Vanik* and *Vaisya* are synonyms. In the Sanskrit dictionary called *Rájamirghanta*, *Vaisya* and *Vanik* are said to be synonymous terms :—

“বৈশ্যস্ত ব্যবহৃত্য বিট বার্ত্তিকঃ পণিতোবণিক”

And in the *Rámáyana*, Válmiki calls Vaisyas, Vaniks in the following passage :—

“পটন দ্বিজো বাগ্‌ষভত্ব মীয়াৎ
কত্রাহয়ো ভূমি পতিতুমীয়াৎ ।
বণিগ্‌ জনঃ পণ্য কলত্ব মীয়াৎ
শূদ্রনহি হি শূদ্রোঽপি মহত্বমীয়াৎ ॥”

That is to say,—If a Brahman reads this book [the *Rāmāyana*] he will obtain eloquence, if a Kshatriya reads it he will obtain lordship of land, if a Vanik reads it he will obtain wealth, and if a Sudra hears it read he will obtain greatness.” It is needless to remark that Vālmiki, the writer of the above *sloka*, considered *Vaisya* and *Vanik* to be identical terms.

It may be said, however, that though *Vaisya* and *Vanik* are identical terms, it does not follow that *Suvarṇa-Vaniks* are *Vaiśyas*. Whence came the adjunct *Suvarṇa*? To this question the *Suvarṇa-Vaniks* give a satisfactory answer. They affirm that the present name of their caste was not their original tribal designation; but it was a denomination given to them by king Aḍisura. The circumstances connected with the bestowal of the title *Suvarṇa-Vanik* upon the *Vaiśyas* of Bengal were as follows. When Sanaka was settled at *Suvarṇagrāma*, he carried on mercantile business on a large scale. It is said, that he traded with Arracan, Burmah and even with China, and amassed an immense fortune; and the little village of *Suvarṇagrāma* rose to be a great commercial mart. Aḍisura, the king, as a token of his admiration of the abilities and energy of the great gold-merchant, presented him with a copper-plate bearing the following inscription:—

“স্বর্ণ বাণিজ্যকারিভদ্রত্বস্থিত বিশাংমুরা।

সুবর্ণ বাণিজ্যত্যাগী দত্তা সম্মানবর্দ্ধয়ে॥”

That is to say—In order to increase the honour of the *Vaiśyas* of this place who are engaged in gold trade, I give them the designation of *Suvarṇa-Vanik*. This inscription not only shows that Aḍisura bestowed the title *Suvarṇa-Vanik* upon Sanaka and his castemen, but that he acknowledged that they were *Vaiśyas*.

The two proofs given above are, in our opinion, sufficient to show that *Suvarṇa-Vaniks* are true *Vaiśyas*, but for the fuller satisfaction of the reader we shall produce some more arguments.

3. Manu, in the tenth Chapter of his *Institutes*, gives a list of the several classes of *Varna-Sankaras*, or Mixed Castes; in that list the *Suvarṇa-Vaniks* do not appear. It is true, that all the mixed

classes, especially the lower ones as they exist at the present day, are not to be found in that list; but it is a marvel that so wealthy and influential a class as the Banker Caste has no place in it. The omission can be accounted for only on the supposition, that those who are now called Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks went by the name of Vaisyas in the time of Manu.

4. Manu tells us, in the tenth Chapter of his Institutes, that Ambashtha, called Vaidya more frequently in our day, that is the physician caste, is the offspring of a Brahman father and a Vaisya mother. Now, it so happens that amongst Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks and Vaidyas several cognomens, or family names, are common. Both the castes have the following cognomens in common :—

1. Sen.
2. Dās.
3. Datta.
4. Chandra.
5. Dhar.

The question is, how these surnames have come to be common both to Vaidyas and to Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks. Now, with regard to the obtaining of family-names amongst the Varṇa Sankaras, or Mixed Castes, Manu prescribes a rule which is never departed from. It is this :—

পুত্রা য়ে ঈনস্তরস্ত্রীজাঃ
ক্রমেণোক্তা দ্বিজম্ননাং ।
তানস্তর নান্দ্রষ্ট
মাতৃদোষাৎ প্রচক্ষতে ॥

That is to say, those sons, who are begotten by twice-born fathers with women of other castes, receive their names from their mothers. Agreeably to this rule, the community of cognomen among the Vaidyas and Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks could have arisen from either the one or the other of these two circumstances,—either that the Vaidya was the offspring of a Brahman father and a Vaisya mother, or that the Suvarṇa-Vaṇik was the offspring of a Brahman father and a Vaidya mother. But the second proposition is supported by no authority whatever within the entire range of

the Hindu Śāstras; whereas the first is clearly asserted by the highest of all authorities, namely, Manu. We are then absolutely driven to the conclusion, that the Vaidyas have derived some of their family-names from those who are now called Suvarṇa-Vanīks, but who were formerly called Vaisyas. This conclusion is corroborated by the interesting fact that the A'garwālās of northern India—who claim to be true Vaisyas—have some family-names, like Pāl and Sen, common with the Suvarṇa-Vanīks.

5. Particular occupations were originally assigned to particular castes. This was the case as well with the Mixed Castes as with the pure-blooded ones. In our day, changes have certainly taken place in this respect, presenting to us the phenomena of a Brahman turning a cook or a ploughman, and a member of one of the Mixed Castes taking his seat as a judge in the highest court of judicature in the land. Still, in the main, the several castes stick to their own proper occupations. The *tantuśāya* still weaves cloth, the *sutradhār* still fashions wood, the *madakā* still makes sweetmeats, and the *churmmakāra* still makes shoes, as their forefathers did in the days of Manu. If we are to ascertain the caste of a class by their occupations, the Suvarṇa-Vanīks must be pronounced to be Vaisyas. In a well known passage Manu assigns the following occupations to the four original castes:—"Brahmans are to teach, to study, to worship, to officiate at religious services, to give gifts, and to receive gifts; Kshatriyas are to protect their subjects, to give gifts, to worship, to study, and not to be addicted to worldly business. Vaisyas are to protect beasts, to give gifts, to worship, to study, to trade, to receive interest of money, and to till the ground; and Sudras have only one duty—to serve the members of the above three classes. Of the seven occupations assigned to the Vaisyas in the above *śloka*, the Suvarṇa-Vanīks have been deprived of two of them, *viz*, worshipping or sacrificing and studying, as we shall see in the next chapter, by the edict of an unjust and tyrannical king; the occupation of tilling the ground has been left by them as it has been taken up by some of the lower subdivisions of the Mixed Castes; but the occupations

proper to the Vaisyas, *viz*, trading and receiving interest of money, are still retained by them, and by them more than by any other castes; while there is no caste, in Bengal at least, which shews greater tenderness for animal life than the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks.

Manu distinctly says that wealth is to be accumulated only by the Vaisyas. The Brahman is to devote his life to study and to religion; the Kshatriya to government and to feats of arms; the Sudra to menial service; it is the province of the Vaisya alone to accumulate wealth. And it is a singular fact, that the richest people in Bengal have been in former days, and are at present, the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks.

6. We do not set much store by the argument from complexion. Brahmans are said to be fairer than the rest of the Hindu inhabitants of India. Probably, on the whole, Brahmans and Kshatriyas (the Rājputs for instance) are fairer than the rest of the people, though we have seen occasionally a Brahman as black as a crow, or as the ebony pipe of the *huké* which he smoked. The theory is, that pure-blooded Aryans are fairer than either the Mixed Castes or the aboriginal inhabitants. The Vaisyas, according to this theory, ought to be of light complexion; and any one who is acquainted with the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks of Bengal must admit that they are, to say the least, as fair as Brahmans and Kshatriyas. And it is a fact, universally acknowledged, that the women of the Suvarṇa-Vaṇik caste are fairer and handsomer than the women of any other castes in the country—Brahman women not excepted. The superior lightness of the Suvarṇa-Vaṇik woman's complexion over that of the Brahmani is, in some measure, owing, no doubt, to the greater affluence of the former, which prevents her from being exposed to the influence of the sun and of the weather, but the very fact of her possessing a light complexion shows her to be a pure-blooded Aryan.

It thus appears from a variety of considerations,—from the light complexion of the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks; from their pursuing to the present day the principal occupations which Manu assigns to the Vaisyas; from the fact of their having given

family-names to the Vaidyas whose first mother was a Vaisya woman ; from the omission of their name in the list of Mixed Castes given by Manu in the tenth chapter of his Code ; from their very designation of *Vanik*, which is synonymous with Vaisya ; and from the traditions of the Caste, which represent them to have been descended from a wealthy Vaisya gentleman of Ayodhyá,—it appears from these facts, that the *Suvarṇa-Vaniks* are not a Mixed Caste, but pure-blooded and twice-born Vaisyas ; that they are, therefore, superior to and more honourable—so far as the distinction of caste is concerned—than *Kāyasthas* and Vaidyas ; and that they are, consequently, as much entitled to read the Vedas and to wear the sacred thread as Brahmins and Kshatriyas.

Errata.

Page 246, last line but one, for *scenes*, read, *suns*.

„ 248, first line, for *magic light*, read, *magic of light*.

„ 248, last line but two, for *indecent* read, *in deceit*.

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INDIAN FINANCE.

BY ARCYDAE.



No question has of late been ventilated and discussed so often, both here as well as in England, as that of the finances of India ; and yet, notwithstanding these frequent controversies, the problem is as far from a final solution as ever. Some suggestions therefore on this subject, so long as the question is open, will not be out of place.

The causes of this prevailing disorder are various. In the first place, there is no person or body directly responsible for the wise administration of the finances of India. The Secretary of State for India is responsible to the House of Commons, but the House, as soon as India is named, retires to the smoking room or to their dinner. In India, too, the responsibility is so divided between the Supreme Government, the local governments, and the Finance minister, that no one correctly speaking is really responsible. The Finance minister, too, holds office for so short a time, that, generally speaking, he cannot expect to see the result of any new and decisive policy which he may inaugurate on his own responsibility ; and, under such circumstances, there is a tendency in human nature, which it is difficult to resist, to somehow tide over present difficulties, instead of seeking out measures of lasting improvement : and merchants know how endeavours to tide over present difficulties, on occasions of commercial crisis,

often lead to a tremendous fall. Further, measures of lasting improvement can only be brought about by retrenchment, and retrenchment has always been a most ungracious task. There are always some offices to be disestablished, some grants to be withdrawn, hundreds of persons to be disoblige^d; and this requires an amount of moral courage not often to be found among our Indian officials, among whom the *esprit de corps* and mutual sympathy are found to be unusually strong. These, we believe, are some of the reasons which have hitherto thwarted all attempts to bring about any lasting improvement in the finances of India.

Retrenchment, we have said, is the one and the only cure for the numerous evils under which Indian finance is groaning. Every tax has been screwed to the sticking point, and new taxes have been imposed which fall with peculiar hardship on the peasantry. The result has been a growing distrust among the people with regard to the policy of the Government. Even the most beneficial acts of our well-meaning Government are looked upon with suspicion, and, in the words of a departed great man, "a feeling of discontent and dissatisfaction exists among every class, both European and Native, in our Indian Empire, on account of the increase of taxation which has for years been going on," the "continuance of which feeling is a political danger the magnitude of which can hardly be over-estimated." It shall be our attempt to point out in the following pages the ways in which retrenchment may best be effected.

The notoriety which the Public Works Department has obtained for its extravagance, induces us to take up the expenditure connected with that department before all others. The complaint that the department spends too much is general, but the proportion which the total of such expenditure bears to the revenue of the country was never more ably exhibited than in the lucid exposition of that subject by Lord Mayo. Very rightly he includes under the head of Public Works not only the expenditure directly spent on them, but also grants and guarantees to private companies engaged in constructing railways, canals and

ports in India. Lord Mayo says :*—"I wish the Council to note these facts because I do not believe that it is generally known that there is such an enormous expenditure going on for works of public utility. If we put these two sums together, we shall have expended in the two years ending March 31, 1871, upon works of public utility and their cognate expenses, altogether the enormous sum of $28\frac{1}{2}$ millions, a sum considerably more than the annual revenue either of Spain, of Italy, of North Germany, and three times as much as that of Holland. * * So put it in another way, the net expenditure on public works, deducting recoveries for this year, amounts to £ 13,800,000 which, compared with the net available revenue, [by available revenue he means the revenue after deducting all imperative charges such as cost of collection, pensions, payment of interest &c.,] gives a sum equal to 47 per cent. This percentage will be increased during the present year ; so that in reality we expect to spend within the ensuing year, on works of public utility in India, a sum nearly equal to half our entire available revenue ; and I believe that *this is an effort in the direction of public improvement that has hardly ever been attempted by any other nation in the world.*" The italics are our own. Now, we have to ask in all fairness, whether the resources of this poor country are equal to such fabulous expenditure. We appeal to the good sense of our well-meaning Government, whether, while tax upon tax is heaped on the shoulders of a groaning nation, while the strain on our finances has raised a cry of dissatisfaction all over the British empire, the Public Works Department should be allowed to spend millions after millions on objects which, under the present circumstances, had better remain unattempted. We are not here alluding to the painfully frequent recurrence of accidents to edifices built by the Public Works Department.† Granting that money is spent in

* *Gazette of India*, 9th April, 1870.

† The numerous "buildings that fall down before they are finished or shortly after completion and have to be reconstructed, are called by those who have the heart to joke upon such subjects, *re-productive works*". Pritchard's paper on *Indian Finance*.

the most economical and useful way,—though we know the fact to be just the contrary,—we hold that the enormous expenditure on public works is objectionable as being disproportionate to the revenue of the country ;—at the risk of being called ungrateful to a benevolent Government, we hold that, among a people of whom the vast majority are so poor that they can hope to derive no benefit from railways and other expensive public works, the spending of million after million, raised by oppressive taxes, on expensive public works, is an undoubted act of injustice perpetrated, though it be with the best of intentions.

To remedy this state of things, as well as to provide that money may not be uselessly or extravagantly spent, it has been proposed by Sir Bartle Frere, “that Parliament should pass an Act appointing a Commission, or Trustees, who should have power to raise and apply a large sum of several millions sterling; this sum to be raised by loan in England, the interest to be paid by the Secretary of State for India in Council from the revenues of India, and the money to be applied to public works in India.”* This would no doubt be a very salutary measure, if we could feel certain that it would induce the British public and the British Parliament to mark, with a careful and even with a jealous eye, the way in which the money so raised is spent in India. But where is the security for that? Where is the security that English capitalists, secure of their fixed rate of interest obtainable from the Indian Government, would not be totally unmindful as to how the money is spent? Sir Bartle’s plan does not provide a sufficient check on the conduct of the Trustees; and without such checks, public bodies in India are invariably apt to be extravagant. We believe a far simpler and a more efficient plan would be, to somehow create a direct personal responsibility in India. The Finance minister might be made directly responsible to the Government of India for not sanctioning over a *fixed sum* of some millions sterling annually for Public Works in India. Out

of this fixed sum, a margin,—say a fourth, might be left for any emergent items of expenditure which might spring up during the course of the financial year, and could not be anticipated. The remaining three-fourths should be distributed at the beginning of the financial year among the different proposals of public works, submitted by the local Governments before the close of the previous year. Thus the local Governments should submit, before the close of the year, proposals and estimates of public works to be constructed during the next year; and the imperial Government should sanction or reject such proposals, after considering their importance and the state of the finances, and *on no occasion should the fixed sum above referred to be exceeded.* It would require some moral courage to consistently follow out such a policy, and to reject hundreds of proposals which crop up every year, entailing increased expenditure on public works; but Indian officials have never been found wanting in courage in times of need, and the present head of our Government has never hesitated a refusal when a refusal was needed.

We have done with the Public works Department, but there is one thing which we cannot pass over without remark,—we mean the policy of guaranteeing profits to private companies, which has been consistently followed by the Government, and which tells most detrimentally on the finances of India. The loss which the Government, or rather the tax-payers, have already sustained is enormous,* and yet there seems to be no immediate

* "Up to the present time about £ 90,000,000 has been spent on guaranteed railways; the amount of interest which the Government has had to make good up to the present time has been £ 33,000,000. The contracts are arranged on conditions most unfavorable to India. Government can at any time be compelled to take over a company repaying to the share-holders not only the actual value of the line, but also all the capital that has been wasted on ill constructed works. Upon the Calcutta and South Eastern Railway about £ 600,000 was expended. On this outlay 5 per cent was guaranteed. The scheme proving a disastrous failure, the Government took it over at par, and it does not now nearly pay its working expenses. £ 3,000,000 was expended on the Jubbulpore Branch of the East India Railway. The

prospect of the policy being given up. The failure of companies has always, and in every country, called forth the sympathy of the people, but nowhere have the people been taxed to prevent such fall. The failure of Railway companies is a frequent occurrence in England; but has the English Government ventured in one single instance to cause heart-burning to people by levying a tax to indemnify the sufferers? And is the heart-burning of the tax-payer in India less than in any other country? Or is it only less regarded because the tax-payers are a subject race, and cannot have their claims constitutionally enforced? We turn from such painful reflections.

It might be urged in defence of the conduct of the Government, that English capitalists would not venture on risking their money in this distant land without some security for the interest of their capital. To such as would bring forward this argument we would simply ask,—Is not English capital finding its way into the heart of Russia, into the wiles of Australia, into the trackless woods of America,—and that without any security whatever being afforded? Is not English capital running greater

usual 5 per cent was guaranteed, and it only just pays its working expenses. Other still more disastrous instances might be quoted. In Scinde, Punjab and Delhi Railway more than £ 8,000,000 was expended, upon which 5 per cent has been guaranteed. The net annual return at the present time is about £ 50,000, and the Government annually loses about £ 40,000 on this disastrous undertaking. The share-holders however are perfectly happy. They are certain of their 5 per cent. * * * £ 1,000,000 was raised by a private company in 10,000 shares of £ 100 each for the Orissa Irrigation Works. The shares fell to a heavy discount—they were quoted in the London money market at £ 60, and were unsaleable at that price. The Government bought the company at par, and as if it was not enough to make this extravagant bargain, in a moment of inexplicable generosity, £ 50,000 more was given additional to be distributed among the employees of the company. * * * If we are not mindful of the moral responsibility we have assumed in undertaking the government of 150,000,000 of people, we may perhaps awaken to the enormous stake that we have in the country. £ 180,000,000 of English capital has been embarked on the security of Indian revenues." Fawcett's Speech on Indian Finance.

risks in every other part of the world than in India? Nay, it is a notorious fact, that the excess of accumulation in England leads to commercial revulsions, and therefore necessitates, almost periodically, destruction of vast amounts of English capital, in order to the maintenance of a healthy rate of profits in the market.* In India alone, our English rulers would prevent the waste of English capital, and that by a ceaseless drain on the pockets of a population so poor that ninety nine out of every hundred among them earn no more than two annas to four annas a day!

We have dwelt so long on this subject that we must hurry over the remaining points. Perhaps the most popular, and in our opinion, the wisest measure, by which retrenchment may be effected would be by the employment of a larger number of the Natives of the country in Government offices. No Government perhaps on the face of the globe is so expensive as the Indian Government; and the pay of the Indian officials of the higher grades is almost unparalleled by that of any other nation. If English talent cannot be bought at a more reasonable price, does not the state of the finances necessitate the recognition and use of indigenous talent and abilities? Is not the time yet come when Her Majesty's subjects "of whatever race or creed *may* be freely and impartially admitted to offices in Her service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability and integrity duly to discharge?"† For the sake of the finances of India, if not for anything else, should indigenous talent be recognized and extensively used.

The wording of Her Majesty's Proclamation is clear and decided. The public opinion of England at the present moment is no less clear and decided on the subject.‡ But our rulers in this

* See Mill's *Political Economy*, Bk. IV. Ch. IV. § 5.

† The Queen's gracious Proclamation of 1858.

‡ "We know that the Mogul emperors employed without hesitation the talents of their Hindu subjects both in finance and war, and that more than one province was brought under obedience to Delhi by the abilities of a Hindu general. Could we not take a lesson from such precedents? * * * Whatever prejudices may linger in Anglo-Indian breasts, the feeling of the

country are hardly disposed to act according to such directions. The sacred ranks of the Civil Service are just opening to the Indian,—and what a cry of condemnation has been raised from one end of Anglo-Indian India to the other against such unwelcome intrusion! The opposition is assuming such a serious form, that we tremble lest the doors of the service, opened with such jealousy and so late in the day, be closed again. We are sincerely grieved to see that the honest-minded and good-hearted Lord Northbrook himself has been induced to believe that, while competitive examination is the test best for Englishmen entering the Civil Service, it “is not suited under the present condition of India to form the sole test of the fitness of Natives for employment in offices of importance.”* And excluded from the Civil Service, the Indian is for ever excluded from all higher grades of service.

We are no theoretical reformers. We do not believe in the equality of all men,—in the equality of the conquerors with the conquered. We do not question the right of our rulers, as a conquering race, to regard India as a field of their enterprize and gain, and therefore to appropriate to themselves some of the best-paid appointments. We are even prepared to excuse the conduct of our Government in not acting according to a Proclamation issued by the Queen immediately after the Mutiny to pacify the nation, and in making *some* distinction of “race or creed.” But admitting all this, we cannot yet justify the almost entire exclusion of our countrymen from all the highest Government services.†

nation at home is, that India shall be governed not only for the benefit of the people, but also by their own leaders so far as is consistent with the stability of the administration.” *Times*

“‘Could we not,’ asks the *Times*, ‘take a lesson from such precedents?’ Of course we can, if we only have the courage to carry out our own professions of governing India for the good of its own people. It was not by employing Native Hindus, but by ceasing to employ them, that the Mogul empire came to grief” *Home News*.

* His Excellency’s reply to the Bombay Association.

† Forty years ago Lord William Bentinck honestly admitted that, “in many respects, the Muhammadans surpassed our rule; they settled in the

We believe that the care with which the Natives of the country are kept out from all posts of authority, the care with which the supremacy of the conquerors over the conquered, is declared, maintained and codified,* is unprecedented in the annals of India. The Muhammadan rule in India bears no comparison with the English rule in respect of the blessings and comforts secured to the people, and Englishmen who plume themselves by instituting a comparison between the English rule and that of the Muhammadans do injustice to England by adopting so low a standard of comparison. It is only a matter of surprise and regret, that there should be any one point in which the Muhammadan rule should excel the English. That point, however, is an essential one. For, need we stop to point out how the fact, that no Indian can *reasonably* aspire beyond a certain subordinate and inglorious position, has a demoralizing effect which can hardly be over-estimated? Superior talents are wasted, and laudable ambition degenerates into dissatisfaction and despair.

Our next subject will be the Indian army. We premise by saying, that we do not intend to utter a word against any expenditure which really adds to the strength of the British force in India. India is a vast country, containing a variety of nations, with a variety of institutions and feelings; and an efficient army at whatever cost is a matter of necessity. But none are better aware than the military authorities themselves of the continual growth of "non-effective establishments," entailing a vast deal of useless expenditure. If it were necessary to quote authorities we might do so by hundreds,

countries which they conquered,—the interests and sympathies of the conquerors and conquered became identified. Our policy, on the contrary, has been the reverse of this,—cold, selfish, and unfeeling. The iron hand of power, on the one side, monopoly and exclusion, on the other." We wish we could say that the policy has been materially altered during the last forty years.

* It is impossible for any Indian to read Chap. VII. of the New Criminal Procedure Code, without a sense of humiliation at the manner in which the fact of our being a subject race is impressed on us. Every Englishman, be he a loafer or a thief, is guarded by a halo of sacredness which the Indian of the highest rank and respectability must not dare to violate.

but we shall content ourselves with one, and that shall be the authority of no less a person than Sir William Mansfield, now Lord Sandhurst. "There is," he says, "one more point to which I would invite the attention of the Council,—that being the growth of non-effective establishments. * * In short, we are threatened with the serious danger of all our economies in India in the combative force being eventually greatly more than swallowed up in the growth of the non-effective expenditure."* It is to these that we would draw the particular attention of our rulers, and it is for these that we as tax-payers grudge to pay.

Further :—"An entirely new principle", says Sir Charles Trevelyan, "has been introduced which I do not remember to have heard of before, by which promotion is given altogether according to length of service, without reference to any fixed establishment. The consequence of this is, that the qualification for the highest rank and the highest rate of pension is, simply absolute length of service, without regard either to the public wants, or to the relative claims of public officers."† A child may understand that, with this system obtaining, there can be no economy in the army expenditure. And why may not this system be changed? Why may not greater regard be paid to the public wants, than to the preposterous claims of the officers in the army? We know of no other reason than that the officers form an influential body, and their voice is more powerful than the united voice of a tax-paying nation; and all considerations of economy are laid aside in presence of this powerful voice. "The large reduction", adds Sir Charles Trevelyan, "of the Madras army, originally proposed by Sir Patrick Grant and myself, and now a second time urged by Lord Mayo, seems to have been considered with reference neither to the relative economy nor to the relative efficiency of the regiments, *but to the interest of the officers.*

* * These are the reasons why the expenditure on the army has not been reduced within the limits recommended by

* Speech in the Supreme Council, April, 1870.

† Sir Charles Trevelyan's paper on *The Finances of India*.

Lord Mayo; and it must be admitted that they are examples of the expensive spirit of foreign rule. If we had been dealing, not with Natives of India, but with our own countrymen, the result would have been very different. If the check of jealous constituents had not been wanting, if Parliament had been disposing of its own money, and not of the money of the people of India, nothing of this could have taken place."

But we must hasten to a close. We have neither the space nor the inclination to dwell on the painful subject of how the finances of India are repeatedly sacrificed to the exigencies of English Estimates.* Nor have we the heart to comment on the annual trips to Simla, which cost us poor tax-payers no less than five lacs and sixty thousand Rupees every year. We must likewise pass over a host of other smaller items, which might easily be dispensed with, or greatly reduced, without entailing any hardship on any class of people. But there is one subject, (and this we are compelled through want of space to make our last,) which we cannot pass over without a few remarks,—we mean the ecclesiastical establishment of India.

We are obliged to pay for the maintenance of Christian Churches in India. The Christians in all fairness ought to pay for Christian churches, as the Hindus pay for Hindu churches, and the Muhammadans for Muhammadan churches; and a tax on the Hindus and Muhammadans for the support of the Christian church differs, in our humble opinion, in no respect from that oppressive tax imposed by a certain Muhammadan ruler on all the Kafirs of Hindustan *because* they were Kafirs. But it is not our intention to use arguments here to shew the injustice of our paying for the ecclesiastical establishment of India. In a parallel case, the English nation have admitted the fact of such injustice, and have ratified their admission by the disestablishment of the Irish Church. What is wanted, therefore, is an incentive to induce our rulers to undo what they themselves consider to be unjust.

The loyalty and the peaceful habits of the people of India preclude the possibility of such incentives springing up in India as induced English statesmen to disestablish the church in Ireland ; but, in our humble opinion, the critical state of our finances, and the hardships to which our villagers have been subjected on account of the daily increasing taxation, ought to be a sufficient incentive in the present instance,—if indeed any incentive is necessary for the disestablishment of an institution which is admitted to be unjust.

We shall now bring this article to a close,—not that the subject is half exhausted, but because we have no space for saying any more. We have not hesitated to point out instances of inordinate expenditure which the nation should not pay, as evils which should be remedied. We have not hesitated to shew that the claims of English merchants, the claims of English officers, the claims of Indian chaplains, have been admitted in defiance of the claims of the nation and of justice. What is the great lesson which all this teaches? It shews how difficult,—we might almost say—how impracticable it is, even for the most beneficent of rulers, to recognize, to their fullest extent, the claims of the *people* when opposed to the claims of the *ruling class*. Men are not angels, and selfishness will manifest itself in the best of governments. It is because we have faith in the stern sense of justice of our rulers,—it is because we firmly believe that our rulers will not hesitate to rectify an injustice when it is brought home to their minds, that we have ventured to point out some instances of such injustice in the administration of the finances of India. Lord Northbrook is already respected and loved by the people of India for his large-hearted sympathy, and we venture to hope that whatever the people will reasonably urge will not be lost upon him. The English Government, as it is, is too expensive for the resources of India, and we doubt not Lord Northbrook will commence reductions at once. “We are a monarchical and an aristocratical,” says Sir Charles Trevelyan, “as well as a democratic people, but we ought not to indulge our amiable weakness at the expense of our Indian fellow-subjects.”

EPIPHANY.

THE star ! the star ! the star !
His star is in the East,
A shimmering light,
On plain and height,
Proclaims the solemn feast.

The star ! the star ! the star !
Thy circlet never sets,
Thy soft gleam falls
On pagod walls,
And tops of minarets.

The star ! the star ! the star !
The Magi saw of yore ;
What shall we bring
To our great King ?
What hast thou, heart, in store ?

The star ! the star ! the star !
All thoughts that in us stir,
Its glorious ray
Transmutes this day
To gold, and spice and myrrh.

The star ! the star ! the star !
Thou cloud-dispelling eye,
May the light roll,
From soul to soul,
And angels hymn on High !

H. C. D

MUHAMMADAN EDUCATION IN BENGAL.

BY MAULAVI OBAIDULLAH ALOBAIDI.

THE Muhammadans of Bengal may be divided into three classes :—the higher class, the middle class and the lower class. The higher class consists of the Zemindars, Government officials, and some of the merchants. The middle class is composed chiefly of small landholders, lakhirajdars and Aymadars. The lower class includes the cultivators or the peasantry, tradesmen or shopkeepers, and those (especially amongst the inhabitants of Calcutta and other large towns) who are engaged in menial service under European gentlemen, such as Khidmatgars, butlers, cooks and Khánsamás.

The Musalmán population of large towns in Bengal, whose ancestors came from the Upper Provinces and settled here, generally speak Hindustani in their homes as well as in society. But the family dialect of the Musalmáns of all classes, residing in the interior of the country, is a dialect called Musalmán-Bengali. It is a compound of the Arabic, Persian and Bengali languages. Had it not contained the verbs and prepositions of the Bengali language, it would have been unjust to apply the denomination of Bengali to it. But the Musalmán inhabitants of the zillahs of Midnapur, Cuttack and Balasar, in the towns as well as in the Mufassal, speak Hindustani, though not in so polished a form as that spoken by the people of Upper India. This peculiarity is owing probably to the influence of the Pátháns, who came in company with Dáúd Khán and settled in the districts of Midnapur, Balasar and Cuttack. The people of the eastern parts of Bengal, such as Chittagong, Sandwip and other places, speak a *patois*, which is hardly intelligible to people of western Bengal. But when they come to Calcutta, or to Chinsurah, to prosecute their Arabic studies, they learn Hindustani, as the lectures are generally given in that language.

The middle and some of the higher classes of the Musalmáns of lower Bengal, especially of the western districts, often trace their descent from some saints, Darweshes, or learned men, who

were emigrants from Persia or Arabia, and thereby claim a superiority of birth, called by them *sharífat*, or nobility of descent. The members of such families, although in extreme poverty, often avoid forming connection with those whose ancestral pedigree is doubtful. Their women dislike to take dinner at the same table with the ladies of foreign families, however rich and respectable in life. This desire to keep up family-purity has grown to such an extent, that it has introduced something like caste amongst the Muhammadans, though it is well known that the distinction of caste is foreign to the genius of Islam. No doubt, they have borrowed this desire, as well as their repugnance to the remarriage of their widows, from their Hindu brethren. Some of the middle class Musalmáns of western Bengal call themselves *makhádim* (plural of *Makhdúm*, *i. e.*, the served). They hold small pieces of land called *Aymás* for their subsistence; hence they are sometimes called *Aymádars*. These lands were granted by the Muhammadan rulers to their ancestors who were holy personages, or men of letters.

In former days, the chief avocations of the higher and middle class Musalmáns were literary. The Madrassas were generally resorted to by the youth of those classes. The number of the Madrassas was very small. Some well-to-do people established a *Makhtab* at home by employing a teacher for the instruction of their children, with whom the sons of the neighbouring poor people read *gratis*, by copying manuscripts. In former days, Arabic was very little cultivated in Bengal, the chief subject of study having been Persian literature. Those who qualified themselves in that language held respectable posts under Government. But some enterprising youths, who were desirous of acquiring fame for Arabic scholarship, travelled to the Upper Provinces, and underwent various privations in order to study that language.

When Mânshi Sadraddin, a high Government official, invited Maulavi Abdul Ali of Lakhnow to Bengal, who for his deep learning was dignified with the proud appellation of *Bahr-ul-um*, or the sea of learning, and established a Madrassa in his

native village Bohar in the district of Burdwan, from that time the cultivation of Arabic learning began to be encouraged in this province. Formerly, there were several private Madrassas, where students were boarded free. In such Muhammadan villages, where these seminaries existed, private people also used to supply the students with free board, and in many cases accommodated them in their own houses,—such acts being held meritorious in a religious point of view.

In later days, a Madrasa was founded in Calcutta by Warren Hastings in 1781, with the view of enabling the Musalmans of Bengal to acquire such knowledge of Arabic literature and science as would qualify them for the public service, chiefly in the judicial department, and was endowed with a zemindari yielding an estimated rental of Rs. 29,000, which was in 1819 commuted to a fixed yearly charge on the treasury of Rs. 30,000. Most of the students after receiving preliminary instructions in the above mentioned Mufassal Madrassas, or by private tuition, came to the Calcutta Madrasa for completing their studies. The subjects of the studies in the Madrasa at that time were the following:—Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Literature, Mathematics including Arithmetic, Algebra and Astronomy based on the Ptolemaic geocentric system, Muhammadan Law and Jurisprudence. In 1829 an English department was organized. It was at first composed entirely of scholars on the Madrasa foundation, but was shortly after thrown open to Muhammadans of all classes. As in those days, the Government, out of policy, encouraged Muhammadan literature and science, high and respectable posts under Government being held out to those who possessed a competent knowledge of Muhammadan Law and literature, our co-religionists seeing that Government was so much inclined to encourage their literature, very seldom paid attention to English learning. Consequently, the Anglo-Arabic department ultimately proved unsuccessful. In the meantime, a scheme was devised to discontinue the teaching of the Arabic sciences in the Arabic department, and to introduce the study of the western sciences through the Urdu translations of some

English scientific books executed at Delhi. The mode of introducing the plan having been clumsy, it resulted in the rebellion of the students against Dr. Sprenger, the then Principal of the Madrassa, and the Madrassa was deserted by the students. Afterwards when the Madrassa was re-peopled by the admission of new students, a Committee was formed for devising a better plan for the education of the Muhammadaus. Agreeably to the recommendation of the Committee, the Anglo-Arabic and English departments were closed in 1844, and in their stead the Anglo-Persian department was formed on such a scale as to enable the students to compete for the Junior English Scholarship Examination, and the system of education in the Arabic department was altered; that is to say, the teaching of the Arabic sciences was discontinued, the subjects chiefly taught being the Arabic language and literature and Muhammadan Law. The students of the Arabic department were not allowed to learn English or Bengali, which were exclusively taught in the Anglo-Persian department.

In 1836, another Madrassa was founded at Hugli by the munificence of the late Haji Muhammad Muhsin, the principal features of which were similar to those of the Calcutta Madrassa. And there was also an Anglo-Persian department* attached to the institution exclusively for the Musalmans, the Hugli College and its collegiate school being open to Hindus and Christians. This Madrassa was chiefly resorted to by the people of the suburban districts, while the Calcutta Madrassa was recruited chiefly from the Musalmans of the eastern parts of Bengal.

I now come to the present state of education among the Musalmans of Bengal. In early days, our co-religionists, as I have said, seeing that Government was so much inclined to encourage their literature, very seldom paid attention to English learning. But in later times, when Government abruptly discontinued the encouragement of Musalman learning, and made the

* This Anglo-Persian department has at present been absorbed in the General Department.

University Matriculation Examination the only door for entering into high posts under Government, our co-religionists were left far behind by their Hindu brethren. Now they are in an awkward state. They do not feel inclined to learn their own lore, seeing it to be utterly useless for worldly purposes ; nor have they the means to get English education. The Madrassas of Calcutta and Hugli are, at present, attended chiefly by the people of the eastern parts of Bengal, namely Chittagong and Sudharam, only 4 or 5 per cent. being of the western or suburban districts. The Musalmans of Chittagong are, for the most part, a class of people who are fanatical in the extreme, and who have no sympathy with modern progress ; they are, therefore, quite averse to English education. It is for this reason, that the introduction of English into the Arabic department of the Calcutta Madrassa has of late proved a total failure. But the Musalmans of western Bengal, as well as the most respectable portion of the Muhammadans of eastern Bengal, are far more liberal in their ideas. They thoroughly appreciate the benefits of English education. They send their children to English schools, to the Anglo-Persian department of the Calcutta Madrassa and to the English department of the Hugli College. It is very desirable to turn the Mafassal Madrassas to some purpose. At present the Musalmans of the higher classes, who are rich men, generally send their children to receive English education to the English departments of both the institutions mentioned above ; but the majority of the middle class Musalmans, owing to their poverty, cannot afford to give their children the benefit of English education. Now, if a department were added to the Mafassal Madrassas with the simple Arabic standard together with English teaching, it might do a great deal of good to the Musalman population of western Bengal.

I shall now state the reasons of the paucity of Musalman students in Mafassal schools, and try to ascertain the remedy for the evil. The Musalmans of the middle class have no notion of spending any thing on education. In former times, an Arabic or Persian teacher was employed by a rich man for the instruction

of his children, with whom poor boys received lessons gratuitously. It must also be borne in mind that Maulavis, among our co-religionists, teach poor pupils *gratis*, thinking it to be a meritorious act. The students used to copy manuscripts and read them with the Maulavis.

The causes of the Musalmans keeping themselves aloof from Government schools are as follows :—(1) Pecuniary difficulty, that is to say, inability to supply the necessary cost of English education. The Musalmans are comparatively poorer than the Hindus, owing to their expensive mode of living, to their not following different professions and trades, and to their being forbidden to take usury. (2) The disadvantages met with in the existing schools. One or two Muhammadan boys, placed in the same school with Hindu lads and Hindu teachers, are often teased by them, and made the objects of their ridicule ; consequently the poor boys are obliged to quit it, and thus forego the benefits of English education. (3) The want of Musalman teachers in the Government Schools, and Musalman Inspectors of schools, who could induce their co-religionists to send their children to school, explaining to them the natures of English education and removing doubts from their minds. It is desirable that those Inspectors should be Anglo-Arabic scholars (if such are available), that they may exercise influence over their countrymen. The want of Musalman Inspectors has been always unfavourable to Muhammadan education. I see very few schools in the Musalman parts of the country, they being exclusively confined to the Hindu villages to the great disadvantage of the Muhammadans. The writer of this article has walked through a Musalman tract in the district of Midnapur, extending over more than 20 miles, without meeting with a single school or *pāthsālā*. (4) The mass of the Musalman population ignorant of the nature of English education, look upon it as dangerous to their faith. These false apprehensions ought to be removed through the agency of Muhammadan Inspectors as suggested above. (5) The want of Arabic and Persian teachers in the existing schools. For want of such teachers those

Musalman students, who come to colleges from the Mafassal, take up Sanskrit as their second language in the University Examinations instead of Persian or Arabic, as no facilities had been afforded them for learning either Persian or Arabic. If separate institutions be established for Musalmans, it will, no doubt, be a great boon to them, otherwise the appointment of Arabic and Persian teachers in the ordinary schools, may go a great way towards remedying the evil.

The Muhammadans of Bengal are in a sad plight. They are required to learn half a dozen languages for achieving the same purposes that their Hindu brethren achieve by learning only two languages. Besides English, Muhammadans must learn Persian and Hindustani for keeping up their position in society, and Arabic for understanding their religious books; while Bengali is also indispensable to them, it being the current tongue of the country and the official language of the Zillah courts. It must be borne in mind, that the Arabic does not bear the same relation to the Musalmans as the Sanskrit does to the Hindus. The Hindus, except Brahmans, need not learn Sanskrit, for they are forbidden to read their religious books. It is for this reason, that they did not learn Sanskrit under their own Hindu kings. Under Muhammadan rule, they only learnt Persian to qualify themselves for Government employment. Under these circumstances, is it not useless for the majority of the Hindus (except for philological purposes) to learn the Sanskrit? But the case of the Muhammadans is quite different. Every Musalman is required to study his religious books, the priesthood not being confined to a particular class.

I must before concluding say a word on the Urdu language. The term Hindustani, as applied by Europeans to the language used in Upper India, is never used by the Natives in that sense. What it means among the former is known to the latter by the name of Urdu, which differs from Hindi or Brijbháká, in the latter getting a greater portion of its elements from the Sanskrit. The term Hindustani as used in a Minute of His Honor

the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal seems to mean a language which has very few elements of the Persian and Arabic in it, and which is used in daily conversation. It is acknowledged on all hands, that the colloquial dialect of a country differs from the written one, and is never taught in school. So then Hindustani, as a colloquial dialect, has no literature either prose or poetry, and its vocabulary is too poor to supply words for conveying scientific and abstract ideas. As for Urdu, the written language of Upper India, it is highly desirable that it should be kept pure and chaste. In conveying scientific ideas, however, the use of Arabic and Persian words is excusable ; but such highly artificial Urdu, as is seen in the Persianized and Arabicized style of *Fasani Ajaib*, in which sometimes phrases and grammatical constructions of the Arabic and Persian are introduced, is no doubt a pedantic style.

The Musalmans of Lower Bengal do not require to learn Hindustani, as all literary correspondence is invariably carried on in Persian in this part of the country. They would prefer Bengali to Hindustani, the former being the vernacular of the country and the official language of the Zillah courts. Hence some provision ought to be made for teaching Bengali to Musalman youth along with English and one or other of the two classical languages, namely, Arabic and Persian.

THE EMIGRANTS' DEPARTURE.

PAINTED BY C. HÜBNER.

(From the German of Freiligrath.)

O speak, why leave ye thus your place ?
 For Neckar vale hath wine and corn,
 The firs our woods still proudly grace,
 In Spessart rings the Alpine horn.

Your hearts in forests strange in vain
 For this dear land will sorely pine,
 Its waving fields of golden grain,
 Its uplands crown'd with clustering vine.

The picture of your native land
 In dreams will glance across your mind,
 And like a holy legend stand
 Within your heart of hearts enshrined.

O speak, why leave ye thus your place?
 For Neckar vale hath wine and corn,
 The firs our woods still proudly grace,
 In Spessart rings the Alpine horn.

O. C. DUTT.

ON THE PLEASURES OF SENSE.

'Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme'

MILTON.

HEARING.

“अमृतं बालभाषितम्.” I know no sound sweeter than the lisping of a babe. Sweet, exquisitely sweet as are the broken syllables in themselves, they are invariably accompanied by collateral charms that combine to render infant vocabulary infinitely superior to any other vocabulary of ancient or modern times. The radiant face, the dimpled cheek, the sparkling eyes from each corner of which peep angel choirs protesting the purity of the glance, are but so many additional strings to soften the melody of the celestial harp. Woe unto the obdurate heart on which such honied notes are entirely lost!—notes that arrest the hurried steps of the man of business,—notes that challenge a passing smile from the most confirmed misanthrope. Nothing is

so very repugnant to a man of taste as foul language. He who would quietly pocket a smart box on the ear will resent abuse. Yet what master of etiquette has not, in his own days, teased an urchin and provoked it to call all manner of names, showering uncouth complements, not only on himself, but on his venerable relatives too, simply for the purpose of regaling his ears with the ambrosial repast? If such be the captivating influence of the talk of children on mere strangers, what must it be on the young couple united by thee,

“——Wedded Love, mysterious law, true source

Of human offspring, sole propriety

In Paradise of all things common else !

By thee adulterous Lust was driven from man

Among the beastial herds to range ; by thee

Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,

Relatives dear, and all the charities

Of father, son, and brother first were known ;”

—a couple justly proud of the cherub pledge, in whom are concentrated their best affections, and in the music of whose innocent prattle they live, move, and have their being.

I wish not to detract from the power of music, either vocal or instrumental. The power that usurps creative functions, and recasts the human soul into different moulds at pleasure,—the power whose irresistible eloquence almost persuades us to be Pagans, and to pin our faith in the fabled restoration of Eurydice,—the power whose

“—————varied lays surprise,

And bid alternate passions fall and rise !

While, at each change, the son of Lybian Jove

Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,—

Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,

Now sighs steal out and tears begin to flow,”

can suffer nothing from detraction. The mole on the face of a fair maid of Circassia does but serve, by contrast, to lend the budding rose a deeper hue, and to add Bokhara to Samarcand

as its price. Like good queen Bess, in spite of feminine infirmities, it reigns supreme, frowns away *climbing* impertinence, *slaps* into sense prying intrusion, keeping suspicion at bay, and gagging garrulous scandal for good.

Indeed, I dare not speak disparagingly of music with the heavy denunciation staring me in the face. The great Translator of the Human Mind, without losing himself in the maze of "perceptions" and "conceptions", of "passions" and "emotions," instinctively discovered the various sources of pain and pleasure, and passed at once the sentence of "a slow sudden death" on disloyalty towards the eldest born of the Sister Arts.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.

Deservedly dangles in mid air, a sport to rooks and crows, the wretch with flinty breast that remains impervious to the wanton playfulness of minims and crotchets, of quavers and semi-quavers, in a bold adventurous flight of flourish. The ever-approaching and ever-receding cadence swells the bosom, tickles the whole system, and melts us we know not why. Cold calculations of proprieties are out of place where music "relaxes and unnerves the soul." In vain do the Spartans maim and mutilate Timotheus, in vain does Plato hurl his fulminations against the enervating effects of "soft and wanton" songs. Harmony triumphs all the same,

"And the world's victor stands subdued by sound."

You can no more regulate the influence of music by rules than

"——by geometric scale,
Can take the size of pots of ale ;
Resolve by signs and tangents straight
If bread or butter wanted weight ;
And wisely tell what hour o' the day
The clock does strike by Algebra."

To resolve not to be affected by harmony would be as rational as to resolve not to feel hungry until signalled by the Statical Chair of Dr. Sanctorius. No ; it is not a question of option. We feel hungry, because we feel hungry ; we feel sleepy, because we feel sleepy. We are slaves to the magic lamp, though the puny mischievous abortion of the brasier's anvil often plays fantastic tricks by pulling, with guilty knowledge of the fact, the wrong string, discovering the Moor, not in the infantine embrace of Morpheus, as was his wont, but "imparadised" in the riper and more appreciable arms of Desdemona—wide awake !

Yes ; there is music in the sigh ! I appeal, as appealed Bhárat Chandra, more than hundred years ago, to those more conversant with the matter, to judge for themselves the worth of the sigh sighed by stealth, in crowded rings, or on the still more crowded steps of the parish Church, at the approach of Christmas Eve, unheeded by all save and except the watchful Edwin initiated into the mysteries of divine courtship. Like charity, the sigh blesseth her that giveth, and him that receiveth. She is relieved of an incubus. She completes a task more difficult of performance than the *pons asinorum* to the dullest of the dullards belonging to the fourth form of an aided vernacular school in some outlandish corner of Sylhet or Chittagong. The beseeching mien, the imploring look of the modest youth loudly call for recognition. How to recognise without rousing the suspicion of fifty-headed Aunty, that everlasting plague eternally croaking decorum to orphaned virgins just out of their teens, was the great problem for her to solve. She has done the deed—she is happy. As for him, lucky dog ! he has decried, looming in the distance, a light, though dim, that is to serve as a beacon to him all his life-time, however tossed and buffeted may be the frail bark by merciless waves. The sigh is the lover's *Vade mecum* ! Whether he shivers in bleak arctic regions, struggling with wild beasts for precarious subsistence, or drudges, sweats, and pants under the line in Indian plantations,

“—————a purchased slave,

Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,

You use in abject and slavish parts,
Because you bought them,"

this only solitary thought supports him and buoys up his depressed spirits. He lightens his labour with the thought, and with joy broods over it during his scanty leisure. For the sigh he not only bears to live, but often does

"Rise to transports past expressing,
Sweeter by remembrance made."

Overpowered by hunger and fatigue, his proud soul completely crushed by continual ill-treatment of repeated terms renewed on the most flimsy pretext, the poor exile sinks under the load, and thinks of seeking relief in self-destruction. He pawns his only threadbare coat and supplies himself with the fatal drug. The door of the cabin is duly fastened and the end-all cup is at his lips. Some good genius interposes, works on the talisman, recalls the live-long Christmas Eve to his memory. Dashed is the cup to the ground, and Edwin is ready to live ten thousand lives of hard bondage over again for the sake of the sigh! "Veni, vidi, vici!" The laconic epistle of three words conveyed to the Roman republic an account of the affairs in Gaul with almost the precision insisted on by the Stagirite. The drama is, in its own way, complete, having a beginning, a middle, and an end. But could a despatch of three folio volumes describe the harrowing cares and anxieties, the sleepless days and nights, the puzzling manœuvres and strategy that enabled the general to secure the speedy conquest? "Angelina sighed" signifies little—signifies nothing. The record fails to give a bare indistinct skeleton of the grand event with which commenced the new era or epocha in the history of the lovers. The telegram that flashed the all-important fact through invisible wires was—the sigh!

Nor are numbers without music when Elijah tunes the Avon lyre, and thou, Elishah! on whom his mantle fell, singest of Greece, "but living Greece no more." Or when, sublime Milton!

"Though blind, yet, with penetrating eye
Of intellectual light, thou dost survey

The labyrinth perplexed of Heaven's decree ;
 And with a quill, pluck'd from an angel's wing,
 Dipt in the fount that laves the eternal throne,
 Trace the dark paths of Providence divine,
 'And justify the ways of God to man'.

I wouldn't pay a *copy* for bushel-fulls of fulsome "Gazettes,"
 eked out to flatter arrant dunces who know not to distinguish
 prose from poetry, and yet would pester genius with dogmatical
 canons in spite of the warning,—

"Vex not thou the poet's mind
 With thy shallow wit.
 Vex not thou the poet's mind ;
 For thou canst not fathom it.
 Clear and bright it should be ever,
 Flowing like a crystal river ;
 Bright as light, and clear as wind."

Cringing sycophants, who would prostitute the Muse for place
 or title, have not—cannot have—in their whole constitution, a
 grain of true poetry which spurns worldly distinction, and is
 equally indifferent to favors or frowns of kings. It is said, that
 Charles II. once visited Milton and taunted him with blindness
 which, the sovereign hinted, was a visitation of Providence for the
 active share the poet had taken in the republican movement of
 his days. "How greatly must that man have sinned," replied
 Milton, "who lost his life in the struggle",—unmistakably alluding
 to the father of the king himself. True or false, the anecdote
 serves to indicate the sort of spirit destined "to soar above the
 Aonian Mount." Gentle reader! mistake not my meaning. I
 do not hold up John Milton as a model husband, as a model
 father, or as a model subject. No ; John Milton, the man, in
 common with many others, gravely erred in a great many matters
 of grave importance, thus lending a sort of colouring to the vulgar
 mistake that looks upon genius and eccentricity as unalienable
 concomitants. Nor, indeed, do I hold up John Milton, the poet,
 for general imitation, and that simply because the author of the

Paradise Lost is, I submit, quite inimitable. My meaning is that, in its account current, Poetry ignores Debit and Credit side, and reserves no column for Profit and Loss!

“He on whose birth the lyric queen
Of numbers smil’d, shall never grace
The Isthmean gauntlet, or be seen
First in the fam’d Olympic race.
But him the streams that warbling flow
Rich Tiber’s fertile meads along,
And shady groves, his haunts shall know
The master of th’ Æolian song.”

Even in an utilitarian point of view, the value of the sense of hearing cannot be over-estimated. We are indebted to it for all the comforts of civilization, for all the facilities of modern discovery. We see, we smell, we touch, we taste, the sensations are buried within ourselves, though in our neighbours the several organs are as complete as, or more complete than, our own. Rob us of the power of communicating to others what we know or what we feel, and we are forthwith reduced to the necessity of depending entirely on our individual resources, in other words, of feeding on herbs, of sleeping in caves, and of multiplying the race without any regard to laws human or divine. Giving Newton or Galileo the credit of elaborating the fall of the apple or the motion of the portico lamp, into laws of gravitation or the oscillations of the pendulum, without the aid of accumulated wisdom of ages, could we to this day account for the mysterious suspension of aerial chandeliers fixed though moving in their orbits, or for the equally mysterious tick of the pocket watch keeping time more accurately than the great Sol himself? Could the rude stool “on three legs upborne” with “a massy slab in fashion square or round,” develop itself into the velvet cushioned sofa without the communicated intelligence and experience of centuries?

“—————Slow

The growth of what is excellent ; so hard
To attain perfection in this nether world.

Thus first necessity invented stools
 Convenience next suggested the elbow chair,
 And luxury the accomplished sofa last."

Steam did not of itself carry our argosies over the Pacific, nor did the dreaded thunderbolt volunteer *Hurkaru* to take our messages over the Atlantic of its own accord and free will. We had to entice them into service, gradually, and imperceptibly, as it were, coaxing and humouring them from time immemorial, one generation transmitting their share of success for the next to work upon, and these, in their turn, their acquisitions for the following, by means of language, spoken or written, alike the handmaids of the Ear.

But say, we could dispense with rail-roads and electric telegraphs, with sofas and time pieces, could we bear the toil of the sojourn through this vale of tears without rational conversation,—that badge of humanity,—that sweet reciprocation of thoughts and feelings which disarm pain of its sting and renders pleasure doubly pleasing? Stale, flat, and unprofitable are the joys of the world, unless shared by others in whom the soul delights. Blank must appear fair Nature to the wretch doomed to roam in solitude, surrounded by smiling faces of beasts and birds and human faces divine. I care not for hosts of hirelings whose scorpion sympathy poisons the frame and almost justifies the cynicism of Diogenes himself. If sumptuous dinners and midnight carousals are to constitute tenures of friendship, oh! save me from such. I will have none of it. Hungry vultures and ravenous wolves may be seduced to friendship on such mercenary conditions. Grant me, kind Heaven! but one solitary companion, in whose willing ear I may pour my hopes and fears without reserve, and safely calculate on as unreserved a response.

"—————Is aught so fair

In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush

Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
 The graceful tear that streams for other's woes
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate,—where honor's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
 Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?"

But the greatest luxury we enjoy through the sense of hearing is religious consolation, at a crisis when religious consolation is most needed. While health and vigor last a man can successfully shut out all thoughts of futurity, and revel in the so-called pleasures of life. His wife, his children, his estate, his in-door and out-door amusements, engross the mind of the pampered pet of fortune. He has no leisure to think of any thing more serious. Soft glides down the smooth stream of life this child of gaiety, wafted by the summer breeze, ineffable sunshine all around, and unalloyed joy all within, leaving endless fairy fields behind, and fairy fields without end extending in the prospect before. The spell breaks! as break it must sometime or other; and rocks and whirlpools, typhoons and tornados fill up the scene shrouded in Cimmerian darkness! Behold the whilom pink of fashion stretched on lowly couch, his vitality ebbing fast, given up by physicians, forsaken by friends and relatives tired of watching, or bullied away by the impatient heir apparent, eager to deposit the antiquated lumber six inches below the soil. His parched lips quivering, his sunken temples throbbing, his enfeebled limbs aching, and the consciousness of the ungodly life he led sitting, like a ponderous night-mare, on his breast; what can impart comfort to the libertine—his frame and mind so thoroughly prostrated, his lease of three score and ten completely run out, and the undreamt Eternity presenting itself a stern reality—say, oh! say, what can console the wretch but the word of **MERCY** whispered into his ears by some good Samaritan, despised in his palmy days of success and glory? In mercy is our only hope.

“What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where He judg’d us, prostrate fall
Before Him reverent ; and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg ; with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, from our hearts contrite in sign
Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek ?”

Like sight, however, the sense of hearing often causes great disappointment. The treacherous medium through which sound is conveyed defies all calculations, and sets weather prophets at their wit's ends. It not only “affects the ear differently according as the sounding body is before or behind us, on the right hand or on the left, near or at a great distance, and deceives us by echos, or by whispering galleries, or speaking trumpets, which return the sound or alter its direction, convey it to a distance without diminution,” but undergoes various modifications, and is, not unfrequently, entirely lost without any change in the hearer or the speaker, or the intervention of any human contrivance whatever. Air, the most restless of the elements, is ever fluctuating without the least visible or perceptible cause. A profound calm is succeeded by a heavy gale, and that within such a short space of time, that the simplest sentence, commenced under more favorable auspices, is scattered and dissipated in broken and unintelligible fractions throughout the whole atmosphere, marring, if not counteracting altogether, the beauteous effect. So designed, doubtless, by the All-Wise Creator to teach senseless mortals that, permanent happiness is, in vain, sought here below.

SONNET.

I dreamt I stood beside proud Jericho,
 And saw the sight of Timœus' son restored,
 And heard him bless with loud acclaim the Lord,
 And marked the high procession moving slow
 Up market place and street ; strange heavy woe
 Pressed on my soul, I longed for one kind word
 From those dear lips ; but on the people poured
 Heedless and shouting ; when in accents low,
 Sudden I heard the Lord my name call o'er,
 And then with hope I felt my heart endowed,
 And reckless of the tumult and uproar,
 And the mad jostlings of the eager crowd,
 I rushed with grateful worship to adore,
 And fell down at His feet and wept aloud.

D.

THE BANKER CASTE OF BENGAL.

By the Editor.

CHAPTER II.

How they were deprived of their Sacred Thread.

WE have, in the last Chapter, shown by proofs which cannot be gainsaid, that the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks are true and pure-blooded Vaisyas, and that therefore they are entitled to read the Vedas, and to wear the sacred thread which is the distinctive badge of the three twice-born classes, viz, the Brahmans, the Kshatriyas and the Vaisyas. But, in point of fact, the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks do not at present retain that social status in the economy of Hindu castes to which they are entitled as true Vaisyas. They are looked upon as amongst the most degraded of Hindu castes. They are not entitled to sit on the same seat—such is the prescribed

rule, a rule, however, more honoured in the breach than in the observance—with not only Brahmans and Kshatriyas, but also with Vaidyas, Káyasthas and other Mixed Castes; indeed, it is popularly said, that if a Brahman were accidentally to put his foot on the shadow cast by the body of a Suvarṇa-Vaṇik, the Brahman must expiate the vile pollution by ablution in the holy river Ganges. The question is,—how is the caste-degradation of the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks to be accounted for? How has it come to pass that people, who were once regarded as Vaisyas, as amongst the most honourable of Hindu castes, inferior only to Brahmans and Kshatriyas, as amongst the twice-born, as the promoters of commerce and the patrons of national wealth and industry,—how has it come to pass that such a tribe has lost its original position in the pyramid of Hindu society, and been numbered with the unclean sub-divisions of the Mixed Castes? How has it come to pass that true-born Vaisyas have not only been deprived of their holy thread, but reduced to the low level of the “inglorious throng” of the inferior orders of the Mixed Castes? This question admits of a satisfactory explanation.

It was during the reign of Ballál Sen, who is now chiefly remembered as the originator of the pernicious system of Brahman Kulinism, that the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks were deprived of their social status. We are by no means certain as to who this Ballál Sen was. Some say that he was the son of Adisura; others, that he was the son of Vijaya Sen; others, of Suka Sen; and others maintain that he was the son of the river-god Brahmaputra. But whoever his father was, it is certain that he reigned over Bengal at the end of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth century of the Christian era. The head of the tribe of Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks, at that time, was Ballabhánanda, a descendant of Sanaka Adḍhya, and the richest man in the kingdom. Ananda Bhaṭṭa, the biographer of Ballál Sen, says, that the coffers of Ballabhánanda contained one hundred and forty millions of gold-mohurs, equal in value to two hundred and twenty-four millions of pounds sterling. As Ballál Sen was a king of extravagant habits and of

ambitious schemes, he was often under the necessity of borrowing money from the Rothschild of Bengal. When about to engage in war with the independent King of Manipur, on the north-eastern frontier of his kingdom, he borrowed from Ballabha the sum of twenty-five lakhs of Rupees. During the prosecution of the war, the King took from the same banker a fresh loan of five lakhs, on the following conditions:—that he would not ask for any more loans, and that if the war was not speedily brought to a close, he would conclude peace with the Rájá of Manipur, and thus put an end to hostilities. Ballál, however, was not true to his word. From the seat of war the King wrote to the great banker, requesting him urgently to send him another loan of five lakhs. Ballabhánanda not only refused to make the remittance, but said in reply, that kings above all men ought to fulfil their promises, that the Sen family had become kings of the country by a mere accident, and that it was no part of the true vocation of the Vaidya caste, to which Ballál belonged, to fight. The King received this reply in high dudgeon, and vowed vengeance on Ballabhánanda and on the caste of which he was a member. This was the first circumstance that disaffected Ballál Sen towards the caste of the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks.

Another incident happened soon after, which irritated the King still more against the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks. It was well known to all his subjects, that Ballál had ravished the daughter of a Dom, that is, a basket-maker—one of the very lowest of castes in Bengal—and was living with her in the palace. This unworthy conduct of the King was publicly ridiculed, on the stage, by a company of thoughtless young men of the Sūvaṇa-Vaṇik caste, who had formed themselves into a dramatic corps. One of the actors, taking a bill-hook under his arm, said to the audience—"Gentlemen, as our king is a basket-maker, let us go into the wood, cut down bambus, and present them to His Majesty, that our new Queen may turn them into baskets, threshing-fans and other articles of household convenience." The speech was, of course, received by the house with roars of laughter and shouts of derision. When

the report of this dramatic performance reached the ears of the King, his indignation knew no bounds ; and he became more than ever enraged against the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks.

But the cup of the royal displeasure against the Banker caste had not yet become full. Possibly, in the course of time, Ballál might have condoned the offence given him by Ballabhánanda in not only refusing to accommodate him with a loan, but in also reading him a lecture on the duties of kings and on occupations proper to the Vaidya caste, and might have also forgotten the insult offered him publicly on the stage ; but the independent and self-reliant character of the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks produced so great a rupture between them and their King that there could be no hope of a reconciliation. It took place on this wise. The gross immorality of Ballál created such a scandal among his subjects, that his own son felt it his duty to admonish the royal sinner in poetical epistles which are still extant. It was chiefly in consequence of the expostulations of his son, that he was induced to send away the charming daughter of the basket-maker, and to expiate the crime, agreeably to the injunctions of the priests, by celebrating a solemn ceremony, and offering to Brahmans little calves made of gold. When the expiatory rites and the presentation of golden calves were over, the King held a great feast to which all classes of his subjects were invited. And all classes of his subjects went,—with one exception. The Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks were conspicuous by their absence. When, agreeably to oriental usages, the royal herald announced to them that the feast was ready, the heads of the clan of Bankers refused to come, alleging that their religion and their sense of honour prevented them from partaking of a feast provided by a man who had defiled himself with the daughter of a basket-maker. The biographer of Ballál Sen, Ananda Bhaṭṭa, informs us that on receiving this message the King said in an assembly of Brahmans—“If I do not degrade the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks as a caste, let me be accursed, let me be accounted as great a sinner as a cow-killer, or as the murderer of a Brahman or of a woman. As Bhima Sen had vowed to destroy

the hundred sons of the blind king Dhritaráshtra, so do I vow to ruin the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks."

The fate of the Banker Caste was now sealed. The king had taken an oath to degrade them. The fiat had gone forth, and nothing could save the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks from social degradation. The headman of the caste had refused to give a loan to the King in his exigency. He had done more. He had hinted on Ballál's not keeping his promise, and lectured to him on the duties proper to his caste. The Suvarṇa-Vaṇik youth had publicly, on the stage, exposed and ridiculed the King's intrigue with a woman of one of the lowest castes. And all the members of the caste had, in a body, refused to come to the royal banquet. All this was too much for an oriental despot to bear. He had therefore sworn to degrade so proud and contumacious a caste. The Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks were, however, too influential and wealthy to be put out of the pale of the higher castes by a simple stroke of Ballál's pen. True Vaisyas, they were one of those three twice-born classes who were alone entitled to read the holy books, to sacrifice, and to wear the sacred thread; and as such they could not be degraded from their high position by the mere fiat of a king, and a king, too, who was not of the Kshatriya order, but who belonged to the order of the Mixed Castes. A man or a body of men could, in those days, be degraded in caste only by the performance of heinous crimes. Before Ballál could bring down the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks from their high position in the scale of Hindu castes, it was necessary for him to show that they had been guilty of great crimes. How he showed this, is described by his biographer Ananda Bhatta.

Ballál Sen now artfully laid the train which ended in the explosion of the Banker Caste. The instrument made use of for the purpose was a Brahman of the name of Sasvidra, who had received one of the golden calves to which we have alluded. Inside the golden calf of this Brahman was poured, by the King's order, a quantity of the liquid *alakta*; that is, lac, the scarlet dye of which more nearly resembles human blood than perhaps any

other substance. With this golden calf thus stuffed, Sasvidra was instructed to go to the shop of a Banker of the name of Srivinda Pahini, or Páin, and offer it for sale. The unwary gold-dealer, suspecting nothing, immediately set about examining the quality of the gold of which the calf had been made. He produced his touch-stone, and the little iron wedge by which incision is made in ingots of gold. No sooner had the ill-starred Pahini struck the first blow of his hammer on the wedge placed upon the golden calf than the *alaktu* issued out, to the no little astonishment of the Banker and the infinite delight of the Brahman. Sasvidra screamed out—"A cow has been killed! a cow has been killed!" A large crowd of people having assembled on the spot in consequence Sasvidra's exclamations, the wily Brahman explained to them how the calf, though made of inanimate gold, had been endowed with life by the power of king Ballál who, as the offspring of the god Brahmáputra, was not so much a human being as an incarnation of the deity himself, and concluded with laying at the door of the unfortunate Suvarṇa-Vañik the awful guilt of the inexcusable crime of killing a cow.

Ballál Sen, who was doubtless a shrewd man, must have known that there were some amongst his subjects who were sceptical enough not to believe in the animation of the golden calf, and who must have in consequence considered the guilt of the offending Suvarṇa-Vañik to be purely imaginary; he therefore hit upon an expedient for implicating a member of the Banker Caste in some heinous crime in a less doubtful and more palpable manner. The killing of a cow is in the opinion of modern Hindus amongst the greatest of all crimes; next in the degree of criminality is the stealing of gold; and the man who purchases stolen gold is no better than the gold-stealer himself. The guilt of this last mentioned crime Ballál had no difficulty in fastening upon a member of the Suvarṇa-Vañik caste. It was brought about in this manner. One evening a Brahman, who rejoiced in the name of Krupa, went to a Suvarṇa-Vañik of the name of Nripanjaya Potádár (usually called Poddár,) and addressed

sed him thus :—"The King has made me a present of this golden calf. I wish to sell it to you. But as it is now late in the evening I keep it with you this night. I shall call to-morrow when you can examine the gold and pay me its price." The Brahman put the golden calf into the hands of the Poddár, and went away. Five days elapsed, and the Brahman did not make his appearance. On the sixth day, however, a shabby-looking, low fellow, accompanied with some policemen, stood in presence of the Poddár, and addressing the so-called preservers of peace, said—"This is the Vaník to whom I sold the golden calf in question for the seven Rupees which are in your hands." The policemen, on hearing this, arrested the Vaník on the ground that he had purchased the golden calf which the low fellow had been supposed to have stolen from some Brahman, tied the two criminals together to one rope, and put them in custody. The case was tried by a judge of the Vaidya caste—the caste to which the King himself belonged—and the innocent Vaník was, as a matter of course, convicted of the crime of having bought stolen gold, knowing it to have been stolen.

All things being ready, upon a set day Ballál, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration, the substance of which is given by his biographer, Ananda Bhaṭṭa, in the following words :—"From this day I resolve to promote or degrade my subjects according to their works. If the higher castes perform mean actions, they will be treated as fallen (*patita*). From this day it will be useless for the Vaník caste, unfruitful as they are of any good work, to wear the sacred thread. For want of good works they will be considered equal to the Sudras. Especially for the great crimes of gold-stealing and cow-killing, from to-day they will be deemed as *patita* (fallen), unworthy of intercourse with gentlemen. Whoever, from to-day, will sit on the same seat and eat with members of this caste, will also be deemed *patita* (fallen). And those Brahmans who, from this day, will discharge priestly offices towards that caste, will be deemed *patita* (fallen)." Thus did Ballál Sen thunder out his fulminations on

the devoted heads of the Banker Caste; and the courtly throng of Brahmans no doubt shouted, like their proto-types in the old Judean days,—“It is the voice of a god, and not of a man,” though certainly with greater propriety in the present case, as the king of Bengal was a veritable son of the river-god Brahmaputra.

Such is the story of the deprivation of the Vaisyas of Bengal of their sacred thread, and of their exclusion from the pale of the higher castes. The inferior position which they now occupy in Hindu society is not owing to any inferiority of rank accorded to them at the first formation of that society, since they were included among the twice-born classes. It was not owing to any crimes which they had committed, since their very opposition to Ballal shows them to have been a courageous, an independent, and a high-spirited race. It was owing simply to the unjust decree of a capricious, bankrupt, and licentious king.

THE MODEL BABOO PAPERS.

IV. SALARIES—*White and Black.*

ETYMOLOGISTS tell us that the English word “salary” is derived from the Latin *sal*, salt,—*salarium* having been the money given to Roman soldiers for salt; and as salt, as found in the bazaars of India, is of two sorts, viz, Liverpool salt, which is beautifully white, and the Indian *karkach* salt, which is dirtyish black, some of our Anglo-Indian statesmen, with Sir Philip Wodehouse at their head, are at this moment taking pains to show that salaries are also of two sorts,—white and black. Sir Philip, as the Chancellor of the Bombay University, announces to the graduates of that University an important discovery which he has just made, the discovery, namely, that servants are to be paid, not by the quality of the work they do, but for the circumstances under which they do it. When you employ a cook, you should fix his wages, not according to the amount of the cooking he does and

the quality of the dishes he serves up, but according to the distance he has travelled over to come to serve you. In fixing his wages, you are to ascertain, not whether he can cook well, but what part of the world he has come from. If you find out that he is a native of Mániktalá Street or Machhua Bazaar Road, you ought to pay him less than to the cook who is a native of Faridpur or Chittagong; and if your cook comes from Lucknow or Delhi, he ought to get the largest salary of the three; while if you have the misfortune of getting a Mugh cook of Arracan, why, his wages ought to be at least five or six times those of the Mániktalá cook. But you ask—If the Mániktalá cook can get up as good a dinner for you as the Mugh one, why, in the name of common sense, should he receive less wages than the other? You, simpleton, you know nothing about the matter. You are acquainted with only the old-fashioned rule, namely, that a man should be paid according to his work. That rule has been exploded. A new rule has been made, and announced *ex cathedra* by His Excellency the Governor of Bombay in his capacity as Chancellor of the local University. The rule expressed in mathematical language is as follows:—the wages of a servant are in a direct ratio with the number of miles he has travelled over to come to serve you.

“But what has distance,” you ask, “to do with wages?” You, blockhead, distance has every thing to do with wages. Don’t you see that if you, a resident of Calcutta, employ a cook who has his house in Maniktalá Street, he can quite well do your work every day, and at nightfall go to his house and be with his wife and children; whereas your Delhi cook is obliged to forego the pleasure of the company of his wife and children who choose to remain in that far-off city. It surely stands to reason, that some compensation ought to be made to the Delhi cook for the privations he suffers on your account. Just think for a moment of the sacrifices he has made in order to serve you. He has travelled one thousand miles,—which, I suppose, is about the distance of Delhi from Calcutta. He has left behind him the wife

of his bosom, and his dear children, those pledges of love. He feels every day, during his exile in Calcutta, the pangs of separation from those whom he dearly loves. And when he, poor man, lies languishing on his bed of sickness—if a bed, indeed, he ever has—who is there to cool his fevered brow or to smooth his pillow? When you think of all this, can you have the heart to refuse to pay to your Delhi cook larger wages than to the Maniktalá one, although he does not cook one whit better than the other? Distance, therefore, has a great deal to do with wages.

Then, again, we ought to reflect that the Delhi cook being an Up-country man, eats *chúpátis* made of wheat; whereas your Maniktalá cook, who is a Bengali-Musulman, eats rice; and by how much wheat is dearer than rice by so much ought the wages of the Delhi cook to exceed the wages of the Maniktalá one; for it is surely agreeable to the fitness of things that a wheat-eating cook ought to get more wages than a rice-eating one, though the eating of wheat does not enable the former to cook better than the latter.

And, last of all, it should be never forgotten that the Delhi cook is under the necessity of keeping two establishments, one for himself in Calcutta, and the other for his wife and children at Delhi. And the cook who has to keep two establishments ought, in all conscience, to be paid more wages than the cook who keeps only one, though the keeping of two establishments does not improve the quality of the dishes served up.

Lest the reader should think that the above is a caricature of the opinion broached by Sir Philip Wodehouse, I here subjoin that part of His Excellency's speech which bears on the point.

"On this latter point I believe a good deal of misapprehension, and consequently a great deal of disappointment, exists. We are here—no doubt about it—we are here now, and to my mind we ever shall be, as foreigners. The climate and other circumstance make it impossible for us English at any time to become what is commonly called naturalized in this country. We cannot have, therefore, in India, most of those enjoyments and advantages which exist in our own country, and which the natives of this country in Government employ can rely upon. We cannot have our children educated here, we cannot maintain the same style of living as we are accustomed to

at the cost which we can in our own country. If a comparison between the salaries which Indians and Europeans should draw, is instituted, it should be with the English Civil services in England, and not with those services which are naturally maintained in a foreign country at a greater cost than they are in England. Take the case of the gentlemen employed in the Civil service of India, European and native. In the former case, the first step often is to send away the children, and those circumstances which at home tend to draw families closer and closer together have exactly a contrary effect here. In this country, the inevitable result in many cases, in British families, is the immediate separation in case of sickness of those who are nearest and dearest. Besides this, there are numerous other vexations which foreign service entails upon Englishmen in India. For all those drawbacks, troubles, and trials, up to the present moment, the only remedy that has been invented is—money. It is a very sorry one, as probably many of us here know, but such as it is, money is the only remedy that has yet been found for life in India; and for that reason, I believe, are the public salaries now paid in India higher than those paid elsewhere. If this is the case, speaking fairly and openly, what claim would gentlemen living in their own country, and born in it, with their homes, friends, and relatives around them, what claim would they have to such high salaries? This fact should be fairly looked in the face. It is well that it should be known what are the salaries of public servants of the same class in England, and we can then draw an analogy between them and what should be the salaries of Indian gentlemen. It may not be known perhaps to many here that the salary of the mass of public servants on entering the service of the Crown in England is perhaps £ 100, or something short of Rs 100 per month. They work on for forty years, rising to the highest stations in their respective departments. They are entrusted with business affecting the whole world—most confidential and intricate—and at the end of forty years they arrive at a salary of £1,000. That is a fair description of the position of public servants of the best ability and education in England. Therefore, it is naturally quite unreasonable to suppose that the British Government here would be justified in imposing upon the people of this country for the payment of their own fellow-countrymen higher salaries than we charge our own people at home for the maintenance of those who serve them. I hope, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, that those who can hear me among the native gentlemen present will fully see that it is their duty and their interest to take advantage of the education offered at this University. And so far as Government is able to make use of their services, it will not fail to do so. But no exaggerated notion of the salaries to which they may be entitled should be drawn from a comparison of the payments made to Englishmen who are serving the Crown in a foreign country."

In sober seriousness, whither are we now drifting? In what is all this to end? In the Proclamation of 1858, Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen of England and Empress of India, solemnly declared in the face of the world that she would look upon all her subjects with an equal eye, making no distinction of creed, colour or race. Is that Proclamation now to be shelved? Is a distinction to be made between Her Majesty's European and Indian servants? Is the European to get more salary than the Indian for doing the very same work, simply *because* he is a European? I make bold to say that such a course is inconsistent with the policy England has hitherto maintained in India. Is that policy now to be changed? Change it, if you will, for you have the power to do it. But, pray, don't bring arguments. In your arguments there is neither rhyme nor reason.

MODEL BABOO.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

CHAPTER I. *The Initiation.*

Gentle reader! as I am about to relate to you at length the story of my education, you will naturally expect me to tell you at the outset who I am, what my name is, when I was born, who my father was, and how I spent my infantile years before I was admitted into the village *páthshálá*.

As to who I am, I may tell you at once that I am my father's son, and that father was a bill and stock broker in Calcutta. There are brokers and brokers, and my father was a broker of the humble sort. He could not read and write English, though he was familiar with some English words, such as "Shares," "Government Promissory Note," "Company's paper," "premium," "discount," and the like. Brokers generally are,—at least they used to be in former days,—men of easy conscience; but I believe I state a simple fact when I say that my father, who was an

orthodox Hindu of the old Puritanic stamp, was strictly honest in his dealings ; and it was because he was strictly honest that he did not get on well in the world, in the worldly sense of getting on well. Though my father did business in Calcutta, he was not a native of that city. He was born in Dacca in eastern Bengal, where he married a wife, by whom he got two sons. The wife died, and the two sons followed her to the grave at no great distance of time. Heart-broken on account of his misfortunes, my father left Dacca, and settled in an obscure village of the name of Talpur in western Bengal. I have heard it said, that the village owed its name to the many groves of the stately *tála* (the *Borassus flabelliformis* of botanists,) the fan-leaved palmyra, with which it abounded. In that village my father married a second time and got by his wife two sons, of whom I am the elder.

I was ushered into the world in the house of my maternal uncle, in the said village of Talpur, whither my mother had gone on the eve of her confinement. I was looked upon as a fortunate child for three reasons. In the first place, the village astrologer told my father afterwards—for he was in Calcutta when I was born—that the hour of my birth was an auspicious one, the moon being not only full but in the asterism *Hastá*, which Bentley supposes to be the 7th and 8th of the constellation *Corvus*, and the sun in *Libra*. In the second place, on the very day on which I was born my father received a very large sum of money as brokerage,—indeed, he had never received an equally large lump sum in his life. And in the third place, I had my mother's face, which is a sure sign of prosperity in life.

Like all Hindu children, I had my *annaprásana*, or first rice, when I was six months old, on which occasion I was named *Kála Gopál*, or the *black shepherd*; *black*, because I was somewhat darker in complexion than most of my relations ; and *shepherd*, because my parents were worshippers of the god Krishna, the Shepherd of Mathurá and Vrindávan. But of this event of my life I have of course no personal recollection, having been at the time of its occurrence only six months old. Neither have I any

personal recollection of what I did and of what was done to me during the first three years of my life. I must have been, I suppose, like all Hindu children, well rubbed with oil and laid out in the sun on a plank of wood for the purpose of getting a good sunning, and of being well seasoned in heat. I must have crawled about on all-fours in the rooms and on the yard, without a stitch of clothing either on my waist or on my back, for Hindu children before five years of age generally revel in primeval nudity ; and before I could walk, I must have had many falls in attempting to do so, to the no little dismay of my mother, who was rather too young a woman to be a mother, being at the time of my birth only sixteen years old, though my father could not have been less than forty-two. And I must have, like most Hindu children, swallowed a great many sweetmeats every day, and I, perhaps more than many children ; for I recollect my grandmother—peace be to her ashes !- used to tell me in after-life that when I was offered a sweetmeat, I stretched out both my hands and would not be satisfied till one was deposited in each. But truce to matters of which I have no personal recollection.

When I had completed my fourth year an incident occurred the remembrance of which is still fresh in my mind. Of an afternoon I climbed up a somewhat high window in a room in the outer part of the house, and there fell asleep. As I was sometimes in the habit of strolling into neighbouring houses, my mother was not surprized at my absence. But when hour after hour elapsed and I did not return home, she became anxious, and went into the neighbouring houses to search for me. Every house in the vicinity was searched, and I was not found. My mother became quite alarmed. All the men, women and children of that part of the village where my house was situated, became greatly concerned. Search was made in other parts of the village. News ran like wild-fire through the village that Kāla-Gopāl was missing, and the street near my house was filled with a great crowd of people. My mother set up a loud cry. As the sun descended behind the trees on the western side of the village, the anxiety

of the people became intense. As there was a small tank within a hundred yards of my house, most people supposed that I had strayed on its banks, dropped into it, and had got drowned. Two or three fishermen of the village were brought with drag-nets for searching for my dead body. They did their best, but no corpse was found. The grief of my mother—my father being away in Calcutta—may be imagined but not described. The sun had gone down, the cows had returned from their browsing in the fields, the village lamps had been lit—and yet there was no word of me. I was given up in despair. A cousin of mine—a girl of fourteen—who was passionately fond of me, accompanied with scores of weeping women, came with lamps towards the outer house in the window of which I was all the time enjoying a delicious sleep, and bawled out—“O, Kāla-Gopāl ! O, Kāla-Gopāl ! where art thou gone, dearest brother ?” The unearthly shriek roused me at once, and I replied—“ Sister ! I am here. It is dark. Please get a light.” It is superfluous to remark that she ran towards me with wild delight, took me up in her arms, and covered me with kisses and tears. Though more than forty years have elapsed since this event took place, I remember it as if it had occurred only yesterday.

I have, I think, said enough about myself by way of preamble ; and if I succeed in cultivating friendship with my reader I shall in future furnish him with more details ; but I must now begin the story of my education.

My father came home only once in the year, and that was during the Durgā Pujā holidays, when he remained generally one month in the village, after which he returned to Calcutta. But in the autumn of 1830, by which time I had completed my fifth year, he made a much larger stay in the village, chiefly because he was anxious that I should be initiated into the mysteries of reading and writing. I have already said that my father was a strict Hindu of the orthodox stamp. He never ate any other than vegetable food in his life. Keep meat aside, he never ate fish. Of drinks, he took nothing but water and milk. He was

diligent in the practice of all his religious duties. Every day in the year he used to bathe early in the morning ; after which he spent about an hour in his devotions in which, so far as my recollection serves me, the *tulasi* plant (Basil) and a copper vessel of a peculiar shape played an important part. Then followed the counting of the bead-roll, at least once through, that is one hundred and eight times. No day of his life did he ever eat or drink any thing without going through all this process. At night he spent often two or three hours in counting his beads ; and every hour of the day you heard from his lips ejaculations of the names of " Râma !" " Krishna !" " Radha !" " Govinda !" " Hari !" and I know not how many more. Such an earnestly religious man, as he was, cannot engage in any important undertaking without invoking the blessing of the gods ; and as he looked upon the education of a child as a most momentous affair, he resolved that I should not begin to learn the Bengali alphabet without the celebration of a religious ceremony, and a solemn invocation especially of Sarasvati, the goddess of wisdom, without whose blessing, he believed, no man can ever acquire knowledge. The astrologers were consulted, and an auspicious day was fixed upon. On that day a solemn service was held at which the family-priest officiated. At this distance of time I do not remember the details of the ceremony, but this much I recollect that I put on new clothes, that I had to repeat some words, that I had to bow down several times with my head to the ground, that the family-priest received gifts in money and clothes, that presents were sent to the *gurumahâsaya* or schoolmaster of the village who was to initiate me into the mysteries of reading and writing, and that a piece of *khadi* or ochre, (the equivalent of chalk in the villages of Bengal) was put into my hand. I was thus solemnly and religiously commended to the especial favour of the goddess of learning and wisdom.

In this age of rampant unbelief, all this may be deemed a silly superstition. But silly it certainly is not ; and if it is somewhat superstitious, it is only the excess of an essentially good feeling. It cannot be denied that the most important epoch in the history

of a child is the period when he is sent to school ; and it is doubtless attended with the most beneficial effects both on the child and on his parents, if that period is entered upon with a sense of the importance of the occasion, and with an invocation of the divine blessing.

The following morning I accompanied my father to the village *pāthsālā*, and was introduced to the *gurumahāsaya* or schoolmaster, to whom I made a profound bow—my head touching the ground in the act. The schoolmaster, with the ochre which I had in my possession, traced the first letters of the Bengali alphabet on the ground ; and I was told to run the ochre over every one of those letters. But a description of the school, of its presiding genius—the *gurumahāsaya*, and of the progress I made under him, must be reserved for the next chapter.

Note to Article “Indian Finance.”

If we want to satisfy ourselves of the fact that a large portion of what is spent on the army is useless expenditure, we need only look at the Madras army. All accounts agree in representing that army as the most inefficient in all India, and we very much doubt if our rulers would venture to bring that army in front of any tolerably disciplined enemy. Why, in the name of common sense, is not that army reduced ? A smaller but better disciplined army would perceptibly relieve our overburdened finances. At present there are no formidable powers in the Madras Presidency. The sun of the Mahrattas and the Mysoreans has set, probably never to rise again, and the warlike Polygars have settled down into the most peaceful race of the globe. An expensive and efficient army is therefore not at present needed in Madras, and our rulers,—as if feeling it compulsory on no account to reduce the army estimates,—have maintained a very expensive and *inefficient* army.

Arceydaē.

Errata.

In pages 284, 285, of the last No. of the Magazine, in the article “Banker Caste of Bengal,” for *Kesava Chandra Addhya* read *Kusal Chandra Addhya*.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

CHAPTER II. *The Village Páthsúlá.*

THE *páthsúlá*, literally “House of Reading”, of the village of Fálpur, had no house of its own. It met under the open sky on a spot of ground in front of a temple of Siva, which was situated exactly in the middle of the village. On two sides of this spot of ground there were six banyan trees, three on each side standing in a line; under these trees, ranged in rows sat the boys. There were of course no benches; each boy sat on a little mat or gunny-bag which he brought every day from his house along with his writing materials. As the hours of the school were from early morning to about ten o’clock, and again from three o’clock in the afternoon till sun-down, the boys were not much exposed to the sun, especially as the umbrageous branches of the lofty banyan trees afforded sufficient protection from the rays of that fiery deity. Excepting in the rainy season, the school met in the open air; there was, therefore, no want of ventilation,—a complaint often made against the school-houses of England and the countries of Europe. In the wet weather, when Heaven pours down rain in torrents, the boys left the open air and took shelter in the ample arched side which was attached to the adjacent temple of Siva. The idea of building a school-house had never occurred to the inhabitants of the village; they were content to receive instruction in.

the open air as their fore-fathers had done before them ; and must say they were wise, for the open and free air of heaven infinitely better than that of a heated and ill-ventilated mud-cottage.

The number in daily average attendance was about thirty, drawn from all castes. There were Brahman, Vaidya and Káyastha boys ; the *navasákas* were also there ; and the agricultural too had its representatives. To say that the boys were not arranged in classes would be incorrect. There was classification ; but the principle of classification adopted in the *páthsálá* was different from that in English schools. Boys were arranged according to the materials they used in writing. From this point of view there were four classes in the Tálpur *páthsálá*, and I suppose in all the *páthsálás* of Bengal, at least of western Bengal. The last class were called the "floor-boys", because they traced the letters of the Bengali alphabet by means of ochre on the floor or on the ground ; the third class were called the "palm-leaf-boys," because they wrote on palm-leaves with pens of reed ; the second class were called "plantain-leaf-boys", because they wrote on plantain-leaves ; and the first or highest class were called "paper-boys", because they wrote on paper.

The curriculum of studies was confined to the three R's—Reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. Especial attention was given to calligraphy, and the boys of the Tálpur school were all distinguished for the perfection of their penmanship. They excelled also in arithmetic, especially in mental arithmetic ; while some of the Káyastha Vads were thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of zemindari accounts—a science, in which I made little or no progress, as I was withdrawn from the school, as the reader will see by and bye, at an early age. No grammar was, of course, taught in the school,—indeed, in those days there was only one book on grammar existing in the Bengali language, that written by Rájá Rám Mohana Raya, called the *Gaudiya Vyākaraṇa* ; but that book was used in only some of the advanced Bengali schools in Calcutta. As for books of reading, there was only one used in

the Tálpur *páthsálá*, and that was the *Sishu-Sevadhi*, which contained, besides some arithmetical rules, the stories of *Guru-dakshiní* and *Dátákarna*.

The presiding genius of this hall of learning was Gopi Kánta Mukhopádhya. At the time I sat at his feet, he was about thirty years old. He was about five feet nine, rather thin-looking, had a fine head of hair which fell considerably below his neck, and which gave him a somewhat feminine appearance, an ample forehead, and a splendid pair of moustachios which he kept continually twirling with his fingers. He was dressed in a simple *dhuti*, having no *jámá*, or *chádar* either. He always walked to school without shoes, at least I don't remember having ever seen him with either shoes or slippers on. What struck any one who saw him was his snow-white *paita*, or Brahmanical thread, which consisted of a great many threads and shone over his left shoulders and across his chest like the Milky-Way in the heavens. Though

Brahman and a pedagogue, he was ignorant of Sanskrit ; indeed, he could not manage either the S's or the N's of the Bengali alphabet, but used them indiscriminately ; his pupils, therefore, as a rule, made mistakes in orthography. He had, when a boy, begun the Sanskrit grammar called *Sankshipta-Sátra*, which was in vogue in that part of the country, but had to give it up as a hopeless task. Besides, were not his father, his grand-father and his great-grand-father, all ignorant of Sanskrit, and did they not prove excellent schoolmasters notwithstanding ? Why should he be different from them ? But Gopi Kánta had his redeeming qualities. He was an arithmetician of the first force. All the rules of Subhankara, the Indian Cocker, were at his fingers' ends. He could mentally go through intricate processes in the double Rule of Three without the use of slate and pencil or pen and paper, and solve in a trice difficult questions in mensuration. And as to his penmanship, nothing could be more exquisitely beautiful. It was, as his pupils expressed it, *devakshara*—the penmanship of the gods. Being a pedagogue of the fourth generation, it will be easily believed that Gopi Kánta made an excellent teacher. It is true,

he had not much to teach; but what he knew he had a rare felicity in communicating to his pupils. He was pedagogue all over. He seemed to be to the manner born;—and no wonder, for the blood of three generations of pedagogues was flowing in his veins.

A Bengal village schoolmaster is nothing if he is not a severe disciplinarian, and Gopi Mahásaya, as he used to be familiarly called amongst ourselves, was amongst the severest of all severe disciplinarians. For myself, I could never look upon him without trembling; indeed, I may say without exaggeration that, during my school-days, I hardly ever looked him in the face. Seated on a wooden stool in the middle of the school, with a long bambu-switch in his hand, his eyes shooting fire and indignation, he always seemed to me to be the veriest Rhadamanthus that ever exercised authority over boys. Like a good father to his pupils, he never spared the rod. He kept it constantly moving, and made it often descend with force on the ill-fated pates of the urchins. Some very obstreperous boys used to have their hands tied with strong tapes, and in that helpless state subjected to repeated applications of the bambu-switch to all parts of their body; and not unfrequently nettles were applied to their bare limbs, to the no little torment of the young sufferers. And yet Gopi was by no means a hard-hearted man. On the contrary, he was naturally an amiable man, and a great favourite with the ladies of the village with many of whom he was on speaking terms. This may seem strange to our Anglo-Indian readers, who have a notion that Bengali women are kept shut up in their houses. However it may be in towns, there is no doubt that there is a great deal of liberty in the villages; and a spiritual director, or a family-priest, or a Brahman pedagogue, is a sort of privileged person, who can find access to places from which other persons are carefully excluded.

A remark on the financial state of the Tálpur *páthsárá* may not be uninteresting, especially at present, when Mr. Campbell is establishing primary schools in all parts of the country. There were, as I have already said, about thirty boys in the school,

most of whom paid one anna a month as schooling-fee ; a few paid two annas a month, but there were others who were too poor to pay any thing ; so that, making allowance for every thing, the school yielded to the *gurumahásaya* an income of about two Rupees a month. He had, however, his perquisites, which made a considerable addition to his income. Every boy had to give to the schoolmaster a *sidha* every month. This *sidha* was no joke,—it was much more valuable than the schooling-fee. It consisted of a quantity of rice, a quantity of pulse, a few vegetables, some salt, and a small quantity of mustard oil,—that is to say, all those delicacies which furnish the tables of ordinary Bengalis. Each *sidha* often supplied materials for the breakfast and dinner of the *gurumahásaya* and his wife and child for one day ; and thirty *sidhas*, therefore, kept his table supplied for the whole month. But this was not all. Half an hour before the close of the school in the evening, several boys were allowed to go home for a few minutes, chiefly with the view of enabling them to bring some little present for the schoolmaster ; and most of them came back, each furnished with a small quantity of prepared tobacco for the *huká* of their teacher. As there used seldom to be any tobacco in my house, in consequence of my father being away in Calcutta eleven months out of every twelve,—and Hindu women of the higher and middle classes never smoke,—my mother almost every evening gave me either a betel-leaf (*pán*) or a betel-nut (*supári*) for the *gurumahásaya*. The schoolmaster had also other occasional perquisites. A marriage was seldom celebrated in the village without putting something into his pocket, as a fee for the village-teacher from the friends of either the bride or the bridegroom, was, and still is, one of the established institutions of the country. At the time of the general harvest in December, and at the cutting of the sugar-cane in January or February, presents were made to the village pedagogue of paddy or treacle, by those well-to-do yeomen whose sons attended the village *páthsháli* ; while, at the celebration in the house of the *gurumahásaya* of a ceremony, whether of a marital or of a funereal character,

the whole village was not unfrequently laid under contribution to supply him with the necessary materials. I remember when Gopi Kánta's mother died, and he had to give a feast in connection with the funeral obsequies, we forcibly entered into the gardens and houses of the villagers and cut down branches of plantain trees, alleging that our master wanted them for the feast. When all these items are added together, it will be found that the Bengal *gurumahásaya* was after all not so badly off as he has sometimes been represented to have been. I say, the Bengal *gurumahásaya* was; for I much fear his case is, at the present day, a great deal worse than it used to be forty years ago, owing to the decay in the villages of primitive simplicity of manners and the introduction of new-fangled notions and habits.

Such was the school, and such its presiding genius, to whose guardianship I was entrusted by my father, and who taught the young idea in me to shoot. And here I must record in grateful acknowledgment of the services he rendered me,—especially as he has lately been carried to that bourne from which no traveller ever returns, by that terrible epidemic which has been recently decimating the population of western Bengal,—that Gopi Kánta did his duty by me to the best of his ability which, however, was not great. In the course of a short time I was promoted from the “floor” to the “palm-leaf” class, in which class I must have remained at least two years. My bundle of palm-leaves must have consisted of about twenty or thirty pieces which I procured from the palm-trees with which my paternal acres in the village abounded; my pen I formed out of a common reed called *sar*; and I manufactured my own ink by scraping off the accumulated soot which settles on the bottom of an earthen pot, or *hándi*, used for boiling paddy, and mixing the said soot with a little quantity of water. Armed with these simple weapons, which cost my father nothing, I proceeded to the conquest of the vast realms of knowledge, under the leadership of that redoubtable champion—Gopi Kánta Mukhopádhya of Tálpur. After a world of trouble, I mastered the Bengali alphabet, together with

those awful double consonants, which have scared many a foreigner from learning those Indian languages which have been derived from the Sanskrit. Then came those arithmetical symbols of fractions, the like of which cannot be found in any of the languages of Europe. All this time, however, I was made to repeat, every day, in a chorus along with the whole school, the Multiplication Table extending as far as twenty times twenty ; and by dint of daily repetition my knowledge of that celebrated Table became so perfect, I might have also said, so intuitive, that I could tell you the product of 17 times 18 or 19 times 19 in less time than you took in pronouncing the name 'Jack Robinson.' The orthography, taught in the school, was chiefly confined to the spelling of proper names ; and I believe I do not exaggerate when I say that I spelt the names of nearly all the inhabitants of Tálpur, from Rámdhan Muchi, the village shoe-maker, to Mritunjaya Tarkapanchánan, the venerable Pandita who kept a *tol* in his house and delivered lectures to his pupils on the Dialectics of Gautama. From the "palm-leaf" class I was in due time promoted to the "plantain-leaf" class ; and I had every day, both morning and evening, to furnish myself with several pieces of the broad and smooth leaf of that very useful and very graceful tree. When I took to writing on plantain-leaf I bade adieu to the spelling of the names of individuals ; I commenced letter writing. Letter-writing in Bengali is not so easy as my Anglo-Indian reader may suppose ; it is extremely difficult, as the forms vary according to the rank and condition of the parties addressed, and according to the precise degree of relationship in which the writer stands to the person written to ; and most of all, these forms are generally in Sanskrit, the meanings of which I then no more understood than I understood Greek or Hebrew. My *gurumahásaya* made me write many imaginary letters to my father—they were of course never sent to him—in all of which, I remember, I was made to beg my father to send money soon, as we were supposed to labour under pecuniary difficulties ; and the other boys were made to write precisely to the same effect.

While in polite literature I was going on with name-writing and letter-writing, I was making answerable progress in mathematics. The two fundamental operations in arithmetic, viz, addition and subtraction, both simple and compound,—for in Bengali arithmetic there is neither multiplication nor division,—took me a long time ; I don't think I make an over-statement when I say that I was at them for at least three years. Then came the two *ánámáshás*, *káncchá* and *páká* ; and thereafter *kadikashá*, *serkashá* and *mankashá*, forms of the Rule of Three, which last, I believe, was the *Ultima Thule* of my mathematical studies in the village school. Not that other boys did not know more of arithmetic ; but I was withdrawn from the *páthśálá*, shortly after I had been promoted to the “paper” class, and while I was in arithmetic in the midst of the *kashás*, and removed to Calcutta that I might there carry on my studies under my father's eye.

Before bidding adieu to my *páthśálá* life, I must make some mention of a system of daily examination which prevails generally throughout the country, and which we as boys used to call *ghoshá*. The boys of one large household, or of several households, are made to assemble together, every evening, in one *ch'indimandap* or *baitakkhaná*, that is, a sitting room, under the presidency of some elderly person, generally a father, an uncle or some other relation, and are there subjected to an examination chiefly in arithmetic. O, those dreadful evenings ! Scarcely had I finished taking my evening meal when I had to go to the *baitakkhaná* to *ghuste*. There, sitting cross-legged on the mat which covered the floor, half-awake and half-asleep, every part of my body bitten by mosquitoes, I was subjected by my uncle—for my father was generally absent in Calcutta—to an arithmetical examination. “Suppose in one piee you get nine plantains, what will be the price of fifty plantains ?” After putting me this question, he would turn towards another boy and put him another question ; and then to the rest of the boys who might be four or five in number. We were not furnished with either slates or paper and pen ; every operation had to be gone

through mentally. For my part, I generally fell asleep during these examinations ; and when my uncle demanded the answer from me, ten minutes or quarter of an hour after the question had been put, he invariably found me in the land of Nod.

ADIEU MY BARK !

(*From the French*)

ADIEU, my proud and stately bark,
My sunny days are o'er,
Life's path for me grows cold and dark,
We part for evermore.

Yet still uncheck'd by wind or wave,
Defiant thou wilt bear
To other lands our sailors brave,
To win fresh laurels there.
But I no more shall sail in thee,
Shall never gaze again
Upon the fervid southern sea,
The sunny shores of Spain.
Adieu, &c.

How gallant was thy bearing proud,
When storm-lash'd waves ran high,
And from the black electric cloud,
The lightning rent the sky :
Above, shrieked wild the angry gale,
A hell beneath did yawn,
Yet without loss of spar or sail,
Triumphant spedst thou on.
Adieu, &c.

Alas ! those days for me are fled,
—The fire burns faint and low,—

These trembling hands are withered,
 Which fought the desperate foe,
 Which ne'er did flag, nor tire, nor droop,
 Till floated wide and free,
 From shatter'd mast and blood-stain'd poop,
 Our sign of victory.

Adieu, my proud and stately bark,
 My sunny days are o'er,
 Life's path for me grows cold and dark,
 We part for evermore !

O. C. DUTT.

THE PEASANTRY OF BENGAL.

BY ARCYDAE.

It was in 1757, that a handful of Muhammadans and a handful of Hindus, oppressed beyond endurance by a capricious and tyrannical despot, called to their aid a band of foreign traders to dethrone the subadar. The idea was not repugnant to the feelings of these ambitious traders, and they lent a willing ear to the proposal. More than a century has rolled away, and those Hindus and Muhammadans have long since ceased to live. Were it possible for them to awake again from their long sleep, they would indeed have reason to wonder and to pride on the wisdom of their choice. Instead of a country desolated by long misrule, harassed by frequent invasions, plundered by its own governors, they would view with delight peace spreading from one end of the land to the other, commerce thriving, agriculture spreading, the resources of the country fast developing to a wonderful extent. They would see their beautiful country dotted with fair and spacious towns, and their countrymen fast possessing themselves of sciences and a literature freer and nobler than even what their renowned ancestors could lay claim to. Last though not the least, instead of a general system of oppression almost by every

recipient of power resulting in a general insecurity of life and property, they would wonder to see an amount of security and freedom unheard of in the annals of India,—a freedom which allows us not only to act as we please, but even to think and say what we please, though it be against our rulers themselves. A contemplation of the past is always instructive; and though it is but meet and proper that, imbibing the liberal ideas of our rulers, we should criticise their acts judged by *their* ideas of justice, it is also meet that we should not altogether lose sight of what we were a hundred years ago, that we should not be altogether unmindful of the blessings secured to us by the British rule,—that we should not be altogether wanting in gratitude to those who have so blessed us.

Amid this general improvement, there is one class of people who have been peculiarly backward in reaping the benefits of the English rule,—and this class, it is much to be regretted, includes the millions of the peasantry of Bengal who in reality constitute the nation. Indeed, in recounting the blessings of the English rule, the fact that such blessings do not concern by far the majority stares us in the face. We shall therefore pause here, and endeavour, within the limits of this article, to describe the condition of this majority of the people of Bengal, and paint the Bengal ryot as he was and as he is.

The Bengal ryot under the Muhammadans (except during the last days of misrule and oppression) was much the same as he is now. Remaining in complete ignorance, tilling the land with borrowed capital, powerless to resist, and patient under calamities and oppression, he lived in his humble cottage and tilled his fertile land, as he lives and tills even now. The relationship which existed between him and his landowners, and which has hardly ceased to exist even now, precluded the possibility of his ever hoping to enjoy to-morrow what he might save to day, and he revenged himself by never saving a penny; and accumulation of wealth is a thing unheard of in the history of Bengal ryotry from the earliest times to the present day. The very seed he

sows is borrowed, and oftentimes he lives on borrowed capital for eleven months in the year, paying his rents as well as his debts on the month of reaping, and then beginning to borrow again from the village *mahajans*. Surely a more effective way to thwart the cupidity of oppressors has never been invented. Would they intrude into his house? A mud cabin to shelter him, which if broken down may be rebuilt in the course of a day, a handful of corn for his daily food, a couple of cows and a plough, a few earthen utensils and a tattered mat, are almost all that he possesses and all that he requires. And with this "he led a life of ease, he loitered and danced and sang. There is no magistracy in Asia to prevent that."

Such was the Bengal ryot under the Muhammadans, and such he is at the present day. In a few respects, however, his condition has improved. The oppression of landowners has now a greater chance of being visited with punishment by courts of justice than under the Muhammadans, though even now the chances are feeble enough. Though we still receive harrowing accounts of famines now and then, their recurrence and even their force have steadily decreased with the increased care taken to ascertain the state of the crops, and with the increased facility afforded for bringing corn from distant parts by rail. And last though not least, warfare and invasions, which would devastate the country, and cause endless misery to the peasantry, and blight their prospects almost once in every generation, have ceased altogether.

But even these improvements were not secured in a day. The condition of the Bengal peasantry, wretched enough during the Muhammanadan rule, underwent a change even for the worse when the English first came in possession of the province. Those days were indeed days of general mourning for Bengal. Suddenly entrusted with the management of a strange country with strange inhabitants, our rulers, during the first thirty years of their rule, could neither compass the amount of their responsibility, nor cared to devise measures for the good of the people. Every

underling of the new government could, with perfect impunity, rob the people of the country; and vast fortunes were amassed in the twinkling of an eye under the name of inland commerce. Indeed, the generation, which lived at the time of the transfer of these provinces from the Muhammadans to the English, witnessed an amount of misrule and oppression unheard of even in the annals of Bengal. In the powerful language of Macaulay, the cultivators left their homes and lands in despair, and, fleeing from the oppression of Government underlings, sought the company of the more humane tigers and wild animals of the forest. The result followed soon;—a famine ensued, the like of which had never before been known in this fertile country,—a famine which is estimated to have carried away one third of the population. Land revenue was seriously impaired, till at last the Company's servants were wakened to a due sense of their responsibility, and to a knowledge of the extremely miserable condition of the Bengal peasantry; and they at once resolved on redress.

This was a critical moment. It was a moment that comes but once in the history of a nation, a moment whose good use might have compensated for the misrule of generations. The Bengal ryot, passionately fond of his home and his land, had not ceased to cultivate it in spite of all misrule and oppression, and the moment had come when his unfailing interest in his land might be rewarded by vesting him with its proprietorship, or at least by granting him with a long lease on fixed rent. He had suffered most cruelly in those oppressive times, and the moment had come when the long tissue of his grievances might be redressed by making him the little zemindar of his land. He had for centuries groaned under the oppression of the zemindar,—and the moment had come when the zemindars might be turned adrift, and an end put to the oppression of centuries. But Lord Cornwallis was an aristocrat, and aristocratic prejudices prevailed; he was an Englishman, and English institutions were introduced.* He

wanted to create an aristocracy like the aristocracy of England. He waved his magic wand, and a strange aristocracy arose on the soil. The moment was lost, and once lost, it is lost for ever.

We shall not dwell at length on the painful subject of the consequences entailed by the Permanent Settlement. But one or two things we feel we cannot pass over. In a country, where the peasantry are so weak, so ignorant, so incapable of resistance, where so little publicity is given to what takes place in the villages, a child might understand the impolicy of lodging extensive powers in a few hands; but Lord Cornwallis did not understand this, for he was thinking of the English aristocracy. The simple fact seems to have been this. To preserve the peace of the country, and to raise the greatest revenue from its people, were the two primary notions which swayed and determined the policy of our Muhammadan rulers; and so long as the country was in peace, and the exchequer was not empty, not one out of ten Muhammadan subadars would care to investigate as to how the people were ruled or money was obtained. Institutions were accordingly developed in the land which, though oppressive in the extreme to the people, were favorable to the policy of the rulers. The zemindari system recommended itself to those rulers, because by making substantial men directly responsible for the revenue, it ensured, on the one hand, the safety of the revenue, and relieved them, on the other hand, from minute and detailed accounts (to which the Muhammadan rulers of India were always averse), which would have been necessitated if every ryot had to pay directly to Government. A mighty change was brought about with the advent of the English in India. Besides the two motives mentioned above, the more civilized policy of our rulers recognized a third and a nobler motive, *viz.*, to secure as far as possible the happiness of the people; and the consideration regarding the happiness of the people weighs hardly less in the estimation of our enlightened rulers than even the consideration of the stability of their revenue. Such being the case, it behove our rulers when they

first conquered this land, to consider, how far the existing institutions of the country were compatible with this third and noblest of motives, before they stamped such institutions with the seal of perpetuity. It behove them to consider, how far the then existing zemindari system would be for the good of the people if made perpetual; but a mistake was then committed, and the consequences threaten to last till the end of the chapter. The Muhammadan rulers approved of the zemindari system because they minded not if the peasantry were harassed and oppressed by the zemindar and his underlings; they minded not if extortion was carried on among the helpless people. The humane spirit of English administration is strongly opposed to these acts;—then it behove the English to consider twice before they made a system perpetual which facilitated such acts. Once the system has been made perpetual,—and even English intelligence and English good will seem to be unequal to the task of putting a stop to zemindari oppression. No doubt the Courts of justice are open to the peasantry as well as the zemindars, and good reason has the Jaleutta Cockney to disbelieve in the fact of zemindari oppression of the present day. But, says one proverb,—who can fall out with alligators and then live under water?—what ryot can fall out with a zemindar and then live on his lands? As a natural consequence, the ryot in nine cases out of ten tamely puts up with the insolence of the zemindar's underlings, till in the course of time such insolence comes to be regarded as customary and legal.

And yet there can be no doubt of the fact that the measure was enacted with the best of intentions* If we want to satisfy

* "Never was there any measure conceived in a purer spirit of generous humanity and disinterested justice than the plan of the Permanent Settlement of the Lower Provinces. It was worthy the soul of a Cornwallis. Yet this truly benevolent purpose fashioned with great care and deliberation was to our painful knowledge subjected almost the whole of the lower classes throughout these provinces to most grievous oppression,—an oppression, too, so guaranteed by our pledge that we are unable to relieve the sufferers". Lord Hastings' Minute, dated 31st December, 1819.

ourselves with regard to the benevolent intention of the Permanent Settlement, we need only read the Act. Says Sec. VII,—and the words ought to be inscribed in tablets of gold by every zemindar and hung up in his bed room that he may read them morning and evening :—“To conduct themselves with good faith and moderation towards their dependant Talukdars and ryots are duties at all times indispensably required from the proprietors of land, and a strict observance of these rules is now more than ever incumbent on them in return for the benefits which they will themselves derive from the orders now passed. *The Governor-General in Council therefore expects that the proprietors of lands will not only act in this manner themselves towards their dependant Talukdars and ryots, BUT ALSO ENJOIN THE STRICTEST ADHERENCE TO THE SAME PRINCIPLES ON THE PERSONS WHOM THEY MAY APPOINT TO COLLECT THE RENT FROM THEM.*” The Italics and the capitals are our own : but have the expectations of the Governor-General been fulfilled ? Painful experience, broad day light facts, prove the contrary.*

We hope we shall not be mistaken. It is not for us to advocate the abolition of a settlement which the Government of India have solemnly declared to be permanent. The good result- ing from such an event will bear no proportion to the evil that

The policy of enacting irrevocable laws for future generations involved in the Permanent Settlement has been thus condemned by Bentham:—“At each point of time the sovereign for the time possesses means for making himself acquainted with the exigencies of his own time—with relation to the future he has no such means of information, all is vague anticipation, rough and random guess drawn by analogy. An irrevocable law therefore transfers the government from those who have the best possible means of information to those who are necessarily incapacitated from knowing any thing at all about the matter. Instead of being guided by their own judgment, the men of the 19th century shut their eyes and give themselves up to be led blindfold by the men of the eighteenth century,—men who have half a century more experience to ground their judgments upon, to men who have half a century less experience.”

* Our remarks do not of course apply to every particular zemindar,—but certainly to by far the vast majority of them.

will be created in the general distrust and want of confidence of the people towards Government. We would rather recommend a line of conduct anticipated by the act itself. Sec. VII. declares—“It being the duty of the ruling power to protect all classes of people, and *more particularly those who from their situation are most helpless*, the Governor General in council will whenever he may deem it proper enact such regulations as he may think necessary for the protection and welfare of the dependant Talukdars, ryots and other cultivators of the soil.” We sincerely and earnestly hope that Government will consistently follow out this policy till every illegal act perpetrated in the villages have a fair chance of detection,—till the much wronged peasantry of Bengal feel in themselves a power to resist, or at least to publish, every act of injustice from which they may suffer. We shall gradually see how far Government has acted in accordance with this policy.

Four scores of years have rolled away since the Permanent Settlement has been enacted, what fruits have these eighty years of active legislation brought for the poor ryot? Echo answers, what? Within this period a world of changes has been inaugurated in Bengal. Every department has undergone a radical reform, and benefits and blessings have been showered upon us like the dew of heaven. Blessed be the rule which has conferred such benefits on us. But whom do these benefits concern? Not the sixty-six millions of the peasantry of Bengal, whose history of these eighty years presents us with a cheerless blank. Commerce has thriven, but commerce to them is practically forbidden; and if agriculture has been extended, the zemindars and not the ryots reap the benefit. Poor cultivator!—no municipality has improved his village,—no schoolmaster has set his intellect a-marching. He lives even as his forefathers lived in poverty and under oppression, and yet finding time, in the vacant routine of his every-day life, moments to smile and sing with an empty heart and unrepressed hilarity.

Four scores of years have rolled away since the Permanent Settlement, the only laws enacted calculated to effectually

benefit the classes of people "who from their situation are most helpless" are,—Act. X. of 1859 of Lord Canning, and Mr. Campbell's Resolution on primary education. The former has not been able to secure the amount of good that it was intended to do, though we are free to confess that it has done a certain amount of good. It has thrown a salutary check on the conduct of the little village lordlings; and although the cultivating classes, for reasons mentioned above, have not been able to avail themselves of its provisions to their fullest extent, yet instances are by no means unfrequent of Gomastas being punished for transgressing such provisions; and such instances, isolated though they are, serve as salutary examples. Ejectment of ryots from their homes and lands, as well as unlawful enhancement of rent, though not altogether put a stop to, have certainly been checked.

The next step brings us at once to contemporaneous events, and to the vortex of angry vituperative discussions. Hardly any public officer has been so severely, and we shall venture to say, so unjustly handled as our present Lieutenant-Governor; and among his acts hardly any has been so bitterly censured as his policy of advancing mass education after making certain reductions from the "high education" of the country. And yet we believe we are stating a simple truth when we say, that the British Government of India within the long period of its dominion has never enacted,—has never conceived a more benevolent and philanthropic measure than the one lately inaugurated by Mr. Campbell relating to the education of the masses. What real well-wisher of the country can contemplate without a feeling of intense delight the consequences that will in all human probability ensue from this benevolent act? A more complete commingling of the different classes of people, will be brought about, a stronger sympathy between the towns and villages will be created, intelligence will be drawn on the cultivating classes for the first time within the long period of their history, and will enable them to improve their own condition in various ways, and a knell will be sounded to all kinds of oppression in the villages of Bengal. But it is needless to dwell

on arguments to shew the likelihood of such results flowing from this measure. Arguments are out of place and can carry no conviction when masses of stupidity and narrow selfishness are ranged in opposition and block the way. Under such circumstances, we are glad to find that Mr. Campbell has cut short all arguments, and has acted in defiance of such opposition. From the village *pāthsālās* our educated and influential classes have little to hope ; on the contrary, knowledge is power, and knowledge imparted to the peasantry might arm them against oppression. Are we to believe that these reasons have induced our zemindars and the educated classes to declare against Mr. Campbell's Resolution on primary education?—that these reasons have induced our press,—the mouth-piece of the upper ten thousand—to condemn the philanthropic measure? Never were the best interests of a country so seriously jeopardized by the extreme selfishness of her best educated children. We are fully alive to the importance of the remark often made, that villagers would much prefer employing their sons to help them in their work to sending them to school. We have ourselves heard objections raised by villagers to sending their children to school, so long as those children can be employed in feeding the cows or profitably engaged in silk and indigo factories for 3 Rs. a month. Nor are we at all hopeful that any extensive use would be made of these village schools during the first few years ; on the contrary, it seems exceedingly probable that the villagers would look upon these institutions with suspicion and distrust, even as the Hindu College in its early days was looked upon with distrust by the orthodox Hindus. The opposers of Mr. Campbell's measure will therefore have, for some years at least, facts and plausible reasons to congratulate themselves on the wisdom of their anticipations. As, however, the benefit of having one's children educated will become more and more apparent, it is impossible but that the villagers will be impelled by the strong motive of self-interest to make a more general use of the schools, and then the results may be fairly expected to be brilliant indeed.

Nor should we pass over the other argument also brought forward against the Resolution on primary education. It is often stated that the children of the cultivators on receiving some sort of education would be discontented with their present low occupation, and would aspire to higher walks of life. Such higher professions, however, being already overcrowded would open no prospect for the new comers, and the whole thing would end in discontent and failure. This argument is based on a fallacious generalization. To be sure, whenever, in an exceptional case, a man belonging to the cultivating classes happens to have an education at the present time, he instantly seeks out for himself some higher walk of life ; but does not this happen simply and solely because such cases are exceptional ? One village boy receiving education would at once perceive the difference between himself and his ignorant fellow-villagers, and would therefore be tempted to seek what he may consider his proper sphere, but this motive will naturally disappear when a large number of villagers will be educated together. The assertion, therefore, that a wide-spread education of the villagers will be followed by a general desertion by them of their homes and lands (!) and a rush towards the town, contains an egregious blunder in generalization. Besides, English education is at present so widely spread in every town in Bengal, that an education in reading, writing and arithmetic in the vernacular tongue, such as the Lieutenant-Governor proposes to bestow on our villagers, will never enable them, even if they were so inclined, to compete with towns. It is evident, therefore, that our villagers with their vernacular education will never aspire to any thing higher than to be the *Nucls* or the *Gomastas*, the *Mandals* or the *Halsahanas*, the *Patwaris*, or some other *Matabbars* of their villages. A healthy competition in this way will, in course of time, vastly add to the usefulness and popularity of the village schools.

We shall here bring this article to a close. If we have said any thing wrong we are open to conviction, if we have uttered any thing unpleasant, a sense of duty could alone have induced us to

do so. Our parting words will be to the zemindars. They have done much for the good of the country,—they alone have from time to time represented her grievances and advocated her rights through their powerful Association. We sincerely thank them for all this. But, while we remember this, we cannot forget that the interest they take in the welfare of the millions of the peasantry, who look up to them as to their lords, is feeble. As a natural consequence, too often the ryots are oppressed by their servants without their knowledge,—sometimes against their will. If our zemindars had spent a tenth portion of their time in seeking the welfare of ryots, if they had spent a tenth portion of their riches in improving their villages and schooling the minds of the people, our villagers would not have been at the present moment so hopelessly backward in civilization. We sincerely hope that the measures now devised will at no distant date bring about a material change in the condition and prospects of the much aggrieved PEASANTRY OF BENGAL.

SONNET.

IN my life's morn where now a palace high,
 Rears its proud arches and pilasters light,
 Enchased with costly stones of stainless white,
 A lonely heath reposed, gorse-clad and dry ;—
 An aged Moslem owned a hut hard by,
 A friend of legends store, whose nimble sight,
 Could oft, (men said), in lonely lanes by night
 The fairy queen, and elfin court descry !
 Blest morn of life ! sweet time of song and play !
 What soulfelt joys were thine ! What blissful dreams !
 I long believed, from regions far away.
 Of pleasant shadows and purpureal gleams,
 That old man's magic art could gems purvey,
 As bright as frost wreaths lit with morning beams !
 D.

OUR DESTINY.

WHAT is written in the book of Fate concerning us? Some disciples of Buckle affirm that there is no hope for Bengal, because "history is the result of natural and physical causes." Are they right? Let us see.

Assuming for a moment that physical causes mould the destiny of nations, why should any one, we ask, suppose, that the future history of Bengal shall not be as glorious as the most devoted patriot can desire? Is the dogma that none can rise from shame to honor, because Nature acts in one uniform way, at all tenable? What is the testimony of facts? Listen!

The Britons who sent an humble petition to the emperors of the West, on the withdrawal of the Roman garrisons, to be protected from the inroads of the Danish and Saxon Vikings were certainly not a great people; but in the present day not only is Britain the undisputed mistress of the ocean, but, if we may believe an emperor of France, the acknowledged leader of European civilization.*

The Irish Rapparees who fled like hunted sheep before Schomberg's Dutch dragoons were, according to contemporary writers, not conspicuous for courage, but who but the Irish during the Peninsular war? Since William of Orange crossed the Boyne, in every quarter of the globe, from the snows of Canada to the wilds of Caffraria, the valour of the Irish infantry of England has turned the tide of battle on the most momentous occasions.

More than ninety thousand Russians surrendered to an army of six thousand Swedes under Charles XII. on the fatal day of Narva, within less than one hundred and twenty years from that day, at Borodino, eighty thousand of these same Russians could not be made to retreat before an equal number of French soldiers under the great Napoleon until after a carnage greater in

* See the speech of the emperor Napoleon at the inauguration of the Breakwater at Cherbourg.

proportion to the numbers engaged than that of any battle in modern times.

If glory has such weak beginnings elsewhere, why not here?

Knowing as we do how mysteriously Nature works—with what a hectic bloom she covers decay—how strength lies hid in weakness—how it is darkest before dawn, it seems certainly unreasonable to despair before the final end. Our duty is to watch her course with reverence.

But is history the result of physical causes? If it can be shown not only that nations rise from obscurity to greatness, but that they fall, and that they fall and rise again under the same climatic and other natural influences, none surely can help answering the question in the negative.

Let us turn again to facts.

Egypt was once great. If nothing else, the pyramids and the stupendous ruins along the course of the Nile bear witness to the glory that has passed away. Why is she now the 'basest of kingdoms'?

"Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they."?

Again, take the case of Spain. What climatic changes have occurred in that country to account for the valor that baffled the legions of imperial Rome in the days of Viriathus—the apathy that tamely bore the yoke of the Moslem for a period nearly equal to that of the joint supremacy of the Muhammadan and Englishman in Bengal, and the spirit that in our own day enabled the Spaniards to dictate the terms of an honorable peace to their former masters, under the walls of Morrocco?

If we turn to Italy, it is the same story still, with the incidents even more strongly marked perhaps, than in the sister peninsula. Though Nature has always been the same, the Italian nation has experienced the greatest vicissitudes of fortune. They have risen—they have fallen—they have risen again. It was under the blue sky of Italy, breathing the balmy Italian air, that Manius Curius Dentatus overwhelmed the Macedonian phalanx at Beneventum; that Charles Albot learnt by bitter experience at Novara,

what Radetsky meant when he declared, he held the sword at ninety with the same firm grasp as in the days of his youth; and that Cialdini stormed the heights of San Martino, in spite of rifled cannons and arms of precision on the dreadful day of Solferino.

We are not of those who see nothing in the future but prosperity and honor for our country. We know that the way of death is before her, as well as the way of life. We know that she may ruin herself, as she has heretofore ruined herself, from father to son, unto all eternity; but we know also that, if remembering that promotion cometh neither from the east nor the west she faithfully turns to Him who maketh and unmaketh kings, "all things" shall be hers, notwithstanding the "damp heat" of her rice plains, and the speculative theories of philosophers.

Long ago, a prophet, speaking to a despised people, tremblingly gathered together to lay the foundation of a modest temple for the worship of a covenant-keeping God, exclaimed—
"Consider now from this day and upward, from the four and twentieth day of the ninth month, even from the day that the foundation of the Lord's temple is laid, consider it: Is the seed yet in the barn? yea, as yet the vine and the fig tree, and the pomegranate and the olive tree have not brought forth: from this day will I bless you: from this day, saith the Lord of hosts, will I take thee, O Zerubbabel, son of Shealtiel, my servant, and will make thee as a signet, for I have chosen thee."

If Bengal, weary of alienation, will but return to Him who calleth those things that be not as though they were, to whom alone the earth and its fulness belongs, the comforting words of inspiration will be found true as regards her also.

ON THE PLEASURES OF SENSE.

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

MILTON.

SMELLING.

Smell chiefly addresses itself to our feeling like sound. I will not presume to speculate upon the exact process through which pain or pleasure is produced in the mind by the sense. Mental science has not reached such perfection as satisfactorily to explain the phenomena. It would be uncomplimentary to our race authoritatively to declare, that the *ne plus ultra* of human researches in this, or indeed in any other subject, has already been attained. On the contrary, the progress every day made in different branches of knowledge may perhaps lead one to suppose that nothing limits the power of man short of omnipotence. Turn whichever way you like, your view is intercepted by numberless monuments of his invention, that, in point of novelty or beauty, seem to rival the works of the Creator himself. The despotic, I had almost said, tyrannical, sway he exercises over the elements more than realizes the fiction of Canute, or of the hero of the equestrian fete recorded by our bard. He rips open the womb of pregnant earth for his trinkets, he carries the dreaded weapon of Vulcan in his waistcoat pocket, he leads discomfited Tide captive behind his triumphal march, he levels the strongholds of Tornados to pave high ways for his aerial expeditions, he compels other spheres to give up their secrets, he exposes to school boy wonder the patches on the manly face of the great god of day. His whistle wafts armadas across the sea, his beck conveys hourly despatches from pole to pole, his fiat transports Time for life, his pleasure dooms Distance to death. Like Nero he fiddles away amidst this universal persecution of the elements, and his only regret appears to be that there are not more elements to conquer and enslave.

Yet this reputed lord of creation is but a weak mortal, too weak, physically, intellectually, morally, and spiritually, to command even a tolerably competent knowledge of that most important of all important subjects,—the knowledge of himself. His inner and outer selves yet remain unexplored. Behold! the Professor leaves his seat with awful solemnity and defines Inertia to be that property in matter by which it tends to preserve a state of rest when still, and of uniform rectilineal motion when moving. To make surety doubly sure, he strikes an ivory ball stationary on a smooth surface, suffers it to move to a yard's length or so, and thus satisfies himself, and his pupils too, that matter moves matter which, if unresisted, will go on moving to the end of time. But the *Artium Magister* omits to inform his hearers, how his own professorial weight was first put into motion, and how, once in motion, it did not roll on to eternity in the absence of all attempts to arrest the progress of the sad catastrophe. His spruce theory of Statics and Dynamics thaws and melts away like the crystal palace of the Czarina before the motive power of the *Will*, which regulates the movements of plethoric limbs without the paraphernalia of levers and pulleys, of axles and inclined planes. The gravitation of our legs and hands, to couth and uncouth quarters, no earthly laws of gravitation can direct or their momentum ascertain. The Man of Medicine crams the whole world of infirmities within the nut-shell of his Pharmacopia, and, with overweening confidence, talks of life and death without understanding the meaning of either. What life is, where it resides, why it is retained, how it flies, are things not dreamt of in his philosophy. But a short while, the child was all spirit and animation, the very life and soul of his father's home and hearth. His flaxen hair, his high front, his arched brows, his fiery eyes, his pearly teeth, his rounded chin, his airy steps, and then his smile—Oh! such a smile as angels might cheerfully acknowledge their own,—a contagious smile, that mantled the face of every man and woman, every boy and girl, aye, every bird and beast, beaming universal sunshine all around, and chasing away care and sorrow from within the hallowed precincts. Never at rest,

ever busy in doing nothing,* never quiet, ever prattling sweet nonsense! What! hushed to silence at once, to speak word never more, while still lingers the charming smile on his ruby lips, as if deriding Death robbed of its sting, deriding grave robbed of its victory! Yes, BOOAH is dead! Dead in a barricaded saloon crowded to suffocation by friends and relatives, all, all ready to die ten thousand deaths for the sake of my darling! Dead within the doctor's grasp!—his life for ever fled God Almighty knows how or why! So much for your *healing* art. With the same air of infallibility our Psychologist taps the *Zenana* of "the Human mind," and ascribes the ecstasy caused in the soul by sweet scents to the mere mechanical contact of odoriferous particles with the olfactory nerves, leaving the exquisite mechanism of the organ, the beautiful adaptation to the external world, the mysterious transmission of the sensation to the real seat of pleasure, and the miraculous revolution that takes place there, to explain themselves the best way they can. It is said, that a certain relative of the ten-headed sovereign of Ceylon was once engaged in a topographical survey of the island, apportioning particular blocks for particular edifices and excavations calculated to improve its sight and sanitation, while FATE laughed from above at the short-sightedness of the Alnaschar which failed to discover that ere long the kingdom was to pass to other hands. With what pity must the Fountain of all knowledge contemplate our clamorous congratulations on the successful interpretations of "Easy Primers," unconscious of the voluminous works left untouched in this Bodleian library of nature.

"—Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanced, behold with strange surprise,
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!

So pleased at first, the towering Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales and seem to tread the sky,
 The eternal snows appear already pass'd,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last,
 But, when those attained, we tremble to survey
 The growing labors of the lengthen'd way,
 The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise."

Nothing establishes the impotence of man so conclusively as his so-called perfumery-rank imitations that mock and mimic the perfumery of the field. If you wish to retain the name for the mongrel breed of your distilleries and laboratories, your Burgamots, your Verbenas, *et hoc genus omne*, you are quite welcome to do so; but do not, for decency's sake, insult the vegetable kingdom by including in the same nomenclature its legitimate offsprings that have for full six thousand years successfully defied all competition, and preserved their prestige inviolate. Call the rose by any other name it will smell as sweet.

"——the Rose o'er crag or vale,
 Sultana of the Nightingale,
 The maid for whom his melody,
 His thousand songs are heard on high,
 Blooms blushing to her lover's tale :
 His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
 Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
 Far from the winters of the west,
 By every breeze and season blest,
 Returns the sweets by nature given
 In softest incense back to heaven."

Eau de Colognes or lavenders knock at the gate with *dacoit* rudeness that startles and alarms the mind, the knock of the flower is the soft gentle knock of the timid lover, which the somnolent soul at once recognises and gladly throws the door wide open to receive the longed-for visitor in ready embrace. The flower is the emblem of liberty. It disdains to be corked down in bottles

and enlarged, like jail birds, on holiday occasions. Every day in the calendar is a holiday with it. Freely it shines, freely it breathes, freely it dances surcharging the atmosphere with celestial honey, enjoying and being enjoyed without stint or reserve. The more free, the greater the beauty—the sublimer the fragrance.

“Go, mark the matchless working of the Power
That shuts within the seed the future flower ;
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In color these, and those delight the smell ;
Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.”

Matchless, indeed, is the working Power that commands odour to insinuate itself within us, and forthwith to cast the entire system into a rapturous mould that powerfully reminds us of our vast capacity of receiving pleasure by vouchsafing a sort of glimpse, as it were, of the unalloyed bliss we are destined to enjoy independent of the vanities of human wishes. All sublunary acquisitions dwindle into insignificance compared with the beatific thrill that vibrates through each and every fibre, and disposes the mind to the contemplation of Him whose benevolent providence has so designed the sense, doubtless, gradually to train us for higher functions and grander scenes with which an abrupt transfer might ill prepare us to be speedily reconciled. Hopelessly intoxicated must be the wretch with the alcohol of ambition or avarice, who sees nought in this divine dispensation to challenge admiration and exact meek devotion from animalcule man, whose salvation demands so much attention of the invisible Contriver. Music affects the mind as agreeably but not without consequences that impair the usefulness of man as a member of society. Music debilitates the soul, smell invigorates it ; music engenders inactivity, smell rouses to action. Like opiates, music induces drowsiness ; like unadulterated wines, smell promotes wakefulness. Like luxury, music prostrates the constitution ; like temperance, smell restores exhausted nature to its wonted tone.

Smell, as every thing else calculated to prevent any disturbance

in the equilibrium of the mind either from stagnation or over-exertion, is highly conducive to health so essentially necessary for the due appreciation of the bounties of heaven.

“Nor love, nor honor, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise :
With health all taste of pleasure flies.”

This habit of appreciation ventilates the intellect and secures for the mental atmosphere a salubrity of which the victim of chronic distempers can form no idea. The preference given by theologians to natural death on the ground of its affording time for repentance is inapplicable in his case. Petulance and peevishness are the invariable concomitants of continued ill health. The leper, corroded and eaten up by an incurable and a loathsome disease, shunned by dearest friends, avoided by nearest relatives, humiliated and heart-broken, a prey to pestering worms and insects before life is extinct, at eternal war with the world, at eternal war with himself, the woeful caricature of the genus Homo, has neither time nor inclination to seek consolation from Religion. Better far it appears to him to die the death at once than to protract the “long disease.” Thrice welcome seems the whisper of his evil genius that purposes rather by one bold struggle to put an end to a world of woes than to continue feeding a torturing fire by fresh supplies of oil. It is but once to strain his nerves and every thing is over with him. It is but a single plunge and there is a full stop to his suffering, on this cis-side of existence at any rate.

“Let him who crawls enamour’d of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away,
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied hand ;
Ours the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed,
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.”

I yield to no man in my horror and abomination of the Suicide. There can be no sympathy with insanity which alone

can prompt the Heir Apparent of Heaven to disinherit himself and to suffer the splendid patrimony to escheat to the crown by deliberate felony. Sophistry itself can lend no countenance to an act so transparently odious. The acuteness of ancient philosophy has been of no avail to the senseless miscreant who voluntarily cuts himself off from the luxury of living and elects grim death for his boon companion here and hereafter. If murder is a sin—and of that there is no doubt—self-slaughter is doubly so in-as-much as it involves the loss of life aggravated by a culpable breach of trust. All our belongings are so many trust funds which we are to improve and not waste and misappropriate. Even the bugbear of courage, which the maniac would fain arrogate to himself by his rash exodus to eternity, has been thoroughly exposed and proved a sham. His is a morbid courage who, afraid of the taunts of his silly neighbours, or overawed by ordinary misfortunes, braves Omnipotence by such an impudent transgression of His eternal laws.

“—————What more speaks

Greatness of man than valiant patience ?

That shrinks not under his fate's strongest stroke ?

These Roman deaths, as falling on a sword,

Opening the veins, with poison quenching thirst,

(Which we erroneously do style the deed

Of the heroic and magnanimous man,)

Was dead-eyed cowardice and white cheeked fear :

Who doubting tyranny, and fainting under

Fortunes false lottery, desperately ran

To death for dread of death. That soul's most stout,

That leaving all mischance, dares last it out.”

It must at the same time be admitted, however, that our infirmities, and their name is a legion, very often assume attitudes so formidable as to cow down the stoutest heart, and tax fortitude far beyond its strength. The agony and anguish of the bed-ridden child of misery, fast sinking under an accumulated load of afflictions, seems to render the atrocity of self-slaughter almost venial.

As smell is eminently calculated to promote health, the solitary prop that supports our forlorn hope of catholically completing this trying pilgrimage, the all-wise Health Officer has placed it in the seat of respiration to make ungrateful man happy, as it were, in spite of himself. Having eyes, we may not see; having ears, we may not hear; but to dispense with the services of the nose, is to dispense with life itself. The abnegation involves the sacrifice, not only of the invaluable hygienic aid yielded by fragrance, but also that of the best and easiest test of the quality of the food we take. All animals, carnivorous or herbivorous, graminivorous or omnivorous, appeal, more or less, to this infallible analysis for the detection of any poisonous particle that may perhaps lie concealed in the viands presented by art, or in the delicious dainties reserved for us in the larder of nature. Experience has placed beyond the reach of scepticism the fact, that this preliminary examination cannot be neglected without exposure to the most frightful missiles let fly from the exhaustless quiver of Pandora. The mouse or the tit-mouse requires no stupendous hospitals or costly dispensaries, no probes or lancets, no forceps or catheters, no astringents or laxatives, nor thee, Cinchona! the bane and antidote of the weak, who loathe thee and long after thee, just as a toper, after a night's carousal, oppressed with nausea and head ache, with depression and lassitude, hates and hugs the Brandy bottle, his curse and cure! Once weaned, the creature we call irrational, is his own physician, his own surgeon, his own purveyor, his own croupier, performing the complicated offices with professional aptitude, living and enjoying life, throughout the whole period allotted to it, and then dropping down dead unattended by mock mourners, by empty ceremonials. Not so Heliogabalus. He "disdains a cheap and vulgar happiness", and concocts for himself "imaginary goods, in which there is nothing that can raise desire but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own misery as a punishment on themselves for departing from the measures of nature." Thus they become the sports of

sun-strokes and moon-strokes while alive,—when dead, mere cumbrous lumber in the hands of their survivors.

Smelling is the most fastidious of all our senses. We can taste what offends our palate, we can see what offends our eye, we can hear what offends our ear, but what offends the organ of smell we do not, we cannot stand. Pleasure or pain, derived through the other senses, admits of degrees. Gradually, and by perceptible stages, it culminates from the lowest to the highest." "A spacious landskip, cut out into rivers, woods, rocks, and meadows", on canvass, is pleasing enough; but the pleasure is considerably heightened when it is painted on the walls by the camera-obscura. "Here you might discover waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colors, with the picture of a ship entering at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there *appears* the green shadows of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, and herds of deer among them in miniature leaping about." But good smell and bad smell are, like logical contradictories, having no term in common, and recognising no link to connect the extremes. It is either thorough pleasure or thorough pain. There is either a soothing tranquility that cheerfully accommodates itself to the various vicissitudes of life, or a dreadful conflagration that consumes every fibre, and vomits burning lava through every pore. Like a wakeful watch, the sense is always upon the alert to sound the alarm at the approach of the enemy, and rouse the whole garrison for defence. The entire system is agonised at once with an acute pain the nature of which baffles description. The palsied limbs, the feverish pulse, the throbbing heart, the leaping bowels, and reason that, quite delirious, would rather seek relief from utter annihilation itself than endure a living death that shadows forth the future doom of the unrighteous. Interpreted aright, the convulsion is but a warning voice,—a memento vividly placed before us that we may repent betimes, and escape the greater convulsion.

"Trust the warning—look before thee,—

Angels may the mirror show,

Dimly still, but sent to guide thee,
We are wiser than we know."

BHARAT CHANDRA RAYA.

THE name of Bhárat Chandra Ráya is a household word in Bengal ; yet how little was known of that remarkable man until the late Isvar Chandra Gupta, himself no mean poet, collected, at the cost of considerable trouble and money, the facts of his life, and published a brief biographical account of him, with a criticism of his works. The account is meagre, for reasons which the reader can well understand. But meagre as it is, it will ever remain a monument of the disinterested labors of Isvar Chandra in rescuing from oblivion the life of the "Prince of Bengali poets." The present paper is based on that work and other publications containing incidental notices of the poet.

Upwards of a century and a half ago, one Narendra Náráyan Ráya resided at Pando, in Parganá Bhursut, not far from Burdwan. He was a man of family and fortune : a Kulin Bráhmaṇ of a high order, and a landholder owning large possessions. He was, by courtesy, styled Rájá, for his wealth and influence. In those days, when life and property were insecure, the houses of wealthy zemindars were, as a rule, surrounded by a strong mud wall, with a wide ditch at its base, like a fort ; and the residence of Narendra Náráyan was thus fortified, and was, on that account, called the Fort of Pando. He owned another residence at Bhavánipur, near Pando, which being likewise fortified was called the Fort of Bhavánipur. Narendra Náráyan had four sons, of whom the subject of this notice was the youngest. Bhárat Chandra was born in Sakábdá 1634, corresponding to 1712. There had arisen a dispute between Narendra Náráyan Ráya and his more powerful neighbour the Chief of Burdwan, in connection with the boundary of their estates. Narendrar Náráyan

had the audacity to speak disparagingly of Rání Vishnu Kumári of Burdwan, the mother and guardian of Kirti Chandra Ráya, who was then a minor. Her indignation knew no bounds when she heard of it. Indeed, a woman of her spirit could ill brook insult offered by a comparatively petty chief like the landlord of Bhursut. She avenged the insult to her heart's content. She personally proceeded to Pando, at the head of a large body of retainers, to take forcible possession of the Fort. The Fort was entered without resistance, for Narendra Náráyan had fled at the approach of the Rání, leaving his family and property behind to take care of themselves. She took possession of every thing of value that was in the house. After making arrangements for retaining possession of the Fort, she returned with her booty to Burdwan ; the following day a fresh disaster awaited the unfortunate Narendra Náráyan. He was shortly after deprived of all his estates. His house at Pando, however, was restored to him. The proud lord of Bhursut was thus reduced to impecuniosity.

Bhárat was very young at the time we are speaking of. Shortly after this unfortunate occurrence, we find him, young as he was, proceeding to Napará in Parganá Mandalghát, where his maternal uncle resided. During his stay there, which was not long, he finished *Vyākaraṇa* and learnt by rote a good portion of *abhidhāna*. He was then only fourteen. He was so intelligent that he is said to have mastered the difficulties of the Sanskrit grammar even at that early age. He returned to his parents, after marrying a daughter of one Narottam Achárya of Sáradá a village not far from Napará. His brothers upbraided him either for marrying before they had married, or for marrying in a family inferior to theirs in point of respectability. Bhárat was very sensitive : this rebuke he laid to heart, and again left home in disgust. He came to Devánandapur, near Bausbariá, to the north of Hugli. Here he found a kind friend in Rám Chandra Munshi, the founder of the well-known Káyastha family of that place. Rám Chandra was a kind-hearted man. He readily took the needy boy under his protection, and supplied all his wants. Bhárat

began to study Sanskrit and Persian with uncommon assiduity, and soon acquired considerable proficiency in both. It was here that he first began to write poetry. His first poetical composition was a poem in *tripadi* in praise of Satyanáráyan. He wrote it at the very early age of fifteen, and in an incredibly short time. An anecdote is recorded touching this poem—an anecdote illustrative of the extraordinary power which Bhárat possessed, even at that early age, of improvising poetry. It is this. There was the *pújá* of Sattyanarayan at the house of Ram Chandra Munshi. A poem celebrating the attributes of the deity is, as all know, recited on this occasion. Bharat had been asked, only a short time before the *púja* commenced, to do the rhapsodical part of the affair. He complied with the request, adding that he would recite his own poem. Saying this, he went away, with the ostensible object of bringing it, but with the real one of writing a fresh poem for the occasion. And he produced a good poem. Bhárat was at Devanandapur till the age of twenty, when he went back to Pando, much to the regret of all those to whom he had endeared himself during his residence there.

His father had taken *izára* of ten *mehals* from the Rájá of Burdwan. Finding Bharat in every way fitted to act as his agent at the Court of that Chief, he sent him to Burdwan in that capacity. But Bharat soon brought himself into trouble. He quarrelled with some of the principal officers of the Court, and fell a victim to their machinations. His father was deprived of his *izára*, and he himself was thrown into prison. He managed, however, to escape from jail, and fled beyond the limits of the Burdwan Raj to Cuttack.

The province of Orissa was then in the possession of the Mahrattas. One Siva Bhatta was the governor of the province. Bharat took refuge with this chief at Cuttack. He was very kindly received and treated. His stay at Cuttack was not long. Being so very near Purushottam, he, as a Hindu, was anxious to visit that holy shrine. He received permission from the governor to visit, and reside at, the shrine of Purí. Special privileges were

vouchsafed to him : no pilgrim tax was to be taken from him ; and he was to be allowed daily, from the temple, food sufficient for himself and his servant (he had with him a servant named Raghunath) so long as he might stay there. Armed with these privileges, he repaired to Puri, accompanied by his faithful adherent, Raghunath. He took up quarters at the monastery of the venerable Sankaracharya. He renounced his secular dress, and assumed the holy garb of a Vaishnava. The faithful Raghunath also did the same. He read all the works then extant bearing on the creed of the Vaishnavas. His stay at Puri was long, extending over a period of about fifteen years. This long time he is said to have spent in hard study and austere devotion. Need we then wonder at his deep erudition and intimate knowledge of several languages which his works display ?

Bharat left Puri on a pilgrimage to Vrindavan. He had not proceeded far when circumstances at once changed his course. Instead, then, of proceeding to Vrindavan, he went to Sarada to visit his wife, whom he had not seen since their marriage. "A change came over the spirit of his dream." Sordid concerns of worldly life now assailed his thoughts. His chief concern now was how to settle in life. As he wanted means to this end, he left Sarada, after a short stay, in quest of employment. He turned up at Chanderuagore, where he expected to get speedy employment. One Indra Narayan Chaudhuri held a high post under the French Government. He was a very wealthy and influential man ; a *ghat* built by him, near Chanderuagore, still attests to his public spirit. Bharat made his acquaintance, and soon ingratiated himself with him. But Indra Narayan had no suitable appointment in his gift at the time. He promised, however, to introduce him to Raja Krishna Chandra Raya of Nadiya, with whom he was very intimate. Bharat was ere long introduced, in very flattering terms, to the Raja, when the latter was on a visit to Indra Narayan.

We now enter upon the most interesting period of Bharat's life. His introduction to the Raja of Nadiya was a stepping-stone

to his future fame. Raja Krishna Chandra was the Mæcenas of Bengali literature. Men of learning received liberal encouragement from him ; and his Court, like its prototype the Court of the celebrated Vikramaditya, was composed of the most eminent men of letters of the time. Under the fostering care of such a patron of learning the genius of Bharat developed apace. Immediately after his arrival at Krishnanagar he was appointed Poet-Laureate, with an adequate allowance. He was about this time forty years of age. He wrote many poetical pieces for the special delectation of the Raja, who conferred on him the title of *Gunakar* as a token of his admiration of his poetical powers. Not satisfied, however, with small fugitive pieces of poetry, he desired his Laureate to write a regular work. Bharat, accordingly, wrote the *Anadámangal*, on the model of the *Chandi* of Mukunda Ram Chakravarti, better known as Kavi Kankan. He next wrote, also at the desire of the Raja, the exquisite *Vidyá Sundara* ;* and, shortly after, *Mansingherpálá*. These three poems constitute one work, they being intimately connected with each other. This work, the *magnum opus* of Bharat Chandra, is indisputably the best in the whole range of the poetical literature of Bengal. It yet stands unrivalled. The accomplished Madan Mohan Tarkalankár, when he began his *Vásabdattá* is said to have declared that should that work not come up to the *Vidyásundara*, he would never write poetry again. On comparing the *Vásabdattá* when finished to the *Vidyásundara*, he found the former to fall far short of the latter. And Madan Mohan, true to his word, never wrote verse again†. We may remark by the way that the *Vásabdattá* is a work of considerable merit.

* The Tale of *Vidyá* and *Sundara* was originally written in Sanskrit by Varruchi, of the Court of Vikramaditya. The *Vidyá Sundara* of Bharat Chandra Raya, and that of Ram Prasad Sen, are mere versions of that work. For full information on the subject, see the life of Kavirājan Ram Prasad Sen by Nanda Lal Datta, published a few years ago.

† Life of the late Madana Mohana Tarkalankara, and a criticism of his writings: Bharat Jantra, Calcutta. Sambat 1928.

Bharat's other poem, the *Rasamanjari*, is a well rendered version of the well known Sanskrit work of that name—the erotic matter of which has ever been spoken of in terms of just reproach.

To resume the thread of our narrative. Bharat had given up all idea of revisiting, much less residing at, Pando. Raja Krishna Chandra gave him the option of residing at any place within his Raj. Bharat chose Mulajor, opposite Chandernagore, for his future residence. His selection of Mulajor was influenced more by a sense of gratitude for his former patron than by any special recommendations of the place. In plain language, he desired to be as near as possible to the good Indra Narayan Chaudhuri of Chandernagore. The Nadiya Court gave him the village on izara, for a small annual consideration. Bharat took his wife to Mulajor. He was now fairly settled in life. He sometimes resided at Mulajor, and sometimes at Krishnanagar, and often visited his friend Indra Narayan.

About this period, Bengal was frequently visited and oppressed by the Mahratta free-booters. And Burdwan, from its position, was, of all places, most exposed to their oppressions. The dowager Rani of Burdwan, with her minor son Tilak Chand, fled across the Hugli, to Kangadihi, a small village near Mulajor, where a splendid mansion, secured by a double moat, had been built for their residence. Till recently the ruins of the noble edifice were worth a visit. "Up to 1860, one could find within 'the ramparts the ruins of noble brick buildings and of a splendid 'gate. These have been pulled down for furnishing ballast for 'the Eastern Bengal Railway—an unpardonable piece of Vandalism, considering how poor Bengal is in interesting ruins of 'any kind. It is to be regretted that so enlightened a man as 'the late Prasanna Kumar Tagore should have suffered a set of 'utilitarian Vandals to sweep away the relics of an imperfectly 'understood period of the history of Bengal.'"* Here, at Kangadihi, the nuptials of the young Tilak Chand were celebrated

with unusual *eclat*. The Rani longed for the *pattani* of the neighbouring village of Mulajor, which she succeeded in obtaining, notwithstanding opposition from Bharat Chandra. He was thus deprived of his *izara* ; compensation was, however, granted him for this loss. He received, from the Nadiya Court 16 bighas of rent free land in Mulajor, and 105 bighas more, also rent-free, in Gusté, in Pargana Anarpur, with permission to remove to, and reside at, the latter place. The inhabitants of Mulajor were so fond of him that they would not let him go. He yielded to their solicitations, and remained where he was. Bharat had begun a drama, *Chandinatak*, which, unfortunately for posterity, he did not live to complete. He had been for some time suffering from dialitis, to which he succumbed at the premature age of forty eight. His descendants are to this day living at Mulajor. They are, we are sorry to say, not in good circumstances. Bharat Chandra was not a great poet: he was neither Kalidas nor Milton. He was a poet of the same class with Pope, with whom he had many points of similarity.

Sáradá Prasád De.

MAYO.

As some proud Mother, from a mountain-height,
 Watching the fury of the war below,
 Her fair face flushing with a fiery glow,
 Because she knows that foremost in the fight
 Is he, to whom her sweet soul gave the light,
 Suddenly sees the snowy crest sink down,
 And feels a darkness o'er her spirit thrown,
 While her breast throbs with yearnings infinite ;
 So, Mayo, when those awful tidings came
 Of thy dread doom beyond the Orient wave,
 Thy country 's heart sank like a dying flame,
 Her burning tears fall fast upon thy grave,
 Too soon for us, but not too soon for fame,
 Reft from our gaze, O Statesman kind and brave !

ON VITAL FORCES.

BY NOBIN KRISHNA BOSE.

It is a truth, illustrated by almost every step in the progress of scientific discovery, that appearances are often misleading—being not only different from, but sometimes even the very reverse of the things of which they stand for signs. The steps by which we arrive at a correct interpretation of them, however, are necessarily laborious and slow. They involve not only comparisons of accumulated observations which must frequently extend over vast periods of time, but also a preparatory discipline of the mind itself, to fit it for processes so little akin to those called forth by the ordinary avocations of life. To the untutored eye the sun is a small luminous body—hardly more than a foot in diameter—running its daily course round the earth from east to west, and the stars only so many twinkling spots in the heavens to adorn and beautify our nights. Science has now revealed their real nature; but long and patient observation, aided by a careful study of the laws of vision and of the mathematical relations of the forms of space, was necessary to achieve its triumphs. Nor were these achievements made without opposition and struggle. The mind is naturally loath to receive ideas which do not readily adhere round some nucleus which is already there, and angrily turns away from those which rudely disturb its own cherished stock. Hence those persecutions of scientific discoverers, like Galileo and Friar Bacon, which so much disgrace the annals of human progress. But the question here is—whether future generations have benefited by these past blunders of intolerant bigotry and self-satisfied ignorance? Or, are we not as ready now as ever to denounce researches and speculations which run through new and unwonted channels?

Man from the first has been impelled by an inborn curiosity to lift the veil which hides the springs of nature from his view. But explanations of phenomena are nothing more or less than their resolution into an identity of force. The distant and

unknown are accounted for by being likened simply to what is more familiar and known. Thus the mystery of the heavens was solved when the force which impels the planets in their orbits was shewn to be the same which governs the fall of a stone. The awe-inspiring thunder in the same way was divested of its supernatural terrors when identified with discharges which, with the help of an electric apparatus, we can at any time produce ourselves; and earthquakes and volcanic eruptions ceased to be miracles when traced to expansive forces similar to what is evolved by an ordinary gun-powder explosion. The force most obtrusively present in the mind, is, however, that by which one is able to move and perform other acts himself. This force, too, is perceived to be under the control of an unknown principle located within the organisation in some most mysterious manner. Departing, accordingly, from this principle as the animating cause of our own bodily movements, the primitive observers of external nature had no difficulty in referring *its* movements likewise to the operation of other equally unseen but kindred powers. And hence the world came to be peopled with no end of invisible beings—raised gradually by the hopes and fears of men to the rank of gods and goddesses—to each of whom was assigned dominion over a particular class of natural phenomena. But beautiful as is the inspiration which the poetic genius has drawn from these spirits of the earth and sea and air, their delegated rule over their respective elements could last only so long as man himself was content to remain a mere passive spectator of the wonders which pressed upon him from every side. It could not co-exist, in fact, with his own growing dominion over the external world. For then was nature called to the witness box and compelled by cross-questioning to divulge the real secrets of her strength. But she has many a secret still, on which to examine her the proper clue has not as yet been found; and, true to the instinct of barring all new and disturbing elements from the mind, there are not wanting those who, untaught by the past history of Science, would fain keep her off from those hallowed regions.

But hard-fought as the battles of Science have hitherto been, and inch by inch as she had to win her ground over the domains of prejudice and unyielding error, who shall even now say to her—You have here reached the utmost limit of your conquest, and further thou shalt not proceed? And yet, remarkable as it may appear, such a mandate has been actually issued to her, not by the ignorant multitude alone, but from many a learned professorial chair as well. After a long and persistent struggle, the phenomena of inorganic nature have at length been given up as the legitimate game of Science to be deciphered by her, as she likes, by the application of fixed natural laws; but the conservatives in philosophy have built a partition-wall on the verge of the organic kingdom, as a forbidden ground which she is not to enter with her crucibles and analytic tests. She may be permitted to examine the foundation of the enclosure at least, and see whether it rests on solid rock or merely on sand.

It appears from a careful study of the subject, however, that the encroachment of Science on the organic domains of nature, is resented not so much for its own sake as for the supposed hostility of the results, likely to ensue, to religious beliefs. "Of all departments of scientific investigation," says Dr. Lionel Beale, "the one which concerns itself with the study of living beings is that which is calculated to exert the most serious influence upon religious thought. * * * It is, indeed, in connection with views concerning the nature of life that the most distinct antagonism between Religion and Science will be found to obtain.*" Will it though? It is no valid objection to a scientific theory or hypothesis, that its tendencies may be so and so: the only legitimate question is—whether it is based on facts? But there is no need to shrink from the tendencies either. We make bold to say that the theistic controversy can never be affected either the one way or the other by mere discoveries of Science. She deals only with analogies and transformations of natural forces; and all the light she can shed over

* *Life Theories*, p. 4.

such transformations will not make the theist lose, nor the atheist gain, a single inch of ground. After all she can possibly achieve in the way of phenomenal explanations, the great mystery of creation will remain as profoundly impenetrable to her as ever ; and before its awful solemnity man must ever fall prostrate and acknowledge the utter helplessness of his analytic methods. Here, then, as on a secure and everlasting rock, Religion should be made to take her stand. From its sublime and majestic height she could afford to look down on the boldest investigations of philosophy and science, as on mere innocent sports of children, with a smile. But her *soi-disant* defenders have dragged her away from this her own most proper pedestal, and trusted her defence to untenable out-works erected by themselves on ground which again and again has given way beneath their feet. Yet made no wiser by past mishaps, they cling to their old system of defensive warfare by making strongholds still of *unsolved* natural problems,—as though the mysteries of one generation never unravelled themselves before the keener vision of the next,—and thus place themselves and their faith at the mercy only of a fresh scientific discovery. No wonder, then, that an apparent antagonism has grown up between Religion and Science, and false alarms are raised in Religion's name when the alarmists themselves are only at fault.

But say the advocates of a vital principle *per se*, that “the “vital phenomena exhibit no analogy whatever to the chemico-“physical phenomena,” and cannot be traced therefore to the same natural causes. All that with truth we are entitled to say, however, is, that no such analogy has as yet been *detected* by us ; and certainly from this non-detection we are not warranted in inferring that it does not *exist*. The truth is, that the analogies of nature do not always lie upon the surface to be perceived at a glance. They are buried, on the contrary, under diversities of appearance, whence long and assiduous observation and the most skillfully contrived experiments alone can bring them to light. Even the analogies between kindred physical forces took centuries to throw off the mask. The motive power of heat was placed

beyond all cavil only when steam was compelled to do the work of a horse ; and the identity of electricity and chemical attraction was made patent only by the decomposition of salts by the powerful battery of Sir Humphrey Davy. Much stress, too, has been laid on the failure of chemical combinations to elicit anything approaching to living vital processes from inorganic matter. But the argument derived from this failure is altogether a negative one, and, like all negative arguments, is simply worthless whilst obliged to leave out an unknown quantity of which it can make no account. Who will venture to predict from what the chemist has already done, all that he will hereafter be able to do? Nay, who will audaciously make the capacity of the chemist or the natural philosopher the standard of all possible evolutions of natural forces? "Among all the possible combinations of the "fifty or sixty elements which chemistry points to as existing "in this earth, (says Sir John Herschel) "some have never yet been formed." And who will undertake to say how these combinations, when effected, will influence and modify the course of terrestrial phenomena—both inorganic and organic? How preposterous, then, from our own small and limited experience of natural causes, to prescribe a limit to their actions and results? But the changes which take place in a living organism, it is said, are so different *in kind* from those which characterise mere inanimate matter, that it is impossible to conceive how the one could be a transformed correlate of the other. Equally inconceivable it is how water, which extinguishes fire, could be a transformed correlate of two gases, one of which is the most powerful supporter of combustion and the other the most combustible body itself on earth. And yet the fact is so. Indeed, the phrase 'different in kind', as applied to natural forces, has yet to be explained. "Isomorphism, (in the "words of Baron Liebig) or the quality of form of many "chemical compounds having a different composition, tends to "prove that matter consists of atoms, the mere arrangement of "which produces all the properties of bodies."* "The attraction

"of gravity and chemical attraction and repulsion, (says Mr. Wyld) are all the same physical force, and the entire external world is nothing but a manifestation of it."*

Of course, the foregoing remarks go no further than to shew that there is nothing *a priori* to discredit the hypothesis of the vital functions being the modified equivalents of the physical and chemical forces in operation in the external world, and that experience does not bear us out in concluding from their *apparent* diversities that they are specifically distinct in themselves. To be accepted as a correct theory of life, however, the mutual convertibility of the two sets of phenomena must be proved, and not simply assumed. We are free to acknowledge, too, that no conclusive proof of this has up to this time been obtained :—but why, then, trouble yourself with the hypotheses at all? Because, we say, an idea must be conceived before it can be proved. Nay, the conceiver must be impressed with some sense of its reality before he would care to look about for proofs,—or before he could go the right way in search of them. No scientific theory, as such, ever came to us perfected and matured, all at once, as a fully demonstrated fact. It had, in the first instance, to be taken up provisionally as an hypothesis only. Gravitation for years had formed a part of the current creed of astronomers before it was verified by Newton by the observed declensions of the moon ; and Franklin would not have been at the pains to catch the lightning with his kite, had he but been persuaded of its kindredship to terrestrial electricity before. If plausible clues are forthcoming, therefore, pointing to a particular direction for the solution of any class of obscure and imperfectly understood phenomena, Science but does her legitimate work in following them out to their end ; and it is certainly no indication of a philosophical turn of mind to pooh-pooh her whilst lingering in the labyrinth to trace her way. Let us then see whether any such clues are to be found with reference to the subject now in hand.

* *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.* vol. V. p. 387.

It has been justly observed by Sir William Hamilton, that, "when aware of a new appearance, we are unable to conceive that therein has originated any new existence, and are, therefore, *constrained* [both the italics are of Sir W. H. himself] to think, that what now appears to us in a new form, had previously an existence under others,—conceivable by us or not." And again : "We cannot conceive, either, in the one hand, nothing becoming something, or, on the other, something becoming nothing.*" "But vitality, it is needless to assert, has not been a constant quantity on the surface of the earth ;—and how are its fluctuations to be accounted for? Are we to suppose that, with every variation in the distribution of vegetable and animal life, the difference came from nothing, and again merged into nothing?—or, conformably to the analogy furnished by all other natural phenomena, would it not be more rational to hold that these quantitative changes in one quarter, were balanced by a corresponding increase or decrease in some other quarter? The first supposition, it will be perceived, involves a conception, which, as Sir William tells us, "we are *unable* to conceive;" and yet, without realising this very inconceivable conception, it is impossible to see how the specifically distinct character of vitality could ever be maintained. But the advocates of the distinction have made easy work with this difficulty at the threshold, by endowing the mind with an especial faculty with regard to the organic, not possessed by it (even by their own shewing) in respect of the inorganic world. Thus writes, for instance, Dr. Lionel Beale :—"It is possible for us to conceive an entire cessation of vitality—complete extinction of life after its introduction ; but we cannot conceive of the extinction of matter and its forces after they had once been created,†" The fact is, we can do neither nor both. If in imagination we can annihilate all living beings, what is to prevent us from annihilating the whole material universe itself

* *Philosophical Discussions.* p. 605

† *Life Theories.* p. 93

in a similar manner? Time and space are the only things with which we are unable to make so free—they being the modes of thought itself. Supposing the sun and moon and stars were not, or removed from us to an imperceptible distance, and fire, too, were extinct, all light then will be gone from this nether world; and how could we feel assured that it was not altogether extinct? By reducing the atmospheric density again, the temperature even of the equatorial regions could be lowered to icy coldness; and what then was to persuade us that there was not so much absolute loss of a most powerful material force? Dr. Beale will tell us perhaps, that though under the supposed circumstances, light and heat had ceased to exist as sensible phenomena, they would exist potentially in matter still. How does he feel himself authorised then to assume that though all living things were to disappear from the surface of the earth, vitality would *not* exist potentially still in the elements of which their structures were composed? Of course, the answer to this will be that we can evolve light and heat from matter—but not life. But is this a sufficient reason to deny its potential existence when not manifesting itself in an active form? It will not cost much to reduce all the diamonds existing on earth to a substance in no way differing from common charcoal, but chemists do not possess the skill of reproducing the diamond from it. It is then to be inferred, from this want of skill in our chemists that the lustre, or rather the peculiar structural force, of the diamond, from which it was derived, was gone absolutely and for ever when the diamond as such had been destroyed? And if so, what becomes of the great law of conservation of natural forces even in the inorganic world itself? Indeed, the law must either be abandoned altogether, or applied to living things just as much as to inanimate matter. Let us see what hints can be gathered from experience in favor of this view of the question.

To be Continued.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

CHAPTER III.—*The Kásid, and the Journey to Calcutta.*

WHAT is a *Kásid*? the reader will ask. Some thirty or forty years ago the *Kásid* was an important personage in the Mofussil, at least in western Bengal. There was no zemindari *dák* in those days, neither was there a single rail-road in the country. There were about fifty inhabitants of Tálpur who did business in Calcutta, and who visited their native village only once a year during the *Durgá Pújá* holidays; and as the Post Office had made no provision for carrying letters to remote villages in the interior, all correspondence between Calcutta and Tálpur had to be transmitted through a person who carried letters from Tálpur to Calcutta, and back again from Calcutta to Tálpur. Such a person was styled *Kásid*, or messenger. I well remember the *Kásid* of Tálpur, though he died a quarter of a century ago. His name was Golaka Tili, usually called Golká Teli. He was rather tall for a Bengali; had long arms which, when he stood up, reached his knees; and his body, which I saw never covered except round the waist, was thickly planted with hair. This man was the carrier-pigeon of the village of Tálpur. I call him *pigeon*, because he was as illiterate as that bird, having been guiltless of all knowledge of the Bengali alphabet. But he did not carry letters only. Those people of Tálpur that did business in Calcutta used to send every month money to their families in the village through Golká

Teli, and not only money but also various articles of household consumption, especially in the shape of luxuries, which could not be procured either at Tálpur or in the neighbouring villages, such as cocoa-nuts, betel-nut, oranges, sweet-plums, dates, cardamums, and the like. He had fixed rates of charge. For every letter he carried he charged one anna, for every Rupee two pice, and for fruits and other articles he charged a great deal more in proportion, as they had to be carried over thirty miles of water and forty miles of land ; and all persons whom he accompanied, and whose guide and cicerone he was, he charged according to their circumstances, never more, however, than one Rupee.

As in subsequent years I often had Golaka as my guide in my annual journeyings from Calcutta to Tálpur, I have a vivid recollection of his method of procedure on the road. Before leaving Calcutta he used to pack up all the goods, cocoa-nuts and the rest in gunny-bags which he carefully sewed up ; the letters, he put into a small bag, and the money he kept tied round his waist in a long pouch which was hidden under his clothes, or to speak more correctly, under his cloth, for he never wore more than one piece of cloth called *dhuti*, save and except his *gámchhá*, or bathing-towel, which was often seen lying horizontally across his left shoulder. Thus accoutred, with bag and baggage, he hired a boat at Jagan-náth's Ghát to carry him and his precious charge to Triveni, about eight miles north of Hooghly. As the trip to Triveni always took a day, or at least a part of a day, and a night, and as the river was in those days infested with pirates, Golaka made it a point never to sleep on board. Seated near his gunny-bags, he kept watch, and counteracted the influence of "tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep" by the fumes of tobacco of which he was inordinately fond. Put ashore at Triveni, he hired some coolies, the number of which varied according to the number of packages he had to carry, and wended his way, having a huge gunny-bag on his own head. Usually he spent two nights in the inns on the Grand Trunk Road before he reached Talpur. Those two nights he also kept awake. He never started very early in the

morning, nor travelled late in the evening, lest he should fall into the hands of robbers and clubmen, a number of whom infested the roads in those days. All Hindus, in Bengal at least, bathe every day in the year, but Golaka, during the two days that he was on the road, did not dip foot in water ; for he could not put his pouch of money away from his person ; and if he bathed with the pouch round his waist, it might be noticed by evil-minded persons. Thus unwashed and unslept Golaka reached Tálpur.

The arrival of the *Kásid* Golaka at the village was no ordinary event. It always created great excitement. Scarcely had he reached the outskirts of the village, when his advent was heralded by scores of voices exclaiming—"Golká Teli is coming!" On hearing this announcement made, some of us used invariably to leave the *páthśálá* and run to meet this important personage,—the *gurumahásayi* not interfering with our exit. And sure enough, there was Golaka with his half-a-dozen coolies, all marching in single file, Golaka himself bringing up the rear. Men, women and children, used to come running into the street,—all putting the question—"Have you brought money for us, Golaka?" Golaka would not open his mouth to any one. He felt his importance. That was the hour of his triumph. After reaching home, he would leisurely wash his feet, smoke his *baká*, and smoke again, but did not deign a single reply to hundreds of questions put to him by scores of anxious spectators. Golaka would not speak till he had recreated himself. For many an hour have I sat by his cottage door, waiting to hear from the great *Kásid* the news whether my father had sent any letter and money from Calcutta. At last the village Mercury became propitious, opened his bag of letters, his gunny-bags of articles, his pouch of money, and gave each one his due.

Such was the genius that presided over the postal department of Tálpur, and that brought letters, at least one every month, from my father in Calcutta to my mother in the village. Not that my mother could read and write, for into those arts she had never been initiated ; indeed, those letters were never addressed to

my mother, for it is reckoned indecent for a Bengali to write to his wife. The letters were addressed to me, though I could not read them ; and they were all read to my mother by a *gomastá* whom my father gave, I think, eight annas a month for collecting rent from a number of ryots we had, and for doing all sorts of work, among which were included writing and reading letters. After I had completed my zinth year, my father in his letters often dwelt on the necessity of taking me to Calcutta to give me an English education. As I was always present when the letters were read to my mother, I remember the arguments he made use of to induce her to let me go to Calcutta. A knowledge of English, he said, was necessary to earn a competence in life. People ignorant of English no doubt got situations, but situations to which only paltry salaries were attached. He felt his own want of English every day, and was therefore resolved to remedy that defect in the education of his son. He did not wish to give me what at present is called high education, that he considered useless ; for, in his opinion, real knowledge was not to be found within the range of English literature, it being confined to the Sanskrit which is the language of the gods. But for secular purposes, for gaining a decent livelihood, a knowledge of the English language was absolutely necessary, as that was the language of the rulers of the land. My mother was intelligent enough to understand these arguments, but her feelings struggled against her judgment. She could not be persuaded to part with me of whom she was excessively fond. At this time my father wrote oftener than usual, and in each letter expatiated on the necessity of my going to Calcutta. My mother was obliged, at last, with a heavy heart, to submit to my father's decision. As my father was a religious man, he directed that the family-priest and the village astrologer should be consulted for the fixing of an auspicious day on which I should start on my journey, and that I should leave the house after the celebration of due religious solemnities.

The family-priest and the astrologer one day came to our

house. My horoscope was spread out before them. They then plunged into abstruse calculations, an iota of which I did not then understand, and shall never understand to the end of the chapter. They fixed not only the auspicious day, but the auspicious hour on which I should start on my journey. The time they determined upon was an hour and half before sun-rise. The family-priest addressing me said,—“Bábá! [son] the hour for making your *yátrá* (departure) is splendidly auspicious. A capital day for starting on a journey! Sun, moon, stars and planets are all propitious! The gods will bless you, and Madan Mohana [the name of our tutelary god who was twice a day worshipped in our house by the same family-priest, and whose image was kept in a separate room built for the purpose] Madan Mohana will befriend you.’ The astrologer addressing my mother said—“Mother! It is the most auspicious day I have ever calculated. Your son will be a learned and rich man. The gods bless him!” My mother said in a mournful voice—“I do not want my son to be either learned or rich. Give your benedictions that he may be spared to me.’ The day before the auspicious morn my mother spent in sighing and weeping. Three of my aunts who lived in adjacent houses often came and reasoned with my mother, alleging that weeping at such a time was not proper—indeed, it was ominous. My poor mother did her best to suppress her tears in their presence. That night she had not a wink of sleep. She tossed from one side of the bed to the other, and every now and then hugged me to her bosom, as I was sleeping in the same bed with her. Two hours before dawn I was awakened by my mother. She had already struck a light and set in order the materials of a religious ceremony. I got up, washed my eyes and face, and put on clean clothes. Half an hour after, the family-priest knocked at the outer door and was admitted; my three aunts and other women of the neighbourhood also came into the house. The family-priest sat on a small carpet, and I sat on another opposite him—my mother and the other women all standing. The priest uttered several prayers, a syllable of which, of course, I did not

understand. I had only to bow down, touching the ground with my forehead. The priest dipped his finger into some curds, and touched that part of my forehead which lies between the eye-brows. After which he stood up, and walked out of the room, directing me to follow him, and repeating the words—" *Sri Hari! Sri Hari! Sri Hari!*" After leaving the room I was told to bow down before the feet of my mother; I next proceeded to the door of the room in which resided Madan Mohana, the family-god, and bowed myself down. I then left the house, the family-priest going before me, and my mother and the other women coming behind. I was told to go on to the outskirts of the village without looking behind, for to look back on starting on a journey is unpropitious. What my poor mother did at the moment I did not see, but I thought I heard the sound of her weeping; and I afterwards learnt that she was carried away by main force from that pathetic scene by my aunts.

The family-priest led me out of the village to the side of a tank, near which under a tree were sitting six or seven people whom I knew, and who also were going to Calcutta. Near them stood with *luká* in hand Golká Teli, the celebrated Kásid, whose fame was in all the villages, and who was to be the guide of the party. The family-priest took leave of me, after blessing me by putting his hand on my head, and after consigning me to the care and protection of the household god. His place was supplied by the faithful servant of our house, Tinkaḍi by name, whom I usually called Tinkade *dádá*, that is Tinkade the elder brother, who was to accompany me to Calcutta. As the stars had not yet disappeared from the heavens, as Sukra (the planet Venus) had barely got above the horizon, and as it was not safe in those days to travel either very early in the morning or very late in the evening, on account of *lathials*, that is club-men, skulking about in the fields or in the bushes with a view to way-lay travellers, we sat under the tree for a long time, listening to the stories of Golká Teli narrating how he fell into the hands of club-men, and how he extricated himself out of their hands. But the longest night

has its end. The stars began to disappear, Sukra lost his former brightness, red streaks became visible in the glowing east, and we all felt that the chariot of the god of day was not much below the horizon. The party, therefore, rose and began their journey, each repeating the formula—"Sri Hari! Sri Hari! Sri Hari!," or—"Sri Durgá! Sri Durgá! Sri Durgá!" according as he was of the Vaishnava or of the Śākta persuasion.

It is not my intention to give a detailed description of my first journey to Calcutta from Tālpur, especially as it was not marked by any striking incidents. The distance between the two places is about seventy miles, forty by land and thirty by water. The richer sort of people usually performed the land journey, in those days when rail-roads had not been heard of, with the help of *pālki* bearers; but as my father was too poor to indulge me in the luxury of that very agreeable and very lazy vehicle, I had to perform the journey on foot. It is a common saying in this country, that when men leave their houses for a distant place, their legs feel heavy and are indisposed to stir; though they are quite lively and smart when their owners return to their homes from a distant place. The first part of this saying was verified in our first day's journey. We travelled only eight miles. We put up in an *áldá*, or inn, bathed, cooked our food, ate and drank (Adam's ale only), lounged about, again cooked and ate at night, washed our feet in hot water, and laid ourselves down on the ground—a thin piece of date-matting being interposed between our flesh and the mud floor. We got up at dawn, and again started on our journey. The second day we managed twelve miles, after which we halted and went through the same process as on the preceding day. On the third day we again marched twelve miles; and on the fourth day, after doing the remaining eight miles, we snatched a hasty meal and got into a boat on the river Hooghly at Triveni. At the end of the third day's journey I felt myself completely knocked up. My feet felt as heavy as millstones, and the soles of my feet were all blistered over. On the morning of the fourth day, therefore, I

found myself unable to walk. But, thanks to the good-nature of Tinkade *dádú*—peace to his ashes! he has long ago been gathered to his fathers—he very kindly took me on his shoulders, on one of which I rode astride and caught hold of his head to preserve my centre of gravity. It was while perched on the shoulders of my faithful servant and friend that I had a sight for the first time of the noble Bhágirathi, and as I had not seen so large a river before I involuntarily exclaimed—“O brother Tinkade! what a big tank is this!” Brother Tinkade gave me my first lesson in geography by teaching me to distinguish a river from a tank. He replied—“It is not a tank, Kála-Gopál, but Mother Gangá.” He put me down from his shoulders on the ground, went to the water’s edge, sprinkled a little of the holy liquid over his head, and bowed down before Mother Gangá. I need scarcely add that I followed the example of my pious servant. Next morning we landed at Jagannath’s Ghát close to the Mint.

From Jagannath’s Ghát to my father’s residence was a short walk. He had taken rooms in that monster building which is situated immediately to the south of the Mint, which belongs to the Mahárájá of Burdwan, and which was at that time inhabited, I believe, by at least five hundred traders and merchants, who had come from all parts of India, from Behar, from Oudh, from the North Western Provinces, from Rájputana and from the Punjaub. My father did not immediately put me to school, but allowed me to see a little of the city. I was taken to the principal streets, to Chowringhee, to the Fort, and to other places in the suburbs, like Kálighát. From the window of my father’s room in Rájá’s *Chak* I saw no end of sights. I had been taken from an obscure village in the interior and placed in perhaps the busiest part of perhaps the busiest city in India. It was quite a new world to me who had never seen a four-wheeled carriage in my life. Every thing I saw was new, and excited my curiosity. But unalloyed happiness is not the lot of mortal man. I had been told before I left my native village that Calcutta was a place of sickness and of mosquitoes. For the mosquitoes I did not much care as I

slept under curtains ; but to sickness I had to succumb. I had scarcely been a month in Calcutta when I had a violent attack of diarrhœa, from which I had hardly recovered when I was laid prostrate by a severe form of fever. It was after I had completely recovered from the effects of this fever that I was admitted into an English school. Before I tell the reader into what school I was admitted, I must, in the next chapter, give a brief review of English education in Calcutta before 1834, the year in which I began to learn English.

SONNETS.

"Lord, it is good for us to be here." Matthew xvii. 4.

WHEN to Thy House upon the Sabbath day,
 My God, with humbled spirit I repair,
 And sit amidst the crowd assembled there,
 Keeping my thoughts from wandering astray,—
 And when the minister begins to pray,
 While I join in it, what a load of care,
 The promptings of distrust and dark despair,
 Like magic vanish from my soul away !
 O then what joys my drooping heart possess !
 How sweet to me Thy Love and Grace appear !
 No more I feel alone and comfortless,
 I know, full well I know, that Thou art near,
 And grateful with folded hands confess,
 'Tis good for me, dear Lord, to come and worship here.

O gentle river that with many a song,
 Glidest thro' meadows richly blest by thee,
 Time was, when I could wander anguish-free,
 In peace with self, thy flowery marœe along.

Now, as I gaze on thee, O what a throng
 Of bitter memories rush tumultuously
 Across my heart ;— alas ! that I should be
 A prey to restless passions dark and strong.
 Calm, limpid river !—see the sun's last gleam
 Lights up thy waves with radiance divine,
 The beauties of the sky enhanced seem,
 Reflected on thy mirror crystalline :—
 Oh, if my heart were pure as thy pure stream,
 Heaven's image would be there as now it lies on thine !

O. C. DUTT.

VITAL FORCES.

BY NOBIN KRISHNA BOSE.

(*Concluded from page 388.*)

Now, the materials of which organic structures are built are in no way different from those of which inorganic bodies are composed ; and not a particle can be obtained from either the animal or the vegetable kingdom which was not originally taken by it from the rocks, the atmosphere, or the seas. The combinations only differ. But the properties of a compound can be no other than the sum of the properties of its elementary ingredients ; and, where these are identical, therefore, the resulting sum, however it may vary in appearance according to the nature of the compound, must, under every diversity of form, be but a correlate of itself. And that such correlations do actually obtain between the organic and inorganic worlds, one has only to open his eyes to see. Not an act or movement can take place in a living organism, but synchronously with a counter-act or movement in its inorganic surroundings. Every such act or movement depends, in fact, on the abstraction of some force from inorganic nature or on its being rendered back to it. The force thus revolves in a wheel, as it were, passing half through living and

half through inanimate matter ; and this too, without any ultimate gain or loss. And as vitality is inconceivable except as a congeries of such revolving forces, how can it form an exception to the rigid law of conservation of the physical powers? Nor do these forces when, having performed their part in a living economy they are rendered back by it, come charged with any signs to show that they had been subjected to the action of any occult or unknown principle there. All that they seem to be indicative of is that, within the living system, they had been called upon to take part in functions of a more subtle and complex character than had been their wont in the world without ; and it is in this subtilty and complexity, indeed, that all the mystery of life and vitality lies. Still, are they of such a nature as to be beyond the legitimate pale of scientific investigation? The vital theory, explaining nothing itself, can serve only to hide our ignorance and to keep out the light.

The most striking peculiarity of organic compounds,—and which forms, perhaps, the principal difficulty in the way of their artificial preparation,—consists in their being determined in a manner which does not satisfy (so to say) the most powerful chemical affinities of inorganic matter ; and hence a peculiar and extraordinary principle has been considered necessary to hold them in abeyance, as it were, and develop a new set of powers to answer the purposes of the organic world. But against this assumption, to quote Sir William Hamilton again, “there exists “a primary presumption of philosophy. This is the law of parsimony, which prohibits, without a proven necessity, the multiplication of entities, powers, principles, or causes ; above all, “the postulation of an unknown force where a known impotence “can account for the phenomenon.”* The question then simply is—whether any such “known impotence” exists to account for the phenomena under discussion? Now, however antagonistic the molecular attraction, at work in promoting the growth and

nutrition of animals and plants, may appear to be to the ordinary affinities of outside elements, all the difficulty on that score must vanish, if this antagonism itself can be subordinated to some higher law. The long and short of the whole thing is, that chemical affinities are no stable and permanent things : they vary, on the contrary, with the diversities of their physical surroundings ; and this, too, to such an extent that Berthollet was led to suppose them to result from the surroundings themselves. One of the most powerful affinities known on earth is certainly that which binds together oxygen and hydrogen in the shape of water, as may be judged both from the stability and the vastness of the result. But just treat this water with a little zinc and sulphuric acid, and anon the oxygen, leaving the hydrogen alone, goes to ally itself with the zinc, and then, thus combined, with the acid, to form sulphate of zinc. Bring it again in contact with common salt and the same sulphuric acid, and you witness at once a double divorce. The hydrogen of the water and the chlorine of the salt, moving one another from their former attachments, form an acid called the hydrochloric ; whilst the hydrogen's *quondam* mate, wedding itself to the liberated sodium of the salt, leagues with the sulphuric acid to produce a new kind of salt. And yet to shew that the new attachments, thus formed, are not necessarily stronger than the old, it needs only be observed that peroxide of manganese, though powerless with water itself, would dissolve the union of its hydrogen with chlorine. After this, need we wonder if the atoms, of which organic structures are composed, being put to new temptations, as it were, should desert their old outside 'loves' to form fresh connections there ? The exact inducements by which they are thus enticed away, are, no doubt, unknown to us at present. But, in the face of the great law of variation already adverted to, is it necessary to have recourse to an "unknown force" to account for them ? Or, is not the mystery sufficiently solved by our own analytic "impotence" to resolve that law into all its modal expressions ?

But the frontier line of the organic kingdom has been

already crossed, and the out-works, at all events, appear to be the work of no necromancer after all. They form rather a connecting link with the mineral kingdom which, so far from being separated from it by an impassable gulf, slopes away, with an easy descent, from the bordering regions. Indeed, the artificial preparation of some of the organic substances at least,—as oxalic acid for instance, which occurs in nature as a vegetable product, and urea, to be met with only as an animal elimination,—has shewn, beyond all possibility of doubt, that these and other like substances, at all events, stand in no need of an unknown vital principle to give them birth. And as other animal and vegetable compounds are only different, even though ascending, series of the same progressive scale, it would be simply absurd to insist on the presence of any such principle for the production of these. The manipulations of the organic laboratory become more and more subtle and complex, no doubt, in proportion as the compounds to be prepared recede more and more from those of the inorganic world : but here must the miracle end. But if the compositions, of which the tissues of living things are formed, can thus be shewn to require the presence of no unknown principle or force to develop themselves, what, we may be permitted to ask, could be the office of a mysterious vitality in the economy of either animals or plants? Even the advocates of this mysterious power themselves, however, have now-a-days, been led to abandon a part of every living structure as “the seat of physical and chemical changes only,” and “to conclude” from “observations” that “of any living thing, “but a part of the matter of which it was constituted, was living “at any moment.” This part, the bioplast) is said to be the scene, however, of those “wonderful changes,” which “cannot be explained by physics and chemistry.” Perhaps not. But Dr. Beale himself (from whom the above quotations are taken) has been good enough to give his readers a view of the changes in question, through his 5000 times magnifying glass ; and after observing them with all the attention and patience at our command, we confess we could see nothing in them save the play of molecular

attractions and repulsions—each tissue drawing unto itself what it wanted for its nourishment, from the blood, and rejecting and driving away what it did not. We conclude that the learned Doctor himself did not perceive much more ; for, of the changes under notice, that which appeared to him the most remarkable, he thus describes :—“ One part [*i. e.*, of the bioplast] could be “seen to move,*as it were*, (the it dies are ours) into or through another “part, in one case blending partially or completely, in another *apparently* remaining distinct from the rest.”* Now, overlooking even the “apparently” and “as it were,” we should like to know, whether movements of this kind, are not performed, by a mixture of slightly heterogeneous fluids, (a little stirred up) daily before our eyes. And as to invoking the *unknown* to unfold their nature to us, it will, we think, be time enough for that, when by a categorical exclusion of all the varying equivalents of the *known*, we have paved the way for it. But certainly not till then.

When coal is taken in into an engine for boiling water, it is never doubted that it carries with it the power of generating the heat by means of which the water is boiled, and that it is the steam, so produced, by which the engine is moved. But when the same coal (in another form) is taken in by a living system, it is contended that the power of moving it was imparted to it by the system itself. Yet the only difference in the two cases lies simply in this :—in the one case, the identity of the force exerted by the coal, *within* and *without* the engine, is recognised at once ; in the other, it appears under a disguise. It is now among the elementary facts of physiology, however, that the combustion, going on in the lungs of an animal, in no way differs from that going on in the furnace of an engine. And as the heat produced by the latter moves the engine by impelling the piston, so the heat generated by the former moves the animal by pulling its muscles. So far, then, the analogy is clear ; but whereas in the engine, the whole of the resulting heat is expended in motion only ; in the

animal a part alone is so expended,—the remainder being required to take part in the other functions of its internal economy. But in evolving these functions, this remainder undergoes such transformations itself, that it is not to be recognised at once. The same is the case also with the other forces introduced into living organisations from without. Every animal and vegetable, it is well known, has its origin in a cell, and its structure is only gradually built up by the appropriation of materials from the external world. The part, too, which these materials play, on their first introduction into the organic economy, is not very dissimilar to that habitually enacted by them in the inorganic state. Thus the food, in finding its way to the stomach, is subjected only to the action of a chemical solvent; and the oxygen of the air, on entering the lungs, combines with carbon, also in a purely chemical way, and thereby generates heat. But the products of these first processes, in their progress through the system, give rise to other combinations and decompositions, with which, there is nothing in the inorganic world to compare, and the manipulations by which they are effected, have hitherto eluded our perceptive powers. As a matter of course, too, as these combinations and decompositions proceed, the forces carried by the materials from the outside world, become variously interwoven amongst themselves, and are altogether so obscured and complicated at the end, that their identity is no longer traceable by us. And as the resulting phenomena appear also to be so very different from those exhibited by inanimate matter, we find it difficult to connect them causally with the homely material forces, which, and the effects of which, seem to be so familiarly known to us. Hence unknown principles and agencies have been put in requisition to account for them. In all this, however, we confound the *known* and *unknown*, with the *knowable* and the *unknowable*. We hold it that it is given to man to take cognisance of all mere *phenomenal* appearances of nature, however complicated or obscure they may, at first sight, seem to be; and they all form, therefore, lawful objects of scientific investigation. It is only when we come to the *origin* and *essence* of

things that we are altogether baffled and repulsed, and feel the utter inadequacy of our faculties to lift the veil. Even the phenomenal, no doubt, is such an infinite series in itself that man, with his limited powers and resources, can never hope to compass it as a whole ; but, at the same time, no bounds can be set to his progress either. In the very infinitude of the field before him, in fact, he has an unlimited tenure for discovery and research, and the barriers raised in his way, have again and again been levelled to the ground, amidst shouts of triumph in after times. Before the discoveries of modern science, even the partition-wall between organic and inorganic nature is gradually receding from the view.

NOBIN KRISHNA BOSE.

CONVELTS' HOME.—STREET.

THE humblest minnow in its native stream,
 Breasting the freshets, or at careless play,
 Where stones and dancing flags the tide delay,
 I hold more lovely than the shoals that gleam
 In radiant globes of crystal, though they seem
 Like living gems, or elves in loose array,
 Whose polished corslets, and brigandines gay,
 Flash back with usury the pale moon's beam.
 The hardy snowdrop that untended blows,
 By hedgerow paths, when winter rules the sky,
 I deem too, sweeter, than the hothouse rose,
 That droops dejected at the north wind's sigh ;
 And thus these lofty walls, this verdant close,
 I pass to-day nor feel my heart swell high.

D.

MADAMOISELLE DE LAJOLAIS.

(From the French of Madame Eugénie Foa.)

ONE Sunday in the month of June 1804, a carriage closed on all sides and drawn by four horses was passing at a grand gallop on the road from Strasbourg to Paris. The mounted guard who attended or escorted it proved by the sufficiency of their number and the vigilance which they exercised, of what importance was the prize it contained. Each time that the carriage slackened in its motion in consequence of the inequalities of the road or stopped to change horses, one could hear only cries and prayers, but none could see what was happening or passing within. Those who approached too near were soon dispersed by the guard, and those who asked—"What or whom conduct you thus?"—were met by the reply, "That is no business of yours." Arriving alongside the walls of the Bicetre the carriage entered the courtyard of the prison; the massive gates which opened to allow it to pass in, slowly rolled back on their hinges, and one of the guards unfolding the door of the vehicle asked the prisoners to descend. Two females then appeared. Their costume was rich although soiled with dust; it was evident they had been seized hastily, barely leaving them time to dress properly; they had their heads, necks, and arms bare, a shawl of Indian cashmere, an article then very scarce and dear, thrown over their shoulders enveloped them both. Of the two heads which shewed themselves out of this red shawl, the one was covered with fine black hair, and the face was hidden in a handkerchief; the other was a light-colored head of a young girl, nearly a child, who appeared to be at the utmost fourteen years old. Extremely pale and as unquiet as afflicted, the young girl, pressing close to her mother, examined with evident alarm the high walls which rose on every side, the black building with its grated windows, and yet more, those men with sinister appearances who surrounded them and who were talking in a whisper, while casting on them both, poor frightened women, searching looks.

Very soon, one of the men having an enormous bunch of keys at his girdle, detached himself from the group and approached the prisoners; "you must follow us madam," said he to the one who was hiding her face in her handkerchief.

The two women stepped forward.

"O not you," he said to the younger, "you are at liberty"

"I quit not my mother," said she with a soft voice tightening her hold of the shawl.

"But it is necessary that you quit her, my little mother, for I have not orders to lock you up."

"O separate me not from my daughter," cried out the other woman, while convulsively pressing her daughter to her breast, and turning towards the jailor her face meagre through sufferings.

"Such are my orders," interrupted roughly the man.

"It is impossible that you have orders to snatch away a daughter from her mother," replied the poor woman melting into tears.

"Impossible!" murmured the jailor, "I tell you I have such orders. Follow me, madam, and let the child retire."

"You may kill me, but you will not separate me from my mother," cried the child holding with her two arms the mother's neck.

Smiling an ironical smile, the jailor put his rough hand on the plump arm of the child.

"Know you little mother," said he to her, "that here we get ourselves obeyed by those who do not obey with good will."

"But if you snatch her from me, where do you wish her to go?" asked the prisoner, shoving back with the energy of despair the hand that was interposing itself between them both.

"Does that concern me?" said the jailor. "Am I embarrassed about it? Did you ask my advice to assassinate the Emperor?"

"My mother is innocent, Sir," cried the girl red with indignation.

Your mother innocent? that may be; that doesn't concern

me. It is for the tribunal to find it out. As regards your father the proof of his not being so is, that eight days ago he and George Cadoudal with others have received their sentences," said the jailor.

The two females turned pale with astonishment. Neither had the courage to open her mouth and ask what the sentence was. Alas! the tone of the jailor had indicated it sufficiently. The coldness which seized them made them succumb under the horrible intelligence. The voice of the jailor aroused them from their despair.

"Come, ladies," said he reducing as much as possible the severity of his tone, "take courage and obey with good will, it is necessary that I execute my orders, my orders are to put in confinement the wife of general Lajolais."

"O! my mother!" murmured dolorously the young girl falling on the neck of her mother.

"My poor Maria!" exclaimed Madame Lajolais, kissing the pale forehead of the child

"But nobody except Madame Lajolais," added the jailor to Maria, "So you see well, my little mother, you will have to retire."

"Finish quick," added impatiently one of the guards. "We cannot remain standing here all the day."

"Take your prisoner Monsr. Chorion so that we may go," added another.

"One moment, yet one moment," added the two females, tightly clasped in each other's arms.

"But only one moment more," rejoined several approaching the prisoners. The scene which ensued was sufficient to force tears from any man.

"O mercy! mercy! gentlemen," cried the child, "remove not my mother, where would you that I should go—I, a poor infant, all alone, without help or support? Shut me up in the same cell with her. Who will know it? Who will see it? For the love of heaven, gentlemen, listen to me."

"Go, my daughter," said the mother, repelling gently the arms that entwined her neck. "Go. A cell for you! O my poor child, you will not be able to breathe there."

"But you, you, you will be there, and I wish to be there also," said the daughter, with that sort of mutiny which well befits spoilt children, and at which parents ready to give way to their demands smile, but which at this season was more than folly. "And I wish to be there also," repeated she sobbing.

The guard were evidently affected at the desolate accents of Maria, and some of them dashed off tears.

"It is all folly," said the jailor, "come, finish, and be done with it;" so saying he laid his hand on the arm of Maria to detach her from her mother. Maria struggled unsuccessfully.

"Mamma! Mamma!" shrieked she in accents of despair. But soon the veins of her forehead swelled, her voice failed, and she fell senseless into the arms of the guard who, taking advantage of the fainting-fit, transported her out of the prison.

H. C. DUTT.

(To be continued)

ON THE PLEASURES OF SENSE.

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme"

MILTON.

TOUCHING.

TOUCH is less affected by atmospheric influences than smell or sound though most exposed to them. Like a practised ruffian, well skilled in the inhuman trade, does Æolus, ambushed in the lull, very often waylay our unsuspecting senses, and transport the rich booty to distant haunts, defying detection, and leaving the tantalised soul to rue the heavy loss, alike powerless to cure or endure the anguish of bitter disappointment that snatches away such invaluable treasures almost from within its grasp. Fragrance is the symbol of innocence that lends a secret charm to the half-blown rose on beauty's cheek. Senseless is the man who is not worked up to ecstasy by this finishing stroke of the Creator. Heartless is the villain who demonstrates appreciation by complete

annihilation of what he professes to appreciate, who supplants simplicity, and inaugurates the reign of cunning, effacing every vestige of what once was so eminently calculated to please. The heavenly hue is living hue no longer ; the admirable contour is but the curve of a white-washed sepulchre; the balmy smile is but the horrid grimace of a hideous satyr. The polluted touch of the debauchee metamorphoses the angel into a loathsome carcass emitting contagious effluvia through every pore. So ghastly looks the face of nature stripped of odour.

“In vain the golden morn aloft
Weaves her dew-bespangled wing ;
With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft
She woos the tardy spring ;
Till April starts and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground.”

Though the flowers “were to retain all their bright diversities of colouring, it would seem as if they were deprived of a spirit which animates them,—how cold and dead would they instantly become,—how much should we lose of that vernal joy which renders the season of blossoms a new life to ourselves. It is by this delightful quality that the tribes of vegetable life seem to hold a sort of social and spiritual communion with us. It is, as it were, the voice with which they address us, and a voice which speaks only of happiness.” Of this happiness are we heartlessly robbed by a gust of wind which, like an unseen bird of prey, pounces upon it, and bears it away within its talons, while we stand stunned and paralyzed by the bold surprise.

Equally cruel does the fell element prove, at times, with regard to sound. There are moments when a word of mouth—mere breath—becomes infinitely more precious than untold gold. A word without which the poetry of life is instantaneously paraphrased into dull common-place prose. Better far fling the wretch from the top of the Tarpeian rock, and at once dash out the tortured brains, than by withholding the word suffer him to pine away, inch by inch, a long miserable existence. *The word, and nothing but the*

word, will arrest the progress of decay, or cast a single ray of joy within the gloomy dungeon of his breast. Enveloped in palpable darkness is the mind when the gale unmercifully cuts off, from the clumsy articulation fraught with the eloquence of feeling, the parting lover about to resign himself to endless waves, that, unconscious of the awful self-denial, toss him to unknown shores, through wearisome days and nights,—his sheet anchor, the much-coveted, the much-dreaded Farewell.

“’Tis hard to be parted from those

With whom we for ever could dwell :

But bitter indeed is the sorrow that flows

When perhaps we are saying for ever farewell.”

Could he but hear it out! Could he but hear out the laconic benediction that would wish him numberless blessings abroad and oh! if modesty permitted, a safe return for practical refutation of the antiquated apocrypha, for emphatic demonstration that “out of sight is NOT out of mind.” What would not the CHILDE HAROLD pay for the scattered syllables that would have supported him during the privations of the Pilgrimage, would have enabled him to dance merrily on Noah’s deluge, would have supplied him with Thetian armour to wage unequal war with the mighty host drawn in battle array on the field of exile. No miser ever gloated over his hordes with such exultation as he would have done over the moistened “Adieu” deposited in his innermost heart beyond the reach of thieves or the mischievous pry of curious neighbours more thievish than they. One minute more and he would have been richer than Cræsus himself. What is gold or silver compared with language that links soul to soul in everlasting union!

“Void is ambition, cold is vanity,

And wealth an empty glitter without love.”

Such soothing, hallowing, elevating, subduing love was being poured into his ears, when, alas! a sudden blast swept it off. It is lost—lost for ever. A world of sobs and sighs will not bring back the fugitive sounds that mock pursuit, and, like birds on their wings, look hundred fold lovelier because of the flight!

Not confined to small delicate organs Touch defies the ravages of time and maladies with equal success. In spite of the ample provisions made by Heaven to protect certain organs, their usefulness is often sadly impaired if not altogether annulled by various causes. Nothing more sublime can be conceived than the mechanism of the human eye. In the first place, "the contraction of certain muscles on which the particular field of our vision depends, and which may almost be said to enable us to increase the field of vision, by enabling us to vary it at will ;—in the second place, the external light, emitted from all the objects within this radiant field which, on its arrival at the retina, is itself the direct object of vision ;—in the third place, the provision for increasing or diminishing the diameter of the pupil, in proportion to the quantity of that incidental light ;—in the fourth place, the apparatus by which the dispersed rays of light are made to assume, within the eye, the focal convergence necessary for distinct vision ;—and lastly, the expansion of the optic nerve as a part of the great sensorial organ essential to sensation ;"—aye, the very instinctive dropping of the lid at the approach of the slightest danger, so as to ward it off, or to transfer it to some other region, better able to sustain the attack ; or, in the event of accidental failure, the plying of the crystal wells to dislodge the assailant by an unceasing flood not to subside till the ejection is effected. Each phenomina is a complete Revelation containing evidence of so conclusive a nature as to force conviction into the most obdurate heart. "It is a machine of such exquisite and obvious adaptation to the effects produced by it, as to be, of itself, in demonstrating the existence of the Divine Being who constructed it, equal in force to many volumes of theology. The atheist who has seen and studied its internal structure, and yet continues an atheist, may be fairly considered as beyond the power of mere argument to reclaim." But "there are peculiar diseases which affect the optic nerves, or other parts of the sensorial organ immediately connected with it,—there are other diseases which affect the refractory apparatus,—other

which affect the iris, so as to prevent the enlargement or diminution of the pupil when different quantities of light are poured on it, others which affect the muscles that vary the position of the ball,—and in all these cases we find, as might be expected, a corresponding difference” in the operation of the organ even when the eyesight is not altogether quenched by disorder more serious than leave the orbs

“ Though clean,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon, or star throughout the year.”

These melancholy contingencies serve to invest the pleasures of most of our senses with an air of insecurity incompatible with true enjoyment. We are ill at ease. We would rather decline to accept the rich legacies on tenures so precarious. We grumble because the uninterrupted action of the senses has not been guaranteed by making the organs less liable to distempers and of more comprehensive grasp. We discover a spirit of niggardliness stamped on the very face of the gifts, and are at a loss to know why liberal concessions should be so hampered with conditions as almost to lose their value. It is always optional with the donor to confer or refuse the boon; but after having once held out hopes of success to stint the gratification seems to argue a sort of vacillation irreconcilable with Divine attributes.

“ O why was sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious, and so easy to be quenched,
And not as feeling through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?”

Touch is not only impervious to injury, but is diffusive in the most extensive sense of the term. No particular adaptation is necessary for the pleasures of this sense. Whenever and wherever there is contact there is pleasure. The ear is blind. Our auditory nerves, however perfect in their own way, are of

no use whatever as far as objects of sight are concerned. Blank is the face of nature. In vain do the seasons return, in vain is renovated the vegetable kingdom. The ear sees it not, it cannot see any more than the eye can hear, which is deaf to sounds soft or hard, harmonious or discordant. If we had as many eyes as there are stars in the firmament, sweet music would remain unappreciated by them all. But we touch by the organ of seeing, we touch by the organ of hearing, we touch by the organ of smelling, we touch by the organ of tasting, we touch by our hands, we touch by our legs, in short we touch by each and every organ or limb throughout the whole frame, and feel none the less for it. Whatever organ or limb we make use of for the purpose, the pleasure is always the same without any diminution either in quantity or quality.

“I felt to madness ! but my full heart gave
No utterance to the ineffable within, but still
Words were too weak : they were unknown ;
The feeling was most poignant.”

Touch is the first and last of our senses. It commences before we are ushered into the world, and never deserts us till life itself is extinct. It is moreover the only sense that recognizes temperature. Whether bodies are hot or cold, humid or dry, cannot be ascertained by the rest to which the avalanche on the peak of Everest and the torrent of burning lava rolling down by the side of Vesuvius, the genial warmth of life and the repugnant cold of death, is difference without distinction.

Besides performing its own legitimate functions with uncommon punctuality and precision, Touch renders material assistance to sight and often efficiently officiates for it. The reported failure of the band of blind men, deputed to ascertain the shape of the elephant, must have been owing to some gross neglect on the part of those pampered fools of experiment. Had the fool, who ran away with the idea that the beast was like a cylinder by feeling only the proboscis, carefully manipulated the other limbs, he might have been helped to a more correct

conception. Indeed as regards magnitude and figure Touch is an infalible guide, not being exposed to the illusions of space or atmosphere. There is scarcely any office of sight which Touch cannot perform as well. Doubts were long entertained whether it could distinguish colour. Small wonder that man should be sceptical about this point, when there is no dearth of quidnuncs who would make us believe that the colours themselves are only feelings of the mind. Happily for the world, the race is at present obsolescent, if not quite obsolete. The superiority becomes still more indisputable in the dark. Life would have been an infinite series of bruises and blunders but for the aid of this sense. We would have not only knocked our heads and noses against walls and posts times without number, but would have unwittingly migrated to sheets to be welcomed by knocks harder still, and finally to be consigned to the tender mercies of the vultures that infest the purlieus of hair-splitting High Courts.

Unlike the other senses, Touch gives us a sort of secondary pleasure derived, not from the object itself, but from its belongings. Even the brush of the parasol, secured in the pew by an undivided attention to the doctrine of chances promising more tangible happiness than the doctrines preached from the pulpit, is not without its peculiar thrill. The handkerchief, dropped by accident, or, as the scandalous world would have it, by art, gives rise to a scramble more intense than that of the hungry Israelites for manna showered in the desert. It is to the lay a mere piece of cambric, but not so to the Doctor graduated in the University of Love. A primrose is not simple primrose to him any more than an ordinary needle is the needle touched with loadstone. It is cambric magnetized, possessing properties unknown to the huge bales exported from Liverpool or Manchester. The guest arrives and forthwith ensues the rush, not to the shrine itself for the first smile, but to the gateway, the destined site of a pitched battle of belligerents high and low who helter-skelter reach the scene and fight tooth and nail till victory leans to one side, and Hector-like the hero bears the trophy clutched firmly within

his gaint grasp over caps and hats, helmets and meters, and deposits on the consecrated spot my Lady's foot stool sanctified by the sacred friction of her silken boots, a shade or two smaller than those of a Chinese belle!

How painfully are we reminded of the utter worthlessness of human language as a channel of communication when we attempt the description of the various affections of the mind! What words can convey the idea of that sweet melting relaxation of the soul released from the cares and anxieties of life and absorbed in the contemplation of the happy reunion. Arms locked within arms, heart locked within heart in holy embrace, full, too full, for vulgar speech, exchanging thoughts by sighs and throbs, sigh for sigh, throb for throb,—Oh so locked, so sighing, so throbbing, the happy pair could live to the end of eternity spiritualised, canonised, placed far, far above the witcheries of high-sounding titles or world-wide renown. On occasions like these, even the muckworm of the “Penny saved penny gained” creed forgets his base instinct and involuntarily exclaims—“If there is bliss on earth, it is here, it is here!” Conceive then, gentle reader! for I do not pretend to describe it—the beatitude of the lucky wight whose greeting culminated to the first kiss of love.

“He took

The bride about the neck, and kissed her lips

With such a clamorous smack that at the parting

All the church echo'd!”

THE CHILD-BRIDE.

I.

’Tis past, my girl—the words are said—henceforth thou art not mine,*
A mother's love no more will watch those sweet bright looks of thine,
And stranger hands will rear thee up, for thee the stranger feel
Those griefs that sinless hearts betray when most they would conceal.

* It is a custom among the natives of Bengal for the mother of the bride to join the hands of her daughter and son-in-law, and after blessing them to accost the latter with words to the following purport—“My daughter was mine till now, henceforth she is yours.”

II.

Three fleeting springs have scarcely past since thou upon this knee
 Did'st frolic blithesome as a child, in childhood's artless glee,
 But pass three fleeting springs again, and haply on that brow
 The cares of womanhood will dim the gleam that lights it now.

III.

My heart too keenly feels its loss to share the mirth around,
 The gay lute breathes upon mine ear a strange discordant sound,
 And when I think that we must part, and part perchance for aye,
 The starting tear and sudden sigh my secret grief betray.

IV.

I cannot pierce the future's veil, yet let me hope the best,
 That sunshine shall illumine thy path, that joy shall be thy guest,
 That true and dutious to thy lord, thou'lt win his fervent love,
 While flowers around thee ope their eyes, and skies are blue above.

H. C. DUTT.

 ANCIENT AND MODERN POETRY.

BY J. C. DUTT.

THE first step that a nation takes towards the formation of literature is in poetry. At a time when man has hardly yet learnt to supply himself with the necessities of life, when he is too simple to cultivate arts, too ignorant to discover the laws of nature, and too thoughtless to engage in any scientific investigation, his heart is always open to receive impressions from the magnificent phenomena of Nature that surround him on every side. If we trace the annals of a nation to its very beginning, we shall always find that poets lived and flourished long before philosophers or scientific observers. The Rishis of ancient India sang the hymns of the Rig Veda in honor of the deified phenomena of nature centuries before Kapila or Gautama lived, and Homer tuned his lyre three hundred years before Thales the first philosopher of Greece. Such is the constitution of our mind that it first wonders and admires and then looks out for causes. Give a child a moving doll, and he will gape at it with wonder, and years will roll on before he becomes curious to enquire what it is that moves it. What is true of the individual is also true of nations.

It has been said that as a nation advances in civilization, it loses in poetry. Be that as it may, this much we can safely assert that a vast difference is observable in comparing ancient poetry with modern. The noble sublimity, the wildness of fancy, and the naked and simple beauty of the ancients, have given place to artistic descriptions of the human feelings and to the painting of beauty clothed and adorned. The wildness of fancy which peopled the heavens with gods and filled their histories with wild and romantic adventures, has no parallel in modern poetry. The simplicity of ancient habits, told with as much simplicity, is rare in the works of our modern poets.

Whence this falling off, or at least this change? The secret we believe lies in a nut-shell. The essence of sublimity consists in the conception of something towering and stupendous in its grandeur, compared with which we ourselves sink into insignificance, into very nothingness. Now, in barbarous times man constantly comes across forces and operations of nature before which he cowers down with fear,—the conception of the sublime therefore becomes with him not only possible but a living reality. On the other hand civilized man has so far brought under his control the forces of nature that he fails to see in them anything so stupendously grand as his forefathers used to do. The conception of the sublime therefore becomes day by day more arduous.

In olden times, when the powers of man were exceedingly limited, when his sway hardly extended beyond the tract he inhabited, when science could not explain to him the phenomena of nature, every thing around him had an unearthly significance. The huge mountains whose snow-clad peaks seemed to support the sky, the trackless wood that lay around him in primeval grandeur, the rolling rivers stretching their meandering lengths, the eternal and unfathomable sea which seemed to him the very emblem of eternity,—all impressed him with awe and veneration. The lightening and thunder filled him with terror, and man trembled at his own weakness as compared with the mighty strength of nature. This sense of fear inspired in him the thought of the

grand and the sublime, and whether he depicted the court of heaven and the assemblage of gods and goddesses, or described the depths of hell, whether he invoked the king of the mountains, or prayed to the rising sun in all the humility of helplessness,—it was all the flow of sublimity and grandeur issuing involuntarily from his lips or his lyre. But as time rolled on, man cultivated science, and science gave him power, and he brought to his control the forces of nature before which he one time trembled. He has now unravelled many of the mysteries of nature, he has known the causes of the thunder and the lightning, he has measured the mountains, and proved himself stronger than the waves and the wind. He may now look Nature in the face without being cowed down. Nay, conscious of his own dignity, he considers the workings of his own mind important enough to be glorified and recorded; his poetry, therefore, is replete with sentiments, feelings and individual opinions and tastes. It is chiefly for such reasons as these that we do not find among us poets like Homer or Valmiki, nor see among the ancients poets like Byron and Shelly. Milton has attempted the sublime. But, as we have said before, the world before us furnishes us with nothing stupendously terrific to man;—Milton therefore had recourse to a higher and a lower world and to the resources of his imagination; and his sublimity seems artistic and unreal as compared with the sublimity of the ancients. One more instance. Byron has attempted the sublime in his well known description of the ocean. But, conscious that ocean with all its grandeur has ceased to be particularly terrific in the eye of man, the poet has drawn on his imagination, and by dint of description, has represented ocean as more powerful, and man as more helpless than they really are!

Another thing strikes us very much in ancient poetry, *viz.* the wildness of fancy and the strength of the creative imagination. The reason of this is akin to what has already been stated. Chaotic uncertainty in the midst of startling incidents, utter weakness and helplessness in the midst of dangers, the sudden appearance of wonderful phenomena whose causes and antecedents are

unknown,—these and such like causes specially develop the imagination of barbarous nations, and fill the brain with nameless and shapeless beings of horror or of loveliness, each being reputed to be the author of some particular phenomenon observed. Civilization, however, by ascribing a variety of phenomena to uniform laws, by giving us hope and assurance in our own strength, by reducing our lives to almost an uniform routine work, and by making us more and more familiar with society and less with nature, eliminates the creations of our imagination, and lays the axe at the root of the faculty itself.

When the habitations of man were limited by vast woods, mountains or seas, and man had little conception of the things beyond his home, his imagination created people for the rest of the world. He fancied the abode of gods to be on the hoary peaks which seemed to reach the skies ; his imagination created giants and Rakshasas and sturdier and fiercer races than man to dwell in the woods impenetrable to him, and he conjured up denizens of the air and the ocean. And in India, this imagination has been particularly developed, helped no doubt by climatic and physical causes. The tales of gods and giants, at present laughed at, were passed as true, and received as such by the ignorant and susceptible minds, of the people ; for, otherwise they would not have been recorded. Times have changed. Man has climbed the hills nor found these the abode of gods. He has cut down the woods nor found any Rakshasas loitering there. He has explored the sea, nor been enticed by the songs of mermaids or sirens. He has acquired knowledge and experience, and knowledge and experience have falsified the creations of his brain. He has learnt the value of reason, and therefore discards even in poetry what reason does not uphold.

Lastly, modern poetry is more artificial than ancient poetry,—and the reason is obvious. Poetry is but a reflection of manners and society,—a reflection of the human mind. Society is becoming more and more artificial, and our manners and habits, our thoughts and ways of expression, are undergoing

the same change. Poetry cannot but bear the marks of the change.

Thus we have seen why sublimity, creative imagination, and naked simplicity in poetry are, day by day, decreasing with the progress of civilization. Modern poetry therefore, cannot fail to be inferior to ancient poetry. The one thing in which poetry has gained is in the artistic descriptions of the workings of the heart,—the out-pourings of overworked sentiments,—of thoughts that breathe and words that burn. But this is a poor compensation for the losses mentioned above.

THE "CHIT CHAT CLUB."

MARCH MEETING.

The Chancellor's Speech at the Convocation.

INTERLOCUTORS.

Bábu Rádha Krishna Banerjca.

——Pyári Chánd Basu.

——Jaya Gopal Ghosha.

——Syámá Charan Chatterjca.

——Jadu Náth Mitra.

Maulavi Imdád Ali.

Rádha, "GENTLEMEN, you all know the reason why there has been no meeting of the *Chit Chat Club* since November last. In that month, His Excellency the Governor-General of India, in his reply to the address of the Bombay Association, declared, as we understood him, that His Lordship was against the Natives of India entering into the Civil Service by competitive examinations, inasmuch as the system of competitive examinations was not so well applicable to the people of India as to those of England. We felt very sad on account of this statement, as it seemed to us to give a death-blow to the advancement of the Natives of India, and in consequence declared our Club to be in mourning. We did not

therefore meet for the last three months. It now turns out that our mourning was causeless, as His Excellency, in his speech at the Convocation of the Calcutta University in his capacity of Chancellor, has been pleased to disclaim the sentiment which we ascribed to His Lordship. Let me read to you from the *Englishman* of the 15th instant that part of His Excellency's speech which has reference to this point :—

"I said the other day in answer to a deputation of the British Indian Association of Bombay, that it appeared to me that a competitive examination held in India was not the best method of obtaining young men for the public service in this country. My remarks were not meant to refer to the competitive examination which is held in England for admission to the Civil Service, to which competitive examination all the subjects of Her Majesty, of whatever race they may be, or wherever they may be born, are by law eligible to be admitted. My remarks were directed to the question which is now before the Government of India, namely, in what manner the admission of natives of India into appointments which used to be confined to members of the Civil Service, but which have been opened to the natives by a recent Act of Parliament, can be best carried out. I said then, as I say now, that I do not think that this object can be best attained by means of competitive examinations in India. I have noticed that what I said at Bombay has been alluded to in a manner which does not correctly give the opinion which I then expressed, and I mention this subject now, to say here, in addressing as I do those who probably are as interested, it not more interested, in the question than any others in this city, that the subject is one which will be considered by the Government of India with an honest and sincere desire to admit, so far as public interests will allow us to do, natives of India to such offices, in which we shall, upon mature deliberation, consider that they can give to the public and to their fellow countrymen valuable and efficient service. (Hear, hear.)"

Such being the case, we have no cause for mourning any longer ; and I propose that we hold our monthly meetings as before."

Pyári. "Certainly, we should meet as before. But I think we owe an apology to His Excellency for having misunderstood his meaning, and published, in the account of our proceedings, that mistaken construction to the world."

Rádhá. "Undoubtedly we owe an apology to His Lordship; and I, as the senior member of the *Chit-Chat Club*, hereby express, in the name of all the members, our deep regret for having misunderstood His Excellency's meaning."

Jaya. "I think the mistake was at the time shared in by the whole of the Indian press; at any rate, our statement was not corrected by any Anglo-Indian print."

Rádhá. "You are right, I think; but that does not justify our mistake."

Imdád. "The Chancellor's speech is one of the finest I have ever read. It is an unmistakeable proof of His Lordship's deep interest in the education of the people of India."

Jaya. "I suppose you liked it, Maulavi Saheb, because His Excellency overflowed with sympathy for the Muhammadan population."

Imdád. "Of course, I could not but rejoice that His Lordship spoke so kindly of the wants of my co-religionists; but he spoke as kindly of the Hindu population."

Jaya. "To be sure, he did; but what I mean to say is, that some of His Excellency's views are open to objection. For instance, I do not clearly understand what His Lordship meant by saying that it would be a circumstance very agreeable to his feelings if high English education could be placed in the hands of an institution unconnected with Government, as such an institution would impart religious teaching along with secular teaching. What religious teaching does the Viceroy mean? Is it the teaching of the Bible in Missionary Colleges, or of the Koran in Muhammadan Colleges, or of Brahmaism in Brahma Colleges, or of the Puránas in the Colleges which the *Sanátana Dharma Rakshini Subhá* might establish?"

Imdád. "It is not difficult, I think, to understand His Lordship's

meaning. His Excellency regards it as an unfortunate circumstance that the education imparted in Government Colleges should be of an entirely secular character. And yet Government cannot, without a violation of the principle of neutrality which it maintains, impart religious instruction. The Viceroy, therefore, wishes that education were taken up by some private body or bodies of men, unconnected with Government, who would of course be at liberty to mix religious with secular instruction."

Jaya. "But you don't meet my objection. The question is,—What religious instruction does Lord Northbrook mean? Is it the Bible, the Koran, the Puranas, or Deism?"

Imdad. "The Viceroy, being a sincere Christian, would of course prefer Christian instruction to instruction in any other system of religion. But if I understand His Lordship aright, he would prefer *some* religious instruction,—no matter whether it is the Koran, or the Bible, or the Sástras,—to *no* religious instruction. I am afraid English education, as it is carried on at present in this country, is sapping the foundation of all faith. So far as religion is concerned, our educated young men, for the most part, believe in nothing. The emotion of veneration has been eliminated from their mental constitution. It is this sad result that the Viceroy deploras."

Jadu. "I think Maulavi Sáheb has correctly interpreted Lord Northbrook's meaning. The crying want of English education, especially in Government Colleges and Schools, is the religious element. Young men brought up in those Colleges are, generally speaking, neither Hindus, nor Muhammadans, neither Christians nor Brahmas,—they are nothingists, and worse than nothingists. Missionary Colleges are, in this respect, infinitely better than Government Colleges."

Jaya. "Away with your Missionary Colleges! You have been

brought up in the Free Church Institution, and you therefore praise up Missionary Colleges. I fancy you are a Christian at heart."

Jadu. "Whether I am Christian at heart or not, is nothing to the point. What I hold is this—that Missionary Colleges are better than Government Colleges, inasmuch as the former give religious instruction along with secular instruction, whereas the latter give only secular instruction. From this point of view I also hold that Brahma Colleges and Schools—if the Brahmas established such institutions—would be better than Government Colleges. Observe, I do not blame Government for this defect in their Colleges. They cannot well give religious teaching in their Colleges. They must abide by the principle of religious neutrality. It is for this reason, I imagine, that the Viceroy wishes education to be taken out of the hands of Government."

Jaya. "I suppose the Missionaries would dance with joy if Government were to abolish their Colleges; the whole of education would then pass into their hands, and they would make converts by hundreds."

Jadu. "I do not anticipate any such result. Our own countrymen would, in that case, I trust, establish Colleges of their own. But even if they did not, and if the Missionary Colleges were crowded, I do not think there would be many conversions as you suppose. Why, the universal complaint in all Missionary Colleges at present is, that they-make so few converts."

Pyári. "In my humble opinion, Lord Northbrook is quite right as to the question of religion. There is not the slightest doubt that our educated young men are losing all faith. This is most deplorable, though I confess I see no remedy for it. There is one point in His Excellency's speech in which I beg to differ from His Lordship. His Lordship approved of the abolition of all

text-books in English for the Entrance Examination, as the former system encouraged "cramming," and expressed the opinion that there could be no such thing as "cramming" in the College Classes. If I am rightly informed there is more "cramming" in Colleges than in the schools."

Jaya. "Not a bit of it. When I was in the Presidency College, and Mr. Cowell and others were Professors, there was no "cramming" at all. They tried to give intellectual training to their pupils."

Rádhá. "I dare say, that was the case in former days ; but at present the system seems to have changed. "Cram" seems to be the order of the day ; and the best "crammer" is reckoned the best Professor. My son is, as some of you may know, in the———College, and I find that he hardly ever opens his "Course,"—indeed, I don't think he takes it to College. He only takes a note-book and a pencil, and writes down whatever the Professor says. And when I remonstrate with him, he says that it is the system of the College, and that such eminent Professors as Professor Epixanthos and Professor Tornozeugmotos—men who would be an honour to any College in India or elsewhere,—are partial to it."

Pyári. "I am afraid, that is the real state of the case. But it is a ruinous system. It ruins the intellect. It is mere parrot-work. The only mental power which this system of education improves is—Memory. I do not say this is the case with all, but I fear this is the case with a great many. Why, I incidently heard the other day that a young man learnt by heart a long mathematical process, without understanding a single syllable of it, and went up to the Examination Hall thus primed. It so happened that that very theorem was amongst the questions ; and he passed with colours flying and drums beating."

Rádhá. "I have heard of similar cases."

Jaya. "Nonsense! nonsense! I don't believe it. The present system of education is not so bad as you would make it out to be. You, old fogies, think that you have had the best education."

Pyári. "I beg your pardon, Jaya Babu. I am sorry I have been speaking of the defects of a system of education in the presence of those who have been brought up under it."

SKETCHES OF BENGALI LIFE.

BY HARI'S UNCLE.

I. *Young Bengal.*

YOUNG Bengal is, questionless, one of the notabilities of the day. I am not aware that a faithful portrait of our young friend has ever been presented to the public. Some of his prominent features have often been pencilled by the artists of the "city of palaces," but I have not seen his likeness at full length. To supply this desideratum is the object of the following sketch.

I begin the portraiture of Young Bengal with his *costume*. All countries and nations have their peculiar dress. The loose and flowing dress of the oriental nations is different from the tight dress of the European. The differences of the costumes of the people of the world arise from climatic causes, from local influences, from diversity of taste, and varying degrees of refinement. Owing to the severity of his wintry climate, the barbarous North American Indian is compelled to have recourse to the fur of the ferocious beasts that fill the vast prairies of his native country. The sun-burnt Hindu, on the other hand, in consequence of the glowing fervours of the tropical sun, scarcely puts on any clothing, and may be said to live virtually naked all his life-time. We do not think that, apart from decency and decorum, there is intrinsic beauty in the national costume of any people. We call one costume beautiful, and another ugly, only

with respect to our prejudices. Indeed, we believe in general that no object in the universe is more beautiful *per se* than another. Our ideas of beauty and deformity are the result of association. One colour is more pleasing to us than another, only on account of our inveterate associations, prejudices, and early prepossessions. There is no reason in the nature of the thing whatever, why the lily hand of a Circassian beauty should be preferred to the ebony hand of a Hottentot lady. That our notions of the pleasingness and unpleasingness of colours and kindred substances are acquired, is evident from the fact that to a negro *black* is the most delightful of all colours. We have no reason to laugh at the depravity of the African's taste. He with equal reason might laugh at what he reckons the vitiosity of the European's taste in preferring white to black. The difference of tastes in this and all similar cases arises from diversity of associations. But to return to the point. Taking the word costume in its customary signification as implying the fixed dress of a people, we may say without hesitation, that Young Bengal has *no* costume. He cannot be said to stick to the national costume of his country and his fathers. For what is the *genuine* costume of a Bengali? With a view to obtain a specimen, we do not require to retrace our steps a thousand years back, when the Muhammadans had not introduced social refinement, such as it was, into the Hindu community. That the costume of the Bengali has been considerably improved since the Muhammadan conquest, does not admit of a doubt. But the costumes of all nations of the world are constantly varying. The dress of an Englishman in the days of Alfred the great was by no means the same as that of John Bull in the nineteenth century. What then is the genuine costume of the pure Bengali of the present day? A *dhuti* of thin and almost transparent cloth, covering from the waist downwards, a long-cloth *jama* enveloping his chest, and a loose sheet worn over the body, no covering for his head, and slippers for shoes. Such is the costume of the middle class, and it is a vast improvement on the dress as it existed a hundred years ago,

which consisted of the following simple things ;—a coarse *dhuti* scarcely reaching the knee-joints, and a solitary sheet placed horizontally across the shoulders. This last mentioned dress is still worn by thousands in the villages even by the most respectable. Neither is the dress of Young Bengal an imitation *in toto* of the pantaloon and coat of the European, the elegant and flowing dress of the Persian and of the North-Western Hindustani. The dress of Young Bengal is an accumulation of patches from the national costumes of many countries. It is a curious commixture of the European and the Asiatic. And what is most striking, a dozen educated Bengalis are scarcely dressed in the same fashion. There is only one thing common amongst them ; it is, that the dress of all is a mongrel compound of the Asiatic and the European. Unlike the law of definite proportion in chemistry, in the clothing of Young Bengal the Asiatic and the European ingredients mix in all proportions. A definite proportion would ensure uniformity. But the law with respect to dress and indeed in regard to every thing with the educated class, is “let every man be persuaded in his own mind.” Accordingly, although the main ingredients in their costume are the Asiatic and the European, yet there is a plentiful mixture of heterogeneous elements. The Government of India could, if they chose, have cut a conspicuous figure in the great Vienna Exhibition. The exhibition of a score of educated Bengalis in their varied and Proteus-shaped dress would have excited peals of laughter from one end of Europe to the other. The leaders of fashion in London are cherishing, we understand, the hope of improving the national costume of Britain. But those votaries of finery needed not have waited so long for the accomplishment of their desired end. Young Bengal, with his fantastic and ever-varying dress, might have furnished them in his own person parts of the national costumes of all countries of the world. Infinitely diversified is the dress of Young Bengal. The *dhuti* of Liverpool, Simla, Chandrakona and Chakrabarea ; the *sheet* of all sorts—those of Santipur, Dacca and Manchester ; the up-country *ijar* with its prodigious

breadth ; the *pantaloons* of all stuffs—wool, gin and drill, and of all colours “white, black and grey with all their trumpery ;” the native *jama* in all its simplicity ; the European *shirt* with its plaited front ; the coloured *waist-coat* ; the graceful *chapkan* of the Asiatic ; the coat-tail of the European ; the head-dress of all descriptions, from the Parisian beaver hat to the simple skull-cap of the Muhammadan ; and shoes of all sorts, from English boots to the ugly slippers of the vulgar multitude,—all these, in endlessly diversified mixtures and proportions, constitute what may be called the costume of Young Bengal. Were the simple and venerable Munis and Rishis of antiquity, who had only the bark of trees for their clothing, to rise, like so many phoenixes, from their funeral pyres, how horrified would they be at the spectacle !

From the ward-robe we pass to the table of Young Bengal. It is well known that Hinduism proscribes the use of many sorts of food. The use of poultry is forbidden. To the Hindu beef is an abomination, which he avoids with as great earnestness as he does the plague or the pestilence. All intoxicating liquors a Hindu must not take. But this requires some qualification at our hands. Some Hindu sectaries, as the *Vamacharis*, freely indulge in ardent spirits,—that indulgence being reckoned a religious duty. The maxim of these sons of Belial is, that “fish, flesh, wine, and women,” are the procurers of endless felicity. We should have also remarked, that beef seems to have been greedily devoured by the Rishis and Munis of old. It is impossible to fix the precise period when the meat of the sacred cow was proscribed. When the Hindus of the present day are asked, why they do not indulge in a delicacy which was not ungrateful to the palate of the divine *Maharshis* of antiquity, they reply, that they used it because they had the power of restoring the slain cow to life again ; and as modern Hindus possess not this miraculous power, it is but just that they should abstain from the use of it. It is impossible to exaggerate the horror which a Hindu entertains for that awful abomination—beef. He would prefer to be burnt at the stake to using it as an article of diet. At the mere sound of the loathsome

name, he puts his fingers into his ears. Young Bengal is superior to these prejudices. The barbarous diet of his countrymen does not gratify his taste. Rice and curry have ceased to attract him. Pure water of the limpid stream he does not away with. *Dall bhat* and *macher-jhol* are abominations to him. Young Bengal eats beef-steak and mutton-chops with as great gusto as the Irishman his potatoe. He prefers beer, claret, champagne, sherry and brandy, to the crystal water of the lucid brook. Old Sam Johnson's scale of liquors he heartily agrees to—"claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes." In the community of the educated Bengalis such heroes are by no means "few and far between."

To avoid misunderstanding, we should remark that Young Bengal keeps *two tables*, one in the family house, and another amongst friends. At the first table, surrounded as he is by father mother, brothers and sisters—all Hindus of the right stamp, he condescends to use the simple diet of his ancestors. But at the second table—the liberal table,—he freely indulges in all the delicacies of the Great Eastern Hotel. At the former, he satisfies his old stomach, and at the latter his regenerated appetite. In imitation of the European, Young Bengal has learnt to speechify after dinner. Toasts and the paraphernalia attending them have their due place. To his credit we say it, his speechification is often as good as that of the beef-eating Saxon. Like his dress, the diet of educated Bengalis is mongrel compound. These young Sybarites have three stomachs, a Hindu, a Muhammadan, and a European. They fill the Hindu stomach with all sorts of the vegetable creation, and a good sprinkling of the finny tribe; the Muhammadan stomach with *pullao*—rice soaked in *ghi* and seasoned with an unusual quantum of rich spices; with *kofta* and *kalia*; and the European stomach with the nameless delicacies supplied by the restaurants of the British Indian metropolis. But all have not this full complement of stomachs. A few have only the first; the majority have the first and the second; and the *elite* of the community—the heroes—have all three. Of vegetables, from

the humble creeper *pui* of the wall to the tall *sajne* ; of the finny race, from the slimy *pankal* to the oily *hilsa* and the Brobdignagian *bhetki* ; of the feathery tribes, from the homely sparrow to the rich-fed turkey ; of the quadruped kind, from the common kid to the stately cow,—concoctions of all these by the culinary skill of the Hindu, the Muhammadan and the European, constitute the diet of educated Bengalis. Of all human creatures, the Bengali is certainly the most imitative. Deficient, as he is said to be in originality, nature has amply compensated this defect by lengthening the bump of imitativeness. Like Europeans, Young Bengal indulges in the luxury of a *cheroot*. Some, it is true, are satisfied with the primitive cocoa-nut shell and the ebony shaft ; others have betaken themselves to the Persian *albola* with its long serpentine train ; but the most fashionable have adopted the elegant *cigar*. How diversified are the forms of tobacco,

“Sooty retainer of the vine,

Old Bacchus’ servant, Negro fine!”

Young Bengal, however, has gone further than *cigar*, even to the length of the pipe and Cavendish. But I must not be led away from my task by the vagaries of those whom we are describing. That the most complete changes, and the greatest innovations, public or private, have been effected in the dietetics of educated Bengalis is unquestionable. The Hindu—the educated Hindu of the middle of the nineteenth century, is nothing like the Hindu fifty years ago. If the reformation of a country implied nothing more than reformation in the kitchen or the ward-robe, if the amelioration of a people were effected by a change of costume, of meats and drinks, then the appellation of Reformer might with propriety be applied to Young Bengal. But if to become real reformers and regenerators of a country implies something more than all this, Young Bengal must forfeit his claims to that distinction.

I have been hitherto viewing Young Bengal socially, I now come to look at him intellectually. And here it must be admitted, by the most prejudiced Anglo-Saxon, that Young Bengal is

exceedingly sharp, smart and clever,—indeed, too clever by half. He has a most subtle intellect, making distinction without a difference, and showing, with the utmost precision, how six differs from half a dozen. Duns Scotus and other Schoolmen of his stamp would have highly valued such an intellect, as it would have materially helped them in the solution of those hair-splitting problems in which they were engaged. But though the intellect of Young Bengal is fine, it is not strong. It is a razor, not an axe. It is good in delicate operations, but useless for every-day use in this rough world of ours. It is wanting in weight, in solidity, in massiveness,—those very qualities in which the Anglo-Saxon intellect excels. It is good for high days and holidays, but not of much use for every day wear. It has a delicate flavour, but it soon gets addled. It does not keep. To-day it emits a delightful aroma, to-morrow it stinks. One great peculiarity of the Bengali intellect is its singularly rapid development. In a short time, it starts into a full-grown plant, spreading out its branches in all directions, putting forth flowers of the gayest hues, covered with luxuriant foliage, and loaded with mellow fruit. But it also withers soon. The blight of a single season is sufficient to deprive it not only of its glory but of its life. Like the mushroom, it shoots up in a day and withers in a day. No English boy of sixteen can ever hope to compete with a Bengali boy of the same age. The mental faculties of the former have not been half-developed, while those of the latter have become as ripe as they will ever be. In general, a Bengali boy is the cleverest in the world, a Bengali man the stupidest in the world. There are exceptions of course, but exceptions only prove a rule. To what are this rapid growth and equally rapid decay of the Bengali intellect owing? Possibly the tropical climate has something to do with it, but it is chiefly owing, I suspect, to social influences. But whatever the cause, the fact remains. The Bengali intellect is imitative, it is not creative. It copies to perfection, but it has not yet discovered any thing. It illustrates, it does not originate. It adorns, it does not form. In one word, Young Bengal has talent, no genius.

In morals Young Bengal is, on the whole, better than his ancestors. English education has given him this superiority. Take one instance. When any one gives the lie to a Bengali of the old school, he laughs, and thinks no more of it. He does not look upon it as disgraceful to tell an untruth. He regards it as a venial offence—indeed, scarcely an offence at all. Young Bengal feels differently. When the lie is given to him, he is on fire, and is ready to come to blows. This manly virtue he has learnt from the Englishman. Indeed, he has learnt it to excess, for he is over-sensitive. He takes offence where no offence was meant. He has become a little too thin-skinned. This, no doubt, arises from too high an estimate of himself, or, in plain English, conceit, which I look upon as the besetting sin of Young Bengal. Accustomed to associate in his house with uneducated men, he feels that he has become some body. He forgets proportion. He becomes top-heavy, and regards himself not only as good as, but better than, his fellows. Anglo-Indians are, in general, too impatient with the conceit of Young Bengal. They make no allowance for the peculiar circumstances under which he is placed, for his environments. They do a worse thing. They actually prefer the cringing servility of Old Bengal to the flippant conceit of Young Bengal. No doubt conceit is disgusting. But there is some hope that conceit will one day sober down into a spirit of manly independence, whereas your servility will remain servility to the end of the chapter.

As to religion, I am afraid Young Bengal has little of it. Up to the time of his passing the Entrance Examination of the Calcutta University, he remains a Hindu of more or less degree of orthodoxy. When he crosses that Rubicon, Hinduism gradually slackens its grasp of him. He now tampers with Deism. He loses all faith in the religion of his ancestors. He does not enquire into Christianity, taking it for granted that it is a system of superstition. Muhammadanism he hates with a perfect hatred. Deism relaxes its hold upon him, till he runs adrift upon the rocks of unbelief; and by the time he has become a graduate of the

University, he ceases to believe in any thing. I do not mean to say that this is true of every educated young Bengali ; but it is true of the typical Young Bengal. A few become Brahmas ; fewer still, Christians ; but the vast bulk are left stranded on the shoals of scepticism. A gloomy picture this ! but not more gloomy than it is true.

But gloomy and true as is the above picture, I have hope of Young Bengal. I believe his Future to be a bright one. Young Bengal is now sowing his wild oats. He has now, for the first time, tasted the sweets of liberty after centuries of kingly and priestly domination. No marvel, he is rushing to extremes. The same process has been gone through by other nations, and it is now the turn of the Bengalis. Other and better influences will, in the providence of God, be brought to bear upon Young Bengal ; and dropping off his eccentricities and his wildnesses, he will yet sober down and become a MAN.

HARI'S UNCLE.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

CHAPTER IV. *Review of English Education in Calcutta before 1834.*

I SAID in the last Chapter that I was put into an English school in the year 1834, and that a review of English education up to that year in the city of Calcutta would not fail to interest some of my readers. Before entering upon that review, I have only to premise, that my present concern is with the progress of English education amongst the Natives of Bengal. Long before the first school for the education of Bengalis in English was opened in Calcutta, several educational institutions had been established for the benefit of the European and Eurasian children of that city; but it is not my intention at present to speak of those institutions.

During the long interval that elapsed between the year 1634, when the English first obtained permission to trade in Bengal, and the beginning of the nineteenth century, no Bengali seems to have made the English language the subject of his earnest study. A superficial acquaintance, however, with that language, or rather with some of its words, must have been obtained by those Bengalis who came in daily contact with the foreigners for the transaction of business. Concerning the first English scholar amongst the Natives of Calcutta, the following anecdote is related by my countryman Rām Kamal Sen in the Preface of his elaborate English and Bengali Dictionary. Somewhere towards the end of

the seventeenth century, an English man-of-war sailed up the Hooghly and anchored near Garden Reach. The Captain of the vessel sent to the wealthy *Sets*, the only Bengalis who were then engaged in extensive mercantile business, and requested them to send a *dobhasia*. This term, *dobhasia*, which means a person who speaks in two languages, was very much used in those days on the Coromandel and Malabar coasts; but the *Sets* had never heard the word. They sat in solemn conclave to ascertain, if possible, the meaning of the word, and of the Captain's request. After a world of debate and deliberation, it was determined that a *dobhasia* meant nothing more or less than a *dhobi* or washerman. It was accordingly resolved that a *dhobi* should be sent to the ship. Furnished with *nuzzurs* of plantains, sugar-candy and other Indian delicacies, the dauntless *dhobi*,—for, in those days, it was no joke for a Bengali to go alongside a ship—went on board the man-of-war, and returned loaded with presents. The *dhobi*, by frequent intercourse with the crew of the man-of-war, got a smattering of the English language; and to him must be ascribed the honour of having been the first English scholar,—if a scholar he could be called—amongst the people of Bengal. This worthy man, whose name unfortunately has not been transmitted to posterity, soon gathered around him a number of disciples whom he initiated into the mysteries of the English language. But the knowledge of English thus acquired must have been exceedingly defective. Utterly unacquainted with either the grammar or the idiom of the language, our first English scholars merely substituted English words for Bengali. They committed to memory a few sentences used in common conversation, and learnt the English names of the several articles of merchandize. The knowledge of individuals was estimated by the number of English words they had learnt; and the stock of words with which they managed to hold intercourse with their conquerors was often incredibly small. What they could not express in words was indicated by signs; and thus many a *Sarkar*, by supplementing the inadequacy of his expression with the gesticulations of his body, contrived to make himself

intelligible to his *Sahab* with no greater philological resources than the scanty stock of the four words—"Yes", "No" and "Very well". Some of my readers must have heard some of those phrases which were made use of by our first English scholars. When they wished to express the idea that a ship was on her side, they said—"the ship is eighty-one," the Bengali word for "eighty-one" corresponding in sound to the Bengali word for "being on one's side". The goddess Káli was invariably translated "Ink Mother," that is "Mother Káli," the Bengali equivalent for ink being *káli*. The name of an influential Native gentleman of Calcutta, Go-kul Kát-má, was with great ingenuity translated into "Nut-plum-wood-mother," each of these English words being the equivalent of each syllable, as written above, of the name of the celebrated Babu. And I shall never forget those immortal and exquisitely beautiful verses, with the repetition of which I used now and then to amuse my youthful days, the verses, namely :—

"Jagre mother tanko near,

My master liveso there" :

the meaning of which, when divested of its poetic garb, is, that my master lives near a tank of the name of *Gurer Má*;" "Jagre mother," that is to say, the "mother of molasses" or "treacle" being the translation of the proper name.

The establishment of the Supreme Court in Calcutta, in the year 1774, created in respectable Bengalis a desire to learn the English language. But this desire could not in those days be easily gratified. Schools, which are now as numerous as there are streets in Calcutta, did not then exist ; and to the Europeans, who had come to these tropical climes only in search of gold, the idea did not occur that it was their duty to educate those whom they had conquered. In spite of these difficulties, a few of the enterprising inhabitants of Calcutta picked up a smattering of the English language, and turned it to profitable account by instructing others of their countrymen. The acquirements of these renowned teachers of the English language, the names of some of whom, like Madan Master and others, are still remembered,

were of course very limited. The only English books they read were Thomas Dyche's *Spelling Book* and the *Schoolmaster*. But this knowledge, however limited in its character, they diligently communicated to their countrymen. The most eminent of them composed Vocabularies, which contained several hundreds of English words in common and daily use, with the corresponding terms in the Bengali language. When I was a little boy I had a sight of one of these Vocabularies, which used to be studied by a cousin of mine in my native village at Tálpur. The English words were written in the Bengali character, and the volume, agreeably to the custom of the Hindus, began with the word "God". As a curiosity I put below the first words of my cousin's Vocabulary, retaining the spelling of the English words as they were represented in the Bengali character :—

Gád	Isvara.
Lád	Isvara.
A'í	A'mi.
Iu	Tumi.
Akto	Karmma.
Bail	Jámin.

In course of time, several East Indian gentlemen of Calcutta lent their services to the cause of Native education. They went to the houses of the wealthy Babus and gave regular instructions to their sons. They received pupils into their own houses, which were turned into schools. Under the auspices of these men, the curriculum of studies was enlarged. To the *Spelling Book* and the *Schoolmaster* were added the *Tootinamah* or the *Tales of a Parrot*, the *Elements of English Grammar* and the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. The man who could read and understand the last-mentioned book was reckoned, in those days, a prodigy of learning.

The year 1817 is a memorable year in the history of Native education. In that year the Hindu College was established. The honour of originating that great institution for imparting the knowledge of English literature and science to the youth of

Bengal, belongs to David Hare, a Calcutta watch-maker. That humble man, possessing no riches and no learning, looked with pity at the degradation, social, intellectual and moral, of the people among whom his lot was cast. He cultivated the acquaintance of some of the leaders of Native society, with whom he discussed the best means of elevating the people from their low state. One of those leaders, the celebrated Rám Mohana Ráya, advocated the establishment of a religious association with a view to uproot the idolatry of the people and to propagate the supposed monotheism of the Vedas. The shrewd Anglo-Saxon mechanic received with disfavour the proposal of the Brahmanical philosopher. To his plain understanding it appeared impracticable to communicate the abstruse doctrines of the Vedanta to the common people ; and even if practicable, he questioned the utility of the measure. Both Rám Mohana Ráya and David Hare went to work in their respective spheres with characteristic energy : the Hindu philosopher founded the Brahma Sabhá, and the English mechanic sketched the plan of an educational institution. Not a few of the intelligent Native gentlemen of Calcutta entered into the views of David Hare. The plan which he had roughly sketched fell into the hands of Sir Edward Hyde East, then Chief Justice of the Calcutta Supreme Court, who entertained the proposal, and convened a meeting of European and Native gentlemen at his own residence on the 1st of May 1816. At this meeting, the proposal to establish an institution for giving English education to Hindu youth was carried, and a large sum of money was subscribed. On the 21st of the same month, another meeting was held at which, amongst other things, it was resolved " that an Institution for promoting education be established, and that it be called the Hindu College of Calcutta ; that the Governor-General and the members of the Council be requested to become its patrons ; and that nineteen Native and ten European gentlemen [including David Hare] be appointed a Committee, with Sir Edward Hyde East, Chief Justice, as President, and J. H. Harrington Esq., Chief Judge of the Courts of Sudder Dewanny and Nizamut

Adawlut, as Vice-President." By December of the same year, the sum of upwards of forty-thousand Rupees was realized, and a Managing Committee was nominated, consisting of four Directors and one Governor, all Native gentlemen. The Hindu College was opened on the 20th of January 1817, on which day twenty boys were present. Under the management of the Native Directors it was carried on with considerable success. In 1823, however, the Committee were under the necessity of applying to Government for pecuniary assistance. The Government gave the annual donation of thirty thousand Rupees on the condition, that the General Committee of Public Instruction, which had been recently formed, should exercise a regular inspection and supervising control as Visitors of the College. Horace Hayman Wilson, the great Sanskrit scholar, who was at that time Secretary to the Committee of Public Instruction, was accordingly appointed Visitor, and afterwards elected Vice-President and *ex-officio* member of the Committee of the Hindu College. Under the able superintendence of Dr. Wilson, the Hindu College rose from a petty Dame's School to a collegiate establishment. The curriculum of studies was enlarged and improved. Scholarships for meritorious students were established; and the College became the resort of the sons of wealthy Bengali gentlemen.

In a sketch, though imperfect, of the rise and progress of English education in Calcutta, it would be unpardonable to omit all mention of those schools which were established by the Bengalis themselves. Of such schools, the Oriental Seminary occupies the foremost place. It was established in the year 1823 by the enterprising Gour Mohana Addhya. Many circumstances concurred to raise this school in the estimation of the public. Gour Mohana's partnership with one Mr. Turnbull, no doubt, increased the efficiency of the institution; but the chief circumstance which made it popular was an atheistic movement initiated in the Hindu College under the auspices of one of its most able masters, Mr. Derozio; and the consequent violation of Hindu customs and social usages by the advanced pupils of that College

The known orthodoxy of Gour Mohana, who was a rigid Hindu, was of no little service to him. The wealthy Malliks, and all Hindus averse to the innovations introduced by the pupils of the Hindu College, patronized his school, which soon became a large establishment, giving instruction to upwards of five hundred boys. Though a man of slender education, Gour Mohana Addhya occupies no mean place in the history of English education in Calcutta. The school which he founded, and which still carries on the good work in undiminished vigour, has furnished hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men with the elements of education, some of whom are holding honourable situations under Government. Gour Mohana's example was followed by many of his countrymen, but the schools which they established exercised too inconsiderable an influence to deserve notice in so hasty a sketch as the present.

The year-1830 is as memorable in the history of English education in Bengal as the year 1817. The latter year witnessed the establishment of the Hindu College; the former, of the General Assembly's Institution, now called the Free Church Institution. That institution was founded by the Reverend Alexander Duff, whose name must be put at the head of the list of all the educators of the youth of Bengal. Dr. Duff arrived in Bengal in 1829, at a time when the evil effects of a purely secular education were beginning to manifest themselves. He witnessed the revolution which the minds of the intelligent youth of Calcutta were undergoing; the wildness of their views: the reckless innovations they were introducing; the infidel character of their religious sentiments; and the spirit of unbounded liberty, or rather of lawless licentiousness, which characterized their speculations. He contemplated this scene with mingled feelings of joy and fear. He could not observe without delight the influence which English education was shedding around, in opening up the dormant energies of the Bengali mind, in dissipating its prejudices, in relaxing the restrictions of caste, in diminishing the power of the priesthood, and in undermining the system of national idolatry.

But, on the other hand, he could not witness without alarm the spread of atheism and of religious indifferentism. He saw with regret that, though the system of education prevalent in all the English schools of the metropolis was mighty in pulling down the strongholds of error, it constructed nothing on their ruins. It is no doubt a pleasing spectacle to see the ancient fortresses of error battered down by the forces of knowledge ; but, while the consequent scene of confusion and havoc cannot be looked upon without horror, it is heaven upon earth to see the fair temple of truth erected on the ruins and *debris* of falsehood.

It was with views like these that Dr. Duff opened the General Assembly's Institution, now called the Free Church Institution, on the 13th of July 1830. On the first day there were, I believe, only five boys present. But the eminent abilities of the Missionary instructor, and the circumstance that education was given gratuitously without charging any fee on the pupils, soon filled the school with hundreds of boys. The extensive and varied learning of Dr. Duff, the accumulated riches of his information, his powerful eloquence, his peculiar tact in developing the mental powers of his pupils, his boundless energy, the variety of his illustrations in expounding truth and enforcing duty, and, above all, the enthusiasm for knowledge with which he magnetized his pupils,—all combined to render him a rare instructor of youth.

The establishment of the General Assembly's Institution formed a new era in the history of education in Bengal. It was founded on a new system. I do not allude to the giving of religious instruction, though that certainly was the predominating feature of the system ; but the very system of secular education adopted by Dr. Duff was quite a new one, at least in India. It was the *intellectual* system opposed to, what I may call, the *mechanical* system of education. In that system, Dr. Duff's object was not to cram the mind with a farrago of facts to lie like useless lumber in the brain ; his object was to develop the powers and susceptibilities of the mind, to awaken the faculties of observation and reflection, to teach precision of thought, to train and

regulate the active powers of the soul,—in a word, to educate the whole man. The system was such a novelty at the time in Calcutta, that numbers of visitors every week crowded to the Institution to witness its working. The result was, that Dr. Duff's system was not only generally adopted in all the existing schools, but new ones were founded on its model. Those of my readers who are unacquainted with the history of English education in Bengal, may think that I am exaggerating the importance of the General Assembly's Institution. For the satisfaction of such of my readers, let me quote the testimony of Sir Charles Trevelyan, then Mr. Trevelyan, who was in Calcutta at the time, and who, in an address he delivered to the friends of education in India, made use of the following language :—"How numerous are the instances in which visitors to the General Assembly's celebrated Academy have caught the spirit of the plan, and been induced, on their return to their respective districts, to form the nucleus of similar institutions !"

Such, in brief, was the state of education in Calcutta in 1834 when I came to that city from my native village. There were then four principal schools,—the Hindu College ; the General Assembly's Institution, always called Duff's School; the School Society's School, called Hare's School; and the Oriental Seminary, usually called Gour Mohana Adhaya's School. The question with my father was—into which of these schools should I be put ? My father did not take long time in deciding,—indeed, he had decided the question before he sent for me from the village. The schooling fee of every boy in the Hindu College was then, I understood, five Rupees a month, and in the Oriental Seminary three Rupees ; and as my father was poor, he never entertained the idea of sending me into either of these schools. As to the School Society's School, Mr. Hare was so particular in admitting boys, that my father did not think it worth his while to make any attempt to get me admitted into it. There remained then the General Assembly's Institution, where education was given gratuitously,

and an education, too, my father was told by some of his friends, the best that could then be obtained anywhere in India.

But, then, there was one serious drawback. Dr. Duff (he was then simply Mr. Duff) was a most zealous Missionary. He made no secret of it, but publicly avowed, that his chief object in setting up the Institution was to initiate Hindu youth into the principles of the Christian religion. He had already appeared as a public Lecturer on Christianity, and his Lectures had taken Calcutta by storm. Those Lectures had not only created a great sensation in the Hindu community, but had brought to the Christian faith some of the brightest and most intelligent youth of the city. Only a year and half before, Dr. Duff had baptized Krishna Mohana Banerjea (now the Reverend K. M. Banerjea); and the conversion of Krishna Banda,—as he was then universally called—had produced a tremendous impression on the Hindu community. “Is it right—is it expedient,” argued some of my father’s friends, “to imperil the religion of your son by putting him for education into the hands of so zealous a Missionary, of a man whose avowed object is to *eat* the religion of young Hindus, of a man who has already succeeded in *eating* the religion of several young men?” My father brought, I remember,—for the subject was again and again discussed in my hearing after I had arrived at Calcutta—two arguments to meet the above objection. *In the first place*, he said, he had observed that, though Dr. Duff was a very zealous Missionary he never baptized young boys who were unacquainted with the Christian religion, but baptized those only who had studied English for at least seven or eight years; that he did not intend to make of me a learned man, but to give me so much knowledge of English as would enable me to obtain a decent situation; and that long before I was able to understand Lectures on the Christian religion, he would withdraw me from the Institution, and put me into an Office. And, *in the second place*,—and this was, in my father’s opinion, the stronger of the two arguments, as, like all Hindus, he was a staunch fatalist,—my father replied, that what was written on one’s forehead

must be fulfilled, all precautions notwithstanding. He expatiated on the stern and unalterable decrees of fate, and concluded a somewhat metaphysical speech with the following peroration :—
 “ If it is written on Kála Gopál’s forehead that he will *not* become Christian, then he will *not* become Christian, let Duff Sáheb do what he can; but if it is written on Kála Gopál’s forehead that he *will* become Christian, then he *will* become Christian, do what I can.” This was a perfect settler; and my father accordingly resolved to put me into the General Assembly’s Institution.

LINES TO A BUTTERFLY.

(*From the German of Herder.*)

THING of beauty, floating by,
 Butterfly!

Hovering over blossoms rare,
 Buds and dew thy only fare,
 A bud thyself—a leaf set free,—
 Who hath with a rose’s finger
 Thus empurpled thee?

Did a sylph weave from the light
 Robe so bright?
 From odours which at morning stray
 Moulded thee but for a day?—
 Little soul,—why tremble, start?
 —There is fear of death and danger
 In thy gentle heart.

Fly thou hence, sweet thing, and be
 Glad and free.

—A type of what I’ll be when this—
 (Unenthral’d)—earth’s chrysalis,
 Like thee gets the zephyr’s dower,
 And in fragrance, dew, and honey,
 Kisses every flower!

O. C. DUTT.

MADemoisELLE DE LAJOLAIS.

(Continued from Page 408.)

WHEN Mademoiselle Lajolais revived and opened her eyes, the first object which she searched for was her mother; but not finding her at her side, she raised herself on the stone bench where she had been placed during the fit, and darting towards the door of the prison, held its iron bars in her hands, and shook the air with her cries.

"Mamma! Mamma!" cried she, "Return me my mother. O it is frightful to separate a child from its mother. My poor mother! Where are you now?"

"Mademoiselle!" said a soft voice near her, "mademoiselle, do not cry so loud, else they will compel you to go further off."

"It matters not," exclaimed Maria, in the despair which had bereft her of reason, and pulling at the same time the iron bars as if anxious to displace them from their sockets, "I wish to have my mother, I will have her, and I will make as much noise as possible so that they may shut me in also."

"Yes," said the soft voice, "but without your mother."

As if by enchantment these four words had the effect of calming the despair of Mademoiselle Lajolais. Turning her head towards the party who addressed her, she saw a young girl of about her own age, a vestment coarse and brown covered her robust form, a bonnet of black velvet, bordered with lace, set off a round plump face wet with tears.

"Are you in grief also?" asked Mlle Lajolais.

"No," said the girl, "I am weeping because you are weeping."

"Ah! have I not reason to do so?" exclaimed Maria, quitting the bars and approaching her companion, "you have seen most likely how they have wrenched me from the arms of my mother;—but that which you do not know—that which is most horrible of all—that which makes one die of grief—is my father, my poor father, who most likely has been condemned to death."

At this thought all the sorrows of Mlle Lajolais seemed to

revive, and she commenced to weep afresh and to utter cries as if her heart was about to burst. Her companion said nothing ; she seemed moved by the intelligence ; good child as she was, she felt that she could not utter a single syllable to calm such sorrows ; but she regarded Maria with an air of interest, and her round kind face clearly expressed heartfelt sympathy, which Maria interrupted or added to by questioning.

“ And you, have you a mother ? ”

The girl answered in the affirmative.

“ And father also ? ”

A like answer.

“ And you have not been separated ? you can see them when you wish ? you can kiss your mother, your father ? O how happy must you be ! ”

A moment after wiping her tears she added :—

“ What is your name ? ”

“ Julienne, at your service,” replied the girl.

“ What is your father’s occupation ? ”

“ He is the turn-key or door-keeper of the prison.”

“ Door-keeper ! ” shrieked Maria, “ then he has seen Mamma, he has spoken to her, he will be able to give me news about her, he will be able to tell her about the tears I am shedding.”

“ But no, it is not necessary to tell her this, it might give her more pain ”—

And Julienne shook softly her head.

“ No person can see your mother,” said she, “ she is in a secret cell.”

At this moment the ringing of a bell was heard which made Mlle Lajolais start.

“ It is the hour for breakfast of the prisoners,” said Julienne, as an explanation of the bell

“ And of my mother also,” said Maria with a bursting heart.

“ Oh ! be tranquil, mademoiselle, they will not forget her.”

“ Poor Mother ! ” added Maria crying bitterly. “ She is so delicate ! Where are her domestics, her table so well served,

and her little Maria by her side to ask her to eat?—

Oh! how *can* she suffer so much!"

"But you, mademoiselle, would you not like to take something?"

"Me! I am not hungry," cried she in accents so truthful and dolorous that Julienne could only say—

"I believe, mademoiselle, but at the same time I trust you will not object to take a spoonful of soup."

"Refresh myself with soup while my mother is lying in a cell, no—no—while I have no hope of seeing my father again—no, no, it cannot be."

"But if you do not, you will die, mademoiselle."

"And you believe I will live by taking soup?"

The guard, whose duty it was to relieve the guard of the day previous, now appeared and interrupted the conversation of the young maidens. Some officers came out of the guard-room to receive the new-comers; they exchanged watchwords, and after due installation their conversation was as follows:—

"What news?" asked one.

"O astounding!" replied he who was addressed. "The Emperor has granted pardon to Polignac."

"Tell us all about it," said the other.

"It seems like a romance, my dear," continued the second, "I was on duty yesterday at Saint-Cloud, leaning against the venedians of the small green saloon I was amusing myself by looking at the handsome Princess Louise who was watering her flowers in her mother's garden when the Emperor appeared without announcing himself and said, "What are you doing here, Hortense?" At which Hortense, surprised and blushing, shewed him the watering-pot full of water, and said, "you see well, sire." "And what are they about in the apartments of Josephine?" demanded the Emperor. "O they are all weeping there," answered the Princess wiping a tear. "All weeping," repeated the Emperor, and, without waiting to enquire why, darted into the residence of the Empress. My curiosity being excited up to the highest pitch as

you can well conceive, I glided into the garden and mixing with other people, I arrived a second after Bonaparte, at the door of the sleeping apartment of the Empress. A female was kneeling at the feet of the Emperor, it was Madame de Polignac; the Emperor regarded her with attention, and all the other ladies, among whom was Josephine, joined their hands in demanding pardon. Affecting an air of coldness which his voice belied, Napoleon said to Madame de Polignac, "I am astonished, madam, to find your husband meddling in so odious an affair; he seems to have forgotten completely that we were comrades in the same Military School." I could not catch distinctly what the lady replied; she was weeping plentifully and her sobs stifled her voice; but I believe she wanted to persuade the Emperor that her husband could have had no idea of participating in so odious a crime; and though her words were almost inarticulate her appearance and tone of sorrow added great force to what she attempted to say. Visibly moved, the Emperor took hold of her hand to lift her up and said, "Enough, enough. As for the rest, it is but my life that your husband would have, and I have power to pardon—go, madam, and tell him on my part that his ancient comrade whose life he would take gives him his life."

"That's superb!" said the other officers, "it is most noble on the part of the Emperor."

"Let's go and drink his health," cried one of them.

"Agreed," responded they in chorus.

And taking each other by the arm they moved off.

Maria had not lost one word of the foregoing conversation. Although they moved off, she had the attitude as if still listening to them.

"Julienne," said she suddenly turning towards the daughter of the jailor who was regarding her in silence.

"A little while ago you offered me some soup."

"And you do accept?" said the young girl jumping with joy.

"Yes and a piece of bread also."

"And some meat and all my dinner, my dear girl," said

Julienne knocking at the prison door which opened for her.

A moment after she returned holding in one hand a vessel of steaming soup and in the other a glass of wine.

Quite occupied with the project which she was revolving in her head, Maria hardly thanked Julienne; she took the broth and drank a little; she took the glass and drank also; and as Julienne offered her still a dish of meat and a piece of bread, Maria took only the bread which she wrapped up in her hand-kerchief.

"I do not know how to reward this service," said she searching her ears for the pendants which she was accustomed to wear, and which she had neither time nor thought to put on when quitting Strasbourg.

"Is this service, my good Miss?" said Julienne blushing proudly. "To feed those who are hungry and in distress, is that to be looked upon as rendering service?"

"You are right, or at least you should be so," replied Mlle Lajolais, who had just perceived a plain gold ring on her own finger and attempted to transfer it to that of Julienne.

"In short, it is not your soup, nor your bread, that I wish to reward, but it is your tears, your care, and your tender words. O what a satisfaction it is when one suffers, to meet a good soul in whom to confide! Do you see, Julienne, this is my first grief. A short time ago I thought one could weep only when hurt, but—now—now—I know that a grief at heart is the most bitter thing in the world. Also, henceforth I shall no longer see others weep without doing as you have done, Julienne, without trying my utmost to console; and they will bless me as I bless you, my good little girl. But do take this ring, take it for the love of me I beg of you."

At this moment a rough voice which caused Maria to turn pale and tremble on her legs, for it was the voice of the turn-key or door-keeper, called Julienne.

"I am coming, father," answered Julienne, refusing still the ring and attempting to retire.

"So you refuse me, Julienne," said Maria so sorrowfully that Julienne retraced her steps.

"It is not to give you any pain, Miss, but I dare not—in truth I dare not"—

"But I have taken your bread—I—your soup—your wine"—

"That is quite different—they are eatables and drinkables—those things."

"And this, this, remains as a remembrance of the poor girl who shall never forget you."

"O, if it is thus, give, that is quite different, Miss".

Then the voice of the turn-key being heard a second time, Julianne retired quickly, launching with a charming childish gesture a kiss of adieu to Mlle Lajolais.

The gate of the prison closed itself on Julianne. At this sound the heart of Maria suddenly collapsed; until then the presence of the child, her tears, her caressing voice, had sustained her; but when she saw her no longer, and found herself alone in the deserted street, alone in the world, she was nearly once more losing her senses.

But soon an idea, which had been born in her by the conversation of the officers, a project which had yet to be put into execution, re-animated her courage. She tried to make a few steps on the road, but stopped; her heart beat with violence, and her feet trembled, so that she found it impossible to advance. Then she had fears—great fears. It was the first time that the poor infant found herself without support, without the arms of her mother to lean on, without any person in the world, in short, but herself, herself alone, at last.

H. C. DUTT.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

ON autumn eves lone sitting on the ground
 By the brook's marge, beneath the willows green,
 Or by my cottage fire when winds are keen,
 Listening with careless ear the light rain sound
 Against the panes, or tracing chasms profound,
 Rocks, towns, and trees the glowing bars between,
 When I contrast, O friend, thy life serene,
 With the rude discord of the world around,
 Thee, with a land-locked haven I compare,
 That sleeps unruffled when wild tempests blow,
 Or a lone palm amid the deserts bare,
 Whose ripened nuts in golden clusters glow,
 Or yet a lighted window when the air
 Is filled at night with drifting wreaths of snow.
 D.

ON THE PLEASURES OF SENSE.

" Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

MILTON.

TASTING.

THE last, though not the least in importance, is the sense of Taste. It has been made the *sine qua non* of life. The why and wherefore, I leave, with your permission, gentle reader for those to decide who demonstrate the Equality of man, the Free love of woman, the Doubting ultimatum of rational enquiry, the Caterpillar descent of the human race, and such other knotty philosophical problems beyond the grasp of experience and common sense, the sole guides of mortals of vulgar stamp, who choose to believe what they see, hear, and understand, incapable of soaring to the sublimer region of the unknown and unknowable.

They are the salt of the earth wherewith are salted modern speculations, lest they rot and stink before reaching the next generation, on whose special behoof they have been puzzled out by philanthropic Great Thinkers, who disdain to obtrude their modest theories by an ostentatious parade of practice, quite superfluous in cases when by happy enunciations the doctrines inculcated have been made so self-evident as to need no further illustrations. Like that redoubtable idealist of old, they see no breach of decorum in proclaiming the whole Himalayan range a myth, while chasing the poor butler to the public street for overdilution of the forenoon dose. But to our subject. As eat we must, not once, nor twice, nor after protracted intervals, but every day, and almost every hour of the day, what an amount of misery would have been entailed on mankind if the ever-recurring process were attended with pain. Life would have been a burden, a curse, a dreary alternation of suffering from hunger and suffering from relief—a melancholy succession of the frying-pan and fire, the fire and frying-pan again! Instead of the smiling faces that lend such brilliant lustre to the sceneries of nature, we should have been surrounded by woe-begone countenances on all sides, deprived even of the scanty consolation of sympathy amidst a universal mourning,—all men and women writhing in their respective agony without respite to think of their neighbours. Youthful faces would have been furrowed deep by care, noble features would have been obliterated by sorrow, and bright eye would have been dimmed and inflamed by grief, rendering this brief existence a sojourn through an actual vale of tears!

But we taste without pain; yea, with positive pleasure. And, who that has ever dined on plain porridge, with that best of all best Worcester sauces, after a whole day's wear and tear, will say that the pleasure is a whit the less than that derived through any other sense? Of course I appeal not to the gorged child of Ease, glutted to the very core by imports and exports of all the emporiums in the Gazetteer; or to the self-made valetudinarian whose peregrinations between the blue bed and the brown have brought

him, overland *via* Brindisi, to the goal of chronic Dyspepsia. These know not the luxury of taste. For such outcasts of nature there is no pleasure in the extensive store-house of Heaven. Their senses are so many gutters for the accumulation of pestilential images that surcharge the entire atmosphere of the mind with poisonous vapours, forming themselves into dense clouds, through which peep, like Frankenstein's ghost, hideous phantoms vomiting an unceasing shower of fire and brimstone, and deluge the whole span with misery intensified by an awful eternity of thunder-claps looming beyond this limited horizon. Nor indeed do I appeal to that lump of Butter, your Lady of fashion, who eternally oppressed with the phobia of damaging the damask of her milk-white clap-trap by exposure, keeps herself a close prisoner in her own Black-hole till the ruddy young sun, grown quite gray, looks indignantly on the ingrate that hailed not his glorious coronation, and listened not to the charming carol of singing birds in fresh morning air, which of itself might have permanently cured her of the fatal opera spleen over which she gloomily sits brooding after post-meridian breakfast, and fast lapses into the bottle.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.
 Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent, ; the handle this, and that the spout :
 A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod, walks ;
 Here sighs a Jar, and there a goose-pye talks ;
 Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
 And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks."

The most superficial of observers will not fail to discover in such visitations a just retribution on reprobate man for disuse and abuse of the munificence of Heaven, lavished to promote our happiness here below, and to train us for the higher happiness in the world to come.

As the organs of smell and taste are equally essential to life, it is difficult to decide the loss of which is the more to be deplored.

The question at once resolves itself into one of choice between two evils. Death is in either category : speedy death or tardy death. There is, no doubt, something bordering almost on the ridiculous in aggravating an inevitable misfortune by multiplication of opportunities of pondering upon it, and of conjuring up all sorts of horror that harrass and oppress the soul without holding out the most distant prospect of averting the danger, or even of partially mitigating the virulence of the dread decree. A felon does but render the execution tenfold more appalling by his ill-advised prayer for reprieve. The launch then and there would have been more welcome while shame and remorse acted powerfully on the mind ;—while the solemnity of the trial, the dignity of the bench, the eloquence of the bar, the plight of the plaintiff, the verdict of the jury, the sentence of the judge, all conspired to urge the criminality of the deed home to the prisoner ;—while every look was a look of unqualified condemnation, every whisper was a whisper of unmerciful criticism, every gesture was a gesture of undisguised abhorrence ;—while a bankrupt in purse, a bankrupt in character, a bankrupt in sympathy, alone in this wide world, Robinson Crusoe was just in the frame of mind to jump into eternity unscrupulous as to the *modus operandi* of the graceless exit. He is quite unnerved the moment he returns to the cell. He gets leisure to study grim death in all its frightful phases. He bewails the insane exchange of living death for death instantaneous. But on the other hand life is sweet, sweeter than honey. Long association endears to us the veriest trifle. We contract a sort of intimacy with old pots and pans. We cannot consign the friendly remains of a superannuated slipper into the scavenger's cart without a sigh. " Dear, dear slipper," one feels disposed to exclaim, " with what rare magnanimity hast thou for months accommodated thyself to my weaknesses ! With what uncommon devotion hast thou nursed my corns and lulled my gouty toe ! What a base return dost thou meet at my hands ! To be disowned and cast off in thy old age, doomed to live amongst strangers who know thee not, even as the Shepherd king knew not

Joseph !” There is a close analogy between the physical and moral world in this as indeed in almost in every other respect. A sudden and violent change in the temperature of the mind is followed by results similar to those produced on the inorganic matter of the Alpine chain. The genial warmth of sympathy, substituted by cold indifference, splits and shatters the heart to pieces. Death, viewed either from a secular or religious stand-point, is but another state of existence. Nothing therefore can account for the universal dread of it, except the shock the soul receives from the abrupt disorganization of the admirable net-work of ties which links man to man, forming numerous interesting groups for the reciprocation of good wishes and kind offices that tempt us to cling to existence, in spite of the various vicissitudes that checker but to strengthen our fondness for life.

“—Who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e’er resign’d,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?”

High Heaven seems to have exhausted its vast resources with a view to prevent any premature suspension of operations, on which depend the being and well-being of our race. Nothing seems to have been left undone to awaken drowsy man to a just sense of his elevation in the scale of creation, and thus to wean him from those grovelling pursuits so incompatible with the awful responsibilities of his position. Vegetable matter, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, emitted in small imperceptible particles, is conveyed by the pregnant atmosphere to the external apertures of the nostrils that forthwith transmit it to regions lying deeper in the cavity, lined with vascular membranes, highly susceptible of communicating impressions to the brain, the final seat of pleasure. That Free-thinker is no thinker at all who does not see in each and every step of this complicated but never-failing process a long chain of miracles as miraculous as the healing of the lame or the raising of the dead ! Nor do the pleasures of taste less powerfully assert eternal Providence, and stare scepticism out

of countenance, exposing the absurdity and utter worthlessness of the cooked up abominations ycleped Philosophy. "God is a superfluity," exclaims the sage in Gothic stolidity, while emptying spoonfulls of Benares sugar into his tea-cup. "Matter in motion will produce and populate our worlds, will regulate our seasons, will form our societies, will found Oxford and Cambridge Universities, will compose *The Tempest* and the *Paradise Lost*!" Catechize the madcap and ask him what sweetens his morning beverage. Is sugar the efficient cause of the exquisite sensation? *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. There is no more sweetness in sugar than there is agony in Luke's iron crown. No; it is these very wonders worked by seemingly inefficient agents that render the Invisible visible, and invest the Unseen with demonstrable attributes, that escape only those disgracefully blindfolded by ignorance, and hopelessly hardened by arrogance. One who is happily initiated into the mysteries of Faith, needs no such leg-less theories to account for what is sufficiently accounted for by acknowledging the existence of an all-wise Creator.

"He sees with other eyes than theirs, where they

Behold a sun, he views a Deity;

What makes them only smile, makes him adore.

Titles and honours, if they prove his fate,

He lays aside to find his dignity:

Himself too much he prizes to be proud;

And nothing thinks so great in man, as man."

Nothing, I submit, so clearly proves the certainty of a future state as the uncertainty of all sublunary affairs. Every object we are interested in is unfinished, every measure that concerns us is tentative. There is nothing final—there is nothing like finality here below. We tend to something not present—something fore-shadowed, not realized.

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

It is only when viewed in connection with eternity that this counterpart earth assumes a shape, assumes integrity, assumes significance. Detached from that it is a meaningless, methodless

monument of folly, exhibiting an extravagant waste of invaluable resources in the blind pursuit of means without any adequate object to reward the toil. The nearest approximation made to perfection by things terrestrial is perhaps to be found in the apparatus of the senses. Independent of the beauty and delicacy of the construction, the facility, the punctuality, the precision, the harmony, with which each organ discharges its legitimate functions, remain unparalleled throughout the whole creation. Yet superb as the mechanisms are we feel that they are susceptible of improvement. The pleasures we derive through them are, by no means, permanent. Even the pleasures of sight which seem to be most at our command are apt to pall upon us.

“Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in the eye and palls upon the sense.”

This is no idle whine. The most ardent of lovers must endorse the truth of the observation. Disguise as we may, the fact crops up in spite of our attempts to keep it from the ken of the outdoor world. It will doubtless amount to a barefaced libel to deny the existence of affection in married life. Affection is strengthened by time between the wedded couple indissolutely united by cement of pledges periodically renewed. But he who will seek the balmy agitation of the Courtship in the domestic fireside of the Honey-moon must seek for it in vain. The soda and acid effervescence is gone, gone for ever. What is left behind is a dull monotonous office-routine; safe, sure, prudent, profitable, but certainly not love which is the summation of an infinite series of indescribable thrills.

“O there was a time

I could have heard such sounds with raging joys ;

But now it comes too late :

Give blind men beauty ; music to the deaf ;

Give prosperous winds to ships that have no sail ;

Their joys will be like mine.”

Even these contingent fluctuations have not been altogether overlooked. Precautionary measures have been adopted to prevent

any serious mischief arising from these untoward tendencies. The surest way of perpetuating pleasure is by means of variety, and the variety vouchsafed to the human palate puts the extravagant hyperbole of Pooshpadanta to the blush. Not only there is not, but there cannot be, a vocabulary of terms for distinguishing all the shades of difference perceptible among the numberless tastes generally known as sweet or bitter, acid or sharp. Poverty of language is ill concealed by jumbling sugar, mangoe and orange, under one clumsy denomination. Sweet they are all in one sense, being all equally pleasant. But the sensations are quite distinct and independent of one another. In the commonwealth of Tastes there is no recognition of ranks. Vulgar people, it is true, award the palm of superiority to sweet over the rest ; will any body, however, on account of this alleged sovereignty exchange the charming salt of real Yorkshire for maunds of loaf sugar, or the divine bitter of ripe Bass for the best honey of Hymettus ? It is amusing to contemplate how deep-rooted often prejudice is even in minds highly cultivated. The High-Priest of Confucius discovers symmetry in the stump of a crippled foot, and the High-Priest of Pyrrho discovers beauty in gold as if there is more proportion in one metal than in another, or there is less brilliancy in the hanger of my Lord Napier of Magdala than in the greasy amulets of the Jajpur belle travelling on foot from Puri to Benares. Though distinct, most of the Tastes seem to have a sort of affinity to one another, which beautifully blends them together like so many different notes in music, and makes the transitions so inexpressibly pleasing. The true secret of relish in a repast consists in a skillful distribution of the courses calculated to excite particular sensations that by contact prove doubly agreeable. Food with pain, instead of supporting the system, poisons it and disqualifies it for the necessary conditions of the sojourn. It has therefore been so ordained that we enjoy while we live. Alas ! how few learn to live to the purpose !

To supplement this vast infinity of Tastes it has pleased kind Providence to vary the enjoyments of the sense by conferring on

them a sort of local gratification. The employment of the tooth, the lip, the tongue, the gullet, is attended with delight peculiar to each. We feel delight while we chew, while we suck, while we lick, while we drink, and then despatch the sapid matter to its destination. What follows I need not describe which, being honestly interpreted, means—I cannot.

“Soft as the gossamer, in summer shade

Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray

Gently as sleep the weary lids invades,

So soft, so gently, Pleasure mines its way.—”

Mines every nook and corner, and, like a little leaven, leaveneth the whole mass. The entire soul is in a state of fermentation. It is poetic frenzy all, elevated far, far above the dull commonplaces of prose to the rapturous regions of tropes and figures. It is a living allegory, sorely puzzling to that envious race of vile hypocrites, who, unable to follow the blessed Pilgrim’s foot-steps, would fain arrest his heaven-ward progress by crushing his lofty aspirations ;—would fain transfer his catholic devotion to painted bawds of Memory or Imagination ;—would fain have him woo the maid instead of wooing the mistress !

“ Here

Even it may be wrong in us to deem

The senses degradation, otherwise

Than as fine steps, whereby the queenly soul

Comes down from her bright throne to view the mass

She hath dominion over, and the things

Of her inheritance ; and reascends,

With an indignant fiery purity

Not to be touched, her seat.”



HYMN—GOOD FRIDAY.

SING, O my soul, for ever sing
 The triumphs of my Saviour-King ;
 He who did leave his throne above,
 And He whose very name is Love ;
 For me sin-lost the God-man came,
 Died on the Cross the death of shame.
 O Cross, O death, O bleeding side,
 O Justice fully satisfied,
 O Fount of blessing from which flows
 The healing balm for all my woes,
 O Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 May I be Thine and Thine remain !

* *
 *

EXPERIENCES OF A BENGALI MONEY-LENDER.

"UNBELIEVING dog," said the Templar to Isaac the Jew, as he passed him in the throng, "dost thou bend thy course to the tournament?" "I do so propose," replied Isaac, bowing in all humility, "if it please your reverend valour." "Ay," said the knight, "to gnaw the bowels of our nobles with usury, and to gull women and boys with gauds and toys—I warrant thee store of shekels in thy Jewish scrip." *Ivanhoe*.

WHOEVER it was who wrote or said, "Neither a lender nor a borrower be", must have been sadly ignorant of the world and its ways. A friend, near by, tells me that the advice was Shakespeare's,* that it was adopted by Benjamin Franklin, that both Shakespeare and Franklin had a thorough knowledge of the world, and that their advice upon any subject relating to our

* Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Hamlet.

commerce with one another, has seldom been found to be unprofitable or misleading. I confess I have never troubled myself much for either Shakespeare or Franklin, but, however extensive their united knowledge of the world may have been, however infallible their remarks upon life generally may be, however good their advice upon other matters, in this one respect I think they were both wrong. I say so unhesitatingly, but, no doubt, with fear and trembling, for no one would lightly differ from such high authorities as Shakespeare and Franklin. But I feel that if their advice were generally followed, the world would come to a stand still—at all events I can confidently say, the world in Bengal would be sure to come to a stand still. I have now been a money-lender for upwards of five and fifty years,—a period much longer than a Civil Servant would require to entitle him to his retiring pension,—and in the course of my profession, which I have followed as closely and as perseveringly as a young medical man anxious to be the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, or Surgeon Superintendent to the Queen, follows his—I have not had a day in which some body or other had not some pressing demand for money, to save either his family from starvation or his credit from being for ever ruined. If following the advice of Shakespeare and Franklin—I thank my stars I did not know of the advice before I sat down to write my experiences, not that I would have minded it one jot if I had—I had refrained from lending these good people what they wanted, and if they had abstained from coming to me, what would have been the result? Why, their families would have starved, their credit gone, and my humble self deprived of a good return for my money. These results, these sad results, would have done no good to any one, but on the contrary have entailed a loss to the community. In further support of my position I could cite the cases of national credit, paper currency and other modes of raising money, but considering that I understand nothing about them and that their names are a bugbear to me, I desist from doing so, especially as, I guess, they would tire the patience of the reader. To come to

the subject immediately at hand, I wonder if my experiences would at all interest the public. If they do not, it will not be for their want of variety, for I have plied my profession at school, in the agricultural field, in the village, in town, amongst school boys, labourers, farmers, clerks, traders, sailors, babus and men of the law, and seen every phase of life that is to be seen in Bengal. The only class of people, I have religiously kept aloof from, are the members of Her Majesty's Covenanted Civil Service. Candour compels me to say that I have had numerous applications from these gentlemen (especially the younger portion of them), but to all and sundry my invariable answer has been, "Sir, I am a poor man and have no means of obliging you." Some have called me an old liar for my answer, others have wished me to rot in very hot places, but not one single rupee piece has any of them ever drawn from me. I had plenty of money at my command at the time I was getting rid of the importunities of my Civil Servant applicants, and I, of course, passed off a falsehood upon them. If the reader blames me for uttering this falsehood he little knows the composition of a Bengali money-lender, for, though I say it who should not, one of the most potent arms of offence and defence, open to one of my profession, is falsehood, and if you are poetically inclined you may go further and say that his whole soul is steeped in lying and perjury. But I am anticipating what I have to say hereafter. With the exception of the Civilians I have dealt with every other profession and class, and know the vices and virtues of them all. I do not intend to inflict upon the reader all that I have seen or heard; I shall select a few salient instances and request his attention to them and to them only. But before I proceed to lay them before him, it is necessary that I should notice a few of the many attacks that defaulting borrowers sometimes hurl at the heads of the people who belong to my class. The reason is obvious. If we are really the scourges that we are represented to be, if instead of doing good we have done, as it is said, incalculable harm, if we are bloodsuckers and leeches, as we are sometimes called, no moral precepts, no results of experience, coming from any of us

would be regarded or even listened to. But it will be seen that the hard words, which are used with regard to us, are mere empty nonsense, that we, as a class, are as useful members of society as the lawyers for instance, and that, "not to put too fine a point upon it", we are not quite as bad as we are represented.

The prejudice which seems to have grown up against money-lenders is of very recent date. When I first began my business, or rather when the business first opened my eyes to its advantages, and for many years afterwards I never heard any thing said against the money-lenders. At that time my countrymen were a humdrum people, with no foreign notions in their heads and content to walk along the paths followed by our forefathers. Then the "anglicisation" which now stares one in the face, wherever one turns, was not so much as thought of, and we paid little or no heed to what those who did not belong to our country said or thought of us. But since the establishment of the Calcutta University, or I should rather say, since the effect of what is called high education began to be felt in the country, things took a different turn. Our young men went or attempted to go contrary to all the well established and well understood notions of my younger days. Education, which I had been taught to believe and which I still believe, as only the means to enable a person to earn money, is now put forward as something possessing a real and substantial value of its own, independently of its money value. Tenants, whom I was taught to look upon and whom I still look upon, as existing only to minister to the comforts of their landlords, are now said to be as good as their landlords and "a great deal better." Brahmans, whom I always revered and still revere, as demi-gods, are talked of contemptuously and derided both in public and in private. In short, every thing seems to my old eyes to be topsy turvey, and under the circumstances it is no wonder that the money-lenders should be abused. For my part, I should have no objection to being abused if my opponents were only consistent with themselves. But to abuse me one moment as the vilest of the vile, and then to coax me to lend "a few rupees,

only a few rupees" the next, is hard lines. The abuse which is showered on our heads, as I have before hinted, is virulent enough, but it is impossible to understand on what principle it proceeds. If this principle were clearly set forth one could grapple with it and show that it was unsound. But in the place of principle we are treated to a heap of vague and almost unintelligible declamation, with an undercurrent of unhealthy and unscientific sentiment entirely foreign to Bengal. When hard pressed our maligners say that in England, and other highly civilised countries of Europe, the profession of money-lending is followed by a few land sharks whom society does not recognise ; that Jews of the lowest class and vilest description generally recruit the ranks of these sharks ; that no one, with the least pretensions to the name of a gentleman, would lend money out at interest ; that if he did so he would be called a " Jew," and shunned by even his own relations ; that so strong is the feeling on the subject that, even amongst the money-lenders themselves, the " 24 per cents " look down upon the " 60 per cents " ; and that the race is hated with a hatred and despised with a contempt which, if they had not been supported by their enormous " per cents," would have driven them mad. This picture of my brethren in Europe is if true certainly not very flattering. They are to be pitied, for I cannot bring myself to believe, that, beyond lending out money, they do anything to bring the treatment, they receive, upon themselves, and I am sure that they are not better hands at extorting money from their clients—victims if you like—than we are in this country. There must therefore be something radically wrong in European society, and I, for one, am exceedingly thankful that I was not born in a country where to take " 60 per cent " for one's hard earned money at ever so much risk, is considered a gross social and moral sin. Our maligners further urge that even the Muhammadans who, to say the least of it, are not very scrupulous in their dealings with the world, never lend money to their co-religionists at interest. This is nothing new to me. If money-lending is a thing undesirable, if it has done harm to society, which I do not at all admit, it must

be confessed, in all candour, that the system was not introduced here by our Muhammadan rulers. A great deal of, what are called, the demoralising influences now at work in our society, is put down rightly or wrongly to the account of the Muhammadans. Some persons have even gone so far as to say, without a tittle of evidence of any kind, that the present unsatisfactory state of our music is owing to the Muhammadans ! But upon the subject of money-lending nothing can be said against them. I cannot, however, for the life of me, understand why, because the Muhammadan lawgivers who, I suspect, must have been greatly troubled by their creditors, thought fit, for motives which need not be discussed here, to prevent the "faithful" from charging interest on loans, I, who owe no allegiance to muhammadanism, who have nothing in common with it or its votaries on any subject social, moral or religious, who have been taught to hate all its doctrines cordially, should be abused for following a trade which is nowhere forbidden in my religion, which brings me a comfortable income and which, I have no doubt, will place my children far above all want. I say that this abuse is most unreasonable, and as I have before observed, proceeds from an unhealthy and unsubstantial sentiment which, however it may do elsewhere, is not suited to the requirements of society in Bengal. It may be asked how the money-lenders have fared since the prejudice, I have mentioned, sprang up against them. The answer is obvious. We are now as powerful, as devoted to our calling, as vigorous in our exactions, as merciless in our dealings with the widow and the orphan our enemies perhaps would say, as ever we were before. If anything, we are better off now, and so far the result of the warfare waged against us, has been more with than against us.

And indeed it could not be otherwise. In Bengali society every one is a money-lender save he who borrows. From the highest to the lowest, men, women, and children, all are fond of making money by lending it out at interest. So great is the desire that it has almost become a passion and in some instances a most abnormal passion. What would the reader say of a friend

of mine who, though in the hands of money lenders more numerous than he could well count, used to lend out his borrowed money ! I knew another individual who upon one occasion actually borrowed at an enormous rate, and lent the same money out at the very low rate of 8 per cent. I am as fond of my profession as any body, but I would not, on any account, lend money merely for the sake of lending money, and without making a profit out of it. The women, I must say, are very good in this respect. They never lend merely for the sake of lending, and their charge is almost invariably one anna per rupee per month, which as I know by heart means 75 per cent per annum. And how quietly they carry on their work too. They never make any fuss, never take any promissory notes, hardly ever go into Court, and, what is most to be commended in them is that, they never seem to lose a single pice either of their principal or interest. Their operations are almost entirely confined to women. The borrowers come to them in the *Antaspura*, deposit their security, which generally consists of gold and silver ornaments,—I have known clothes and household utensils to be deposited too, but the instances in which this has been done are rare—take their money in silver, without there being any one present to look on, and go away. Month after month the interest is carried to the lender, and by the appointed time the principal is paid down, the security given back, and there is an end of the matter. No accounts or writings are kept on either side, the calculations are all made mentally, and you may be quite sure that the lender never comes out a loser in the settlement of the accounts. The men, though more shrewd, have to deal with less delicate subjects, and consequently they sometimes lose their money ; but if they lose in one instance they make up the loss from hundreds of instances where it is all gain to them. Boys at school who lend money hardly ever lose. They keep the class books belonging to the borrower in pawn, and as the term of the loan is very short, the money is liquidated with interest, which I have known to vary from one anna to two annas per rupee per month, at the time fixed. It will be seen that in every rank,

of life in Bengal money-lending is looked upon as a legitimate profession, and to extinguish those who follow it is no easy matter.

I thought at one time that the College graduates with their mouthy expressions, their hatred of all things orthodox, and their desire to uproot all our ancient institutions, would be our most formidable foes. I feared that, both by example and precept, they would induce the rising generation to be neither borrowers nor lenders, and that the young men, for a time at least—for what are called “reforms” in this country are only evanescent and fleeting—would keep aloof from us. My apprehensions have, however, all been dispelled, for instead of attacking us and dissuading the young under their influence to come to us, a good many of the graduates have joined our ranks, and I have no doubt the rest will follow. Some of those specially who have settled down in Mofussil towns and villages bid fair to surpass the old folks of the profession by their cunning and ingenuity, and I fervently hope that the deity who presides over the destinies of our calling will preserve and protect them. Compare our profession here with the money-lenders in Europe! Why, the thing is preposterous. Instead of being a social disgrace, the profession here leads on to social advancement. Instead of being shunned, you are courted not only by your fellow-countrymen but by people belonging to the governing class. Instead of being obliged to hide your head in some out-of-the way corner you are called upon to perform municipal functions and to assist in leading Bengali society. The Viceroy’s Levees and Drawing-Rooms are open to you. You are asked out to all sorts of parties and gatherings. The wife of your bosom, instead of chiding you for your heartlessness, assists you in getting together as much money as possible. The son you dote upon, never by look or gesture seems to find fault with your dealings with the widow and the orphan. If you buy up a litigation, with a profit after a moderate outlay for a year or two, of 500 or 600 per cent, you are universally extolled for your shrewdness and foresight. Can any profession be better than this? What, if we grind our clients down to the dust? What, if our exactions break up houses and homes? What,

if we send people prematurely to the grave by our relentless demands? What, if widows and orphans are cheated for our profit? What, if we are obliged to have recourse to fraud and dissimulation to compass our ends? What, if we keep the labouring classes in a state of chronic insolvency, thereby preventing them from making any exertions to better themselves? What, if through our means the moral tone of our society is kept in a frightfully bad state? Does not society support us in all that we do, caress us like the favored sons we are, and perpetually bid us God speed? But hold. I have exhausted the space at my command by my defence of the profession. I will go on with my experiences at some future time.

SWEET REPLIES.

1

I AM sick, Lord Christ, sharp pains I feel ;—
 “The Great Healer I, and I shall heal.”

2

I am poor, Lord Christ, all day I pine ;—
 “I will enrich, for true wealth is mine.”

3

I am bound, Lord Christ, as you well see ;—
 “I will break thy bands and set thee free.”

4

I'm worldly, and I am hard of heart ;—
 “I'll teach thee to choose the better part.”

5

Snivelling and sad the tones of my voice ;—
 “In me thou shalt aye truly rejoice.”

6

This skin is noisome, and leprous, and sore ;—
 “One touch of mine shall its bloom restore.”

7

I'm slothful and therefore fail to come ;—
 “I seek the strayed ones and bring them home.”

8

I stifle oft the grace you bestow ;—

“God’s gift never repentance doth know.”

9

Nor pore o’er Thy Book from day to day ;—

“But still each moment you’ve power to pray.”*

10

Good Lord ! Every doubting plea you’ve waived ;—

“Believe in me and thou shalt be saved.”

DRAMA AMONG THE ANCIENT HINDUS.

By

SURENDRA KRISHNA DUTT, B. A., B. L.

POETRY is generally divided into three great divisions, Lyric, Dramatic and Epic. Epic poetry signifies, from its root Epos, a narrative, *i. e.*, a story related in narration only. In the Lyric, the story must be so worded that it may be sung to the lyre ; in the Dramatic, the subject is treated in animated conversations, and the whole story is gathered from the speeches and actions of the persons through whom the author speaks. Epics and lyrics may be turned into dramas when they abound in animated conversations, which may be said to be the differentia of the drama. Fictions are dramas when they abound in expressive and animated conversations,—for there is no other material difference between fictions and dramas.

* Yes, Prayer is the Christian’s sheet anchor. The great poet-philosopher Coleridge used to say, that “the act of praying is the very highest energy of which the human heart is capable, praying, that is, with a total concentration of the faculties ; and the great mass of worldly men and of learned men are absolutely incapable of prayer.”

Drama may therefore be defined to be a narrative which abounds in animated conversations, and which is acted on the stage by means of scenic representations. The author never speaks himself. We shall here only speak of the drama as it stood among our forefathers.

All nations try to make out that their arts and literature have originated with themselves ; and whenever in this investigation, their origin is found to be lost in obscurity and dwells not in the national memory, the gods are called in as the prime inventors. This failing is so universal that the aborigines of almost every country are found to claim their descent from the gods in whom they believe. It is therefore quite natural that the Hindus should think that their drama had its origin with themselves, and tradition says, that they received it from Brahma who taught this art to one of his sons Bharata for the gratification of the gods when they used to assemble for the celebration of some festival. But setting aside this tradition of the divine origin of the drama among our forefathers, it may be asserted without hesitation that the Hindu drama had its origin with the Hindus ; for as H. H. Wilson justly remarks, "it is impossible that they should have borrowed this kind of composition from either the ancient or modern ages. The nations of Europe possessed no Dramatic literature before the 14th or the 15th centuries, at which period the Hindu Drama had passed in its decline. Muhammadan literature has always been a stranger to theatrical writings, so the followers of the prophet when they conquered India could not have communicated that which they never themselves possessed. There is in fact no record of the dramatic composition ever becoming naturalized among the ancient Persians or the Arabians or the Egyptians, so if the Hindus have copied this kind of composition from any people, it could have only been from the Greeks or the Chinese. But a perusal of the ancient Hindu plays will clearly shew how little likely it is that they are indebted to either, as, with the exception of a few features in common which could not fail to occur, they present a characteristic

variety of conduct and construction which strongly evidences both original design and national development.”*

The subject of the drama according to the Hindus ought to be exalted. Some personages above the ordinary people,—generally kings, demigods or deities are the heroes. Among almost every ancient nation, and perhaps also among most of the modern nations who possess a Dramatic literature of their own, we find that the subject of the early dramas is invariably taken from the religious traditions of the country; and the reasons for this are, we believe, not far to seek. Almost in all countries most of the early writers were of the clerical profession, for the clergy alone cultivated literature and arts in olden times, and imparted their knowledge and instructed their followers by means of scenic representations, and thus depicted the lives and doings of the gods in whom they believed. Even in Europe the early writers, generally speaking, were monks or other religious persons, who in their writings extolled the deeds of their patron saints and deities. It is thus we find abundance of miracle-plays and moral plays in the early periods of the history of Dramatic literature.

Drama among the Hindus must embrace one of the principal *rasas*, generally love or heroism; and the other *rasas* must be subservient to these principal ones. The plot should be simple, the incidents consistent, and the business or acting should spring directly from the story and should be free from episodic or prolix interruptions. The time of the action should not be protracted, generally the events of one day ought to be represented in one act. In this respect the Hindu Drama resembled the Greek Drama.

The diction of the *natak* should be perspicuous and polished. The dialogue varies from simple to elaborate, from the conversation of daily life to the highest refinements of poetical taste. But the dialogue in a drama differs from an ordinary dialogue in being more animated and sentimental. The illustrations in the drama

are drawn from every known product of art, or every observable phenomenon of nature. The manners and feelings of the people are delineated as if they were living and breathing before us.

In the Hindu drama there is no scene, the stage is never empty except at the end of each act; a new scene is to be imagined when one person enters on the stage and another goes out of it. The ordinary business dialogue is for the greater part in prose, but reflections and descriptions and the flights of imagination are in verse. There are generally different forms of speech for different characters, generally men speak in Sanskrit and women in Prakrit, from a notion probably that the sacred language could not be spoken by females. Servants generally speak in Prakrit, though not unfrequently they also converse in Sanskrit. Women in those times seem to have been more free and enjoyed greater liberty than their sisters of the present age, though even then they had hardly any access into the society of men. No religious ceremonies, however, could be complete without the presence of females as partakers of their blessings.

There is perhaps not one tragedy among the Hindus, all their plays conclude in happiness. The occasions suitable for dramatic representations, according to the Hindus were the lunar holidays, the coronations of kings, the assemblage of people at fairs or religious festivals, marriages, meetings of friends, the ceremony of the first entrance in a new house or town, birth of a son, &c. The ordinary occasions were the seasons peculiarly sacred to particular divinities. In this respect the Hindus resembled the Athenians, who used to perform their dramatic representations on occasions of festivities, and especially at the spring and autumnal festivals of Bacchus.

The plays of the Hindus like those of the Athenians were only once represented on the stage; a second acting of the same drama was very rare indeed. This is the only reason why the Dramatic literature of the Hindus is so meagre. The drama of the Hindus represented the characters rather as they ought to be than as they were actually found to be; the plays represented the beau ideal

of the human character and always showed the possible triumphs of virtue over vice ; the moral is always palpable and self-evident. Drama, like the other sister arts, suffered under the rule of the Muhammadan conquerors, though it still continued to be now and then composed and acted under independent Hindu chiefs.

Hindu dramatists shew little regard for the unities of times and place, and, if by unity of action is meant the singleness of incident, they exhibit an equal disdain for such restrictions ; at the same time they are not destitute of systematic or sensible rules ; they are as unfamiliar with the extravagance of the Chinese drama, as with the simplicity of the Greek tragedy. The only rules which the Hindus recognized were, that there must be one main plot and action, and the remaining plots, if there be any, must be subservient to the main one. The place ought to be the same in one act, so that the illusion may not be rudely broken ; and the time too must be continuous, so that the imagination may glide on smoothly without any interruptions.

It was when the Sanskrit drama began to decline that the authors waxed more technical, and their writings were chiefly sectarian celebrations—the deeds of Krishna or Siva. The narrative part is longer, and abounds in wire-drawn commonplace descriptions of the day, or the season of the year, or the scorching heat of the summer, or the reviving influence of the spring ; while there is no attempt at incidents beyond the original story ; no attempt at character-painting, and many of the subjects of action which the legends afford are thrown into dull and tiresome dialogues. These defects are indeed to be found occasionally in several of the earlier pieces but only to a limited extent, whereas they form the substance of later compositions. Such is always the case in every science, art or literature, when it has reached the summit of advancement. Thus the technicalities of the Sanskrit drama were more attended to than the sentiments,—the shadow lengthened as the sun of the Sanskrit drama declined.

THE LOT OF MAN.

MIRZA ! you are right ; but your vision is a vision, a phantasma, or a wild dream, the progeny of your hopes, the denizens of fancy's province. Man is a miserable creature, you are a Samaritan, and your genius is a cunning though friendly impostor. Mirza will not take offence. He speaks true, and suffice it to say, we do not differ on the main point at issue ; the rest we consign to the care of the four winds of heaven. What with his self-growing limbs of fabulous dust, now moving or shaking, or stiffened and motionless the next moment, happy if under the influence of our crony *dengue*, and not from the oppression of any such pest, who points his attack against the bowels in chief, and who takes delight to roam in his proper season on the old path of civilization westward ho ! what with his body, itself immoveable, a disproof of the rhymers' brag "liberal not lavish is kind nature's hand," a riddle too abstruse for the art of the statesmanly *Œdipus* to class it under the two divisions of property, and a huge prototype—would for the sake of its easy conveyance, it were otherwise !—against which setting good Jack Falstaff of yore, or knight Hudibras of a later date, for a measure, is but comparing small things with great ; or, with his body—O kind Nature !—no flesh, and all bones, put together with an arrangement, shewing indeed the inimitable skill of the divine artist ! with his body—if body it may be called—the shade of a body rather, resembling closely the fine form of the poet's witch, and requiring but a slight attempt of spiteful Atropos to be gathered up where lives the innocent father of frantic Hamlet ; what with his brain—to penetrate a little internally—the soft yet strong stumbling-block to all physicians, doctors, and metaphysicians, who know no way of explaining the phenomenon—with his brain, in incessant unrest, during night more troubled than the heaving ocean under a raging cyclone, now high, and now hollowed, now foaming and now whirling, and during those moments when inaction next to death prevails, calm they say—but oh ! fond multitude !—most unsettled,

and it may be being worked by the mind and arranging some plot against God or His creatures, or at best if it is subdued by Nature, and its functions are clogged, fantasies bring it work, unexpected and unforeseen ; the destiny of man is miserable in sooth.

Then for a transition from the world of matter to that of soul ; the task though arduous may not be impossible—and “ what is impossible in this creation of God ” saith the most spirited among the supremely timid members of Young Bengal, “ Satan’s crew could bring a ridge of pendant rock over the vexed abyss to the outside bare of this round world.” It was mortifying and shameful to a philosopher of the old school to acknowledge that he could not establish any theory. *Nature abhors a vacuum* was the popular authoritative belief, but by sheer accident the water rose as high as 32 feet, and above that—~~the~~ tube having been longer—there was a space, neither occupied by air, nor by water. Horror of horrors ! an old theory to be lost ? In comes the philosopher and states the rule, *Nature abhors a vacuum but for the first two and thirty feet only.* Thus the Gordian knot is cut, the impossibility overcome. Science will not confess that any thing within her ken is beyond her reach. The Mathematician will not cease to say that at least his line or his plane divides space from the edge or the flat page of the *Bengal Magazine*. Then what is there to hinder us from arguing that the points of separation of soul from matter, the spirit and the flesh and blood of a man, form but a geometrical line or plane.

The difficulties in the understanding of both subjects being not much unlike, why not talk shop about soul as heartily as about matter ? What other facts are the perceptions of the lamp in the sky and near the housetop, diffusing on all sides round weak streams of colored light, which orthodoxy asserts illuminates the abodes on high of ancestors now no more,—of the symphonious music of the bell, and shell, and *dang dang*, and *tom tom*, sounded at evening in the temples of gods, which excites to devotion the Hindu’s heart, but which to him whose approach is pollution is simple nuisance, although he frets not amenable to law,

—of the cool summer breeze of the south, while we sit enjoying the mild and silvery rays of the moon at full,

“ Whose orb

“ Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views

“ At evening from the top of Fesole

“ Or in Valdarno to descry new lands

“ Rivers and mountains in her spotty globe ; ”

than that we see the one, hear the other, and feel the third? Perception is a strange word to the rustic, and to the philosopher as ambiguous as the process is incomprehensible by which its subjects are said to be recognized. But let that pass. Perceptions, say they, are external affections of the soul, whether pleasurable or not, and if so, how far—that's the question.

A son is born, the shell is sounded, and runs the barber, runs the bearer, and runs the porter in all the points of the captain's card. With a slip in his hand, complexion quite red under the genial influence of the mid-day sun on the shadeless plain, and jaws wide apart gasping for breath after he has forced his way, half on foot, half swimming, o'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare, which unless driven to the labor no ordinary mortal would deign to tread, after three quarters or so, rushes a man, Hindustani by dress, into the porch of the Telegraph Department of the Railway Station. There he delivers his red slip, and from a part of his *dopatta*, which for the hasty march he wound round his middle, discovers a rupee, and pays that too. Then Bhojepuri gets a receipt—and without that indeed he would not return; withdraws himself a little way towards the shops, loads his stomach with a pice worth of sweetmeats, drinks a good draught from the shop-keeper's water-jar, and bidding *ram ram* retraces his steps over the manless and trackless fields again.

On the other side, the father having by this time received the message, and read it carefully over, twice, and thrice, and summarily returned thanks to the Great Author, for the safe delivery and the son begotten, declares, much to the relief and no less

to the astonishment of his over-worked and care-worn servants, the day a day of rest. "Thank Heaven" whispers a servant to his peer's ear, "at last we shall spend an evening in ease." The lackeys then sit consulting, not exactly in the manner of the angels in Pandemonium assembled, whose common object was the total overthrow of the sovereignty of God; neither in the way of country *dacoits* who settle their plans of attack and *loot* before commencing action, so that they may not fail if need be to teach the Police a lesson which they would never forget, in case they make bold to get out of their coverts during the darkness of the night; but in a manner peculiar to themselves, the potentates in private conclave deliberate on their state affairs and the methods of increasing their interest in their respective commissions. But a strike does not flourish in any particular place, or in any particular season, nor is it much affected by sun and rain; why may not our domestics pick up a peg here to hang up their *estahar* proclaiming all work closed? That will not be an easy matter; and for the sake of our feet and our hair, we stop.

To return. The father reclining on his easy chair with his heart big with anticipations truly poetic of blissful days to come, bidding defiance to fanciful Euclid, begins, methodically begins, to work out new Q. E. D. 's of paramount importance, on the bare data that a son is born to him and that in the present state of scarcity of employments and appointments, and the deluge of English-speaking brethren, he is in receipt of the round sum of 300 rupees per mensem. Of the various processes of affiliating his boy to his family, and how they are to be performed, of distributing splendid but the least costly gifts among his personal servants, and also those at home, of being present himself in one of the earliest ceremonies, and of a thousand different things, he dreams; when lo! the Magistrate's Chuprassi comes. The man is in his senses again, and reads the news, an explanation wanted for returning from *cutchery* contrary to the *huzoor's* order before 5 o'clock on the day preceding—the day which no few authorities have judged to have some color of the Sabbath, and is considered

half as holy. Instant rises the cheerful man, as one does at the catastrophe of a well-arranged dream ; then seeks for his stockings—overturning in his haste the mess his cook just left—finds them on his bed, where he puts them on, thrusts his legs into his pantaloons, tightens the *chapkan* as he moves on to grasp his *chudder* and *shawl-pagree*, and loudly vociferates “bearer” —the whitewashed walls sympathise with the man in his anguish, and echo “bearer,” saving him the trouble of a second call—but he is too much in haste to be able to await the leisurely approach of the grudge-bearing animal—mark reader!—the differentia so lately discovered, and unaided wears his shining boots. Then lies he to the gateway, no *palki* there, off he goes—the time is about departing twilight—his bearer following him—towards the East into deeper darkness, that way the residence of his superior stood.

Thus fares it with our friend. Thus affect him the fair conditions of humanity. Opponents believe, and young men beware. Our picture has been but a mild one. Illustrations sadder a hundred fold, and ten times even as much, will appear on the least inquiry. But it behoves us not to inflict our brethren with dismal phases of their own states, and make them feel for the same lot poetically, which prosaically they relish so much : we shall be cruel. Then our standards are raised and unfurled, the trumpet is sounded, and the sound goes up to the moon, to the sun, to the stars, and to the proud limbo on high, and proclaims to the universe that man is a miserable creature, that man was made in vain.

BHARADWAJA.

THE MODEL BABOO PAPERS.

V. A Receipt to make a Patriotic Newspaper.

As Patriotic newspapers are at great request at this moment amongst us, I was lately thinking whether any plan could be devised for manufacturing them quickly and in large numbers. Some simple-minded people may suppose that the undertaking is beset with insuperable difficulty, since there can be no newspaper without a clever, at least an intelligent, Editor to conduct it. But this is a mistake. Whatever may be the case with regard to other newspapers in this country, the Patriotic newspapers, which are so highly rated amongst us, ~~require~~ no intelligence in their Editors. Some Kálá Rám Bose, unblest with brains, and guiltless of all knowledge of science, literature, politics, or the arts, might, with the assistance of a certain amount of brass, conduct a weekly newspaper of the Patriotic class, to the perfect satisfaction of his constituents. Such being the case, the easy manufacturing of a Patriotic newspaper is not so hopeless a task as some would represent it to be. I thought it would be a great boon to the public if there were receipts for cooking articles in Patriotic newspapers as there are receipts for cooking dishes. After a great deal of anxious thought, I fixed upon the following receipts, and I shall be truly happy to hear that some Patriotic Editors of this city have tried them and found them useful.

1. For the Principles of a Patriotic Newspaper.

(1). Take a large cake of Windsor Soap, lather it well, and apply the saponaceous foam to all the Bengali gentry, including Maharajahs, Rajahs, Raya Bahadurs *et hoc genus omne*; taking especial care that a quantum suff is applied to every member of the British Indian Association.

N. B. Glycerine soap is to be preferred to Windsor, on account of its superior purifying qualities.

(2). As some Patriotic Editors of the orthodox type might refuse to touch soap which contains hog's lard, butter might be

advantageously substituted for soap, especially as *ghi* is such a favorite with the Native community.

N. B. The butter of cow's milk is to be preferred to that of buffalo's milk.

(3). If butter be not at hand, take half a pound of mustard oil, pour a small quantity each time on the palm of your right hand, and apply it to the gentlemen mentioned above. Go on rubbing till your hand gets warm by friction.

N. B. Take good care that the oil is pure mustard oil, any mixture of linseed with mustard will not produce so good an effect.

(4). Take a bottle of varnish (French varnish is to be preferred to any other sort), and with a good brush apply it copiously to every worn-out custom and social usage of the country.

N. B. Observe that the uglier a custom is the larger the quantity of varnish is to be put upon it.

(5). Get two earthen pots, fill one of them with ink and the other with quick-lime, and with two brushes paint the cheek of every European in the country.

N. B. Care should be taken that both the ink and the quick-lime are not applied to the same cheek. As a general rule the right cheek should be painted with ink, and the left with quick-lime.

(6). Take six *chhitaks* of Self-interest, four *chhitaks* of Vanity, eight *chhitaks* of Ignorance, and one pound of Conceit. Mix well. The compound will be the well-known Essence of Kansariparah Patriotism. Pour a few drops of the Essence on every page of the newspaper till it assumes a glossy appearance.

N. B. If you want the Essence to be sweet-scented and fragrant, you must add a *chhitak* of the essence of Gall and Wormwood.

I think these directions will suffice for the principles of a model Patriotic Newspaper. I now come to

2. *The Leaders of a Patriotic Newspaper.*

(1). Take the most sonorous words in the English language, one pound of Froth, and two pounds of Nonsense. Mix, and pour the mixture upon the Editorial columns.

(2). Take a pair of sharp scissors and a good quantity of paste. Clip from other newspapers as much as you can, making here and there some verbal changes to escape detection; paste them on your paper.

(3). If you want to give a learned and statistical air to your paper, transfer to it a whole page of figured statements from the last Bengal Administration Report or the last Financial Statement.

(4). In order to display to the public your keen sense of the ludicrous, and thorough appreciation of the virtues of your countrymen, you should now and then write articles on "Scotch Morality," and denounce the indecencies of the Reverend Dr. Barony.

3. *The Critical department, of the Patriotic Newspaper.*

Our Patriotic Editors are, in general, not bad critics. They are as good judges of English composition as a Bengal ryot is of wines. As their bump of Criticism is in a high state of development, it is unnecessary for me to give many directions on this point. I shall only give two.

(1). Praise up the publications of your friends, though they be poor and wretched stuff. Call them "splendid," "rich," "superb," "magnificent."

(2). Cry down the publications of those who, you suppose, are your enemies, though they be excellent. Speak of them as "below mark," "beneath contempt." Though your intelligent readers will pity your Gothic taste and your petty pique, those of your readers who are fools will be sure to believe you.

MODEL BABOO.

ERRATA.

Page 463, line 13, for *answer* read answer.

Page 466, line 13, for *muhammadanism* read Muhammadanism.

Do., line 14, for *morial* read moral.

Do., line 24, for *agaist* read against.

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1873.



ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN BENGAL.

By ARCYDAE.

Still, we believe on the present day be inclined to dispute the fact, that justice is now much better administered in this country than under the best of the Muhamnadan rulers. If race prejudices are now and then allowed to stand in the way of impartial distribution of justice, such cases are at best isolated and sink into insignificance when compared with the mass of judicial work performed year after year. And if the rich have still an advantage over the poor, such advantage we hope is decreasing every day; and legislation, it must be admitted, is trying hard to help those who cannot help themselves. The equality on principle of all men is unhesitatingly recognized by our courts, and though we have not yet seen this principle carried into action, the recognition of the principle itself is a great thing;—it is so much gained in the cause of humanity.

Antecedent to the coming of the English to this country, a portion of the judicial work seems to have been performed by the *kázis* who were versed in Muhammadan literature and expounded the Muhammadan law. A large portion of the criminal work however came before the governor or other executive officer of the province, while petty cases among the poor people in the country parts were mostly decided by the zemindars living on the spot; and this practice still continues all over the country. It cannot be denied that substantial justice was done in most cases

by this system of administration, as the parties who sat in judgment could hardly fail to ascertain the real facts in any particular case, and were indeed in many cases personally acquainted with the true facts. Such courts, however, as may be expected, were open to corruption, and there was little chance of justice being done therefore, when the proud man oppressed the poor and the lowly.

Nor should we forget to mention the village Panchayets of Bengal, which were among the most beautiful and beneficial institutions of the land. The Panchayet consisted of the most respectable men in the village, and as the members were hardly ever ignorant of the real facts of the case, the most arduous duty of a judge was simplified, and there was little temptation for falsehood or concealment of the truth. The Panchayet sat surrounded by the good and *mátabbar* men of the village, and after discussing in a conversational style the facts of the case pronounced their judgment in the presence of all. This way of settling disputes is by no means bad, and it is a pity the practice is fast falling off. At the same time however it must be remembered, that Panchayets will answer only in petty cases, and cannot be expected to do justice in cases in which one of the parties is strong or influential. Even in petty cases we need assurance that the Panchayets did not betray a weakness for men of superior caste, or men endued with exceptional claims to deference and respect.

Such then was in short the system of administration of justice among our forefathers, and few will deny that it was vastly inferior to the system at present obtaining. Corruption was the bane of the system under the Muhammadans, corruption is unheard of among the judicial officers of the present day. In a word, the Muhammadan system facilitated the work of ascertaining the real facts of any particular case, but left the gates of corruption wide open; the English system secured integrity but threw obstacles in the way of ascertaining the truth. The English on coming to this country declared, and rightly declared, that corruption was the greater evil of the two, and doomed and

discarded the old system, and introduced the English system in India. To shew how far it is possible to combine the two systems and choose a happy medium, and to point out the defects of the system now obtaining, are the purposes of this article.

We have said that our rulers introduced the English system in India. Unfortunately they introduced it almost word per word and letter per letter ;—they forgot to modify it in accordance with the peculiar wants and exigencies of the country. The main defects, therefore, in the administration of justice in this country, are such as a foreign nation may be expected to commit through its inability to realize the peculiar requirements of a different people. Judicial maxims and institutions, which have grown up among the people of England during centuries together, have been transferred ~~unwisely~~ bodily to India. It seems to have never been considered that, in every country, there are a thousand and one different conditions which, like the minute wheels of an engine, regulate and modify the action of any particular maxim or institution, and these conditions are widely different in India from what they are in England.

One of the most prominent instances, in which an English institution has miserably failed in its working in this country, will be found in the system of jury trial. Even in England, it is by no means unusual to hear in the present day the advisability of continuing jury trials called into question, and the arguments brought forward are often not easy to refute. English juries of olden times,—times when the liberties of the people were threatened by the whims of oppressive kings and oppressive courts,—did invaluable service by saving the lives and properties of the people. In times, too, when the corruption of English judges was as notorious as their integrity is in the present times, the jury system was a safe-guard against injustice by precluding the possibility of corruption. But these and such like reasons in favor of jury trials have now ceased to exist. Oppression of kings and royal courts is in the present day impossible in England, as popular freedom has grown up with mushroom

growth within the last hundred years, and has assumed gigantic dimensions. Corruption of English judges too is a thing of the past ; and the argument, that the common sense of a dozen ordinary men may be more depended upon than the refined judgment of an experienced judge, certainly hears well in theory but is hardly found to be sound in practice.

If then jury trials in England be a thing that may be dispensed with, in India the system has proved positively injurious. Those who are familiarly acquainted with the proceedings in our Sessions Courts must be fully aware of the fact that our juries, consisting mostly of uneducated shopkeepers and petty traders, are often blinded by gross prejudices, and are influenced by a variety of sympathies ^{as} and antipathies utterly inconsistent with the administration of impartial justice. ~~There is~~ the reluctance betrayed by jurymen to convict Brahmans, and women, and prisoners well born or connected, is but too well known, and cases not unfrequently happen of the grossest injustice, in which foul offenders are set free because they succeed in winning the sympathy of jurymen. In a word, juries in our country are too often betrayed into a lamentable weakness in favor of the influential as against the lowly,—in favor of the rich as against the poor.

But there is a still greater act of injustice perpetrated by another class of jurymen in this country,—an injustice perpetrated in favor of the White as against the Black. There can be no gainsaying or winking at the fact,—and we hardly think our European readers will deny it either,—that a European sinning against an Indian has hardly a fair chance of conviction, has hardly any chance of conviction in the High Court in Calcutta. It is well known that the men who generally compose the jury in such cases do not by any means represent the educated and enlightened portion of Englishmen in India ; and justice and mercy are unhesitatingly sacrificed to national prejudice of the rankest description. We should always be slow to find fault with the conduct and motives of our rulers, but we confess that, in the perpetuation of a system of injustice, after it has been widely known and distinctly

recognized as such, one can hardly fail to see a most unfortunate manifestation of that Anglo-Saxon egotism which unhesitatingly ignores the rights of others whenever they come in contact with its own. The English in this country are jealously guarded from every possible form of injustice that may proceed from national prejudice, and the meanest English loafer is guarded by a halo of sacredness which the Indian magistrate of the highest rank and respectability must not dare to violate. We are afraid *justice* is sacrificed to this exorbitant jealousy with which English *prestige* is guarded. And this jealousy appears in a still more awkward light, when it is contrasted with the almost dangerous power with which magistrates have been invested when the unhappy criminals happen to be Indians. Far in the wilderness of sub-~~urban~~ youth, armed with summary powers, may curtail the liberties of the subject people without there being a chance of an appeal left,—without so much as a record being kept of the transaction. But so much has been said on this subject that we need not dwell on it.

We do not object to the jealousy with which English prestige is guarded,—indeed such objections would all be made in vain. We do not even claim perfect fair play,—a subject people will always claim for fair play in vain. Let all cases in which Europeans are the defendants be tried by Europeans, but let it be European magistrates or judges and not European juries. We shall willingly confide in the educated and enlightened European for the redress of our grievances even when a European is the offender. But we may not, we cannot, confide in European juries.

The jury system has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Nowhere in Bengal does it serve the purposes of securing the liberties of the people ; for, of all criminal courts, the proceedings of Sessions Courts and the High Court are the least arbitrary, and most widely published. The judges in these courts cannot in any conceivable case be supposed to entertain a grudge against the prisoner, and there is therefore no chance of the

liberties of the people being threatened in these courts. And yet in these courts alone we have the jury system prevailing. The system therefore does no good, and the sooner it is done away with the better. But of this enough.

The difference between English society and society in Bengal is so immense, that laws which have emanated from the one can hardly fail to prove abortive when applied to the other. In one word, society in England may be said to be based on contract, society in Bengal on notions of patriarchal relationship. The English mind persistently refuses to recognize any obligation or duty except such as arises from contract, express or tacit,—the Indian mind as obstinately and tenaciously clings to patriarchal notions of obligations and duties. And our legislators often try to meet the requirements of ~~us, patriarchal~~ commercial notions of justice. This is best illustrated by the laws concerning marriage and the status of women.

To take an instance. Nothing is a more prolific source of disputes and factions in Bengal villages than the seduction of widows. Nothing grieves and mortifies the patriarchal father of a family more than to see his widowed daughter seduced, and he actually runs the risk of being out-casted in society unless he deserts his daughter and stops all communication with her. The injury therefore which the seducer does to the father of the widow is immense, but English law as administered in India cannot and will not recognize this patriarchal grievance, simply because an English widow is supposed to be the mistress of her own actions. This defect in law entails mournful consequences. The injured father obtains no redress in court, and takes the law in his own hands, and disputes and *daládali* swamp our villages.

We shall take another instance. English society recognizes the separate existence and individuality of the married woman, but the patriarchal society of Bengal accords no such status to the wife, and merges her individuality in that of her husband, considering the whole family as one unit of society. Public opinion in England, therefore, bestirs itself for married

women,—public opinion in Bengal declines to concern itself with what takes place within the family unit. Besides, public opinion is a powerful engine in England and controls and regulates the conduct of the husband towards his wife; in Bengal, public opinion is often disregarded, and is thoroughly incompetent to discharge the same function, and the treatment which ladies receive at the hands of their husbands among the rich and influential is often of the most oppressive character. Law steps in to punish the man who is impelled by hunger to commit a theft, or induced by anger to deal a blow; but of the most cruel sort of mental agony to which one human being can be subjected by another, law in its august dignity takes no cognizance. Our metropolis is swamped with instances of rich men revelling in wine and debauchery and surrounded by mistresses in the very house of which the all but discarded wife occupies an obscure corner; and the metropolitan example is but too closely imitated by many a Mofussil zemindar. Cases of this life-long tissue of grief and agony of the poor wife being violently concluded by suicide are by no means unfrequent, and are indeed increasing day by day.

Why will not law interfere for the helpless? The law steps in to punish the adulterer. But is the agony which the husband suffers when his wife is seduced greater than that which the wife suffers in the cases above alluded to? Why then the distinction? We are aware the distinction originated in olden times when the wife was considered to be a sort of property of the husband, and the latter claimed compensation for the “loss of service” of the wife. But Indian law has discarded such barbarous notions, and has made adultery a penal offence. Why not make the offence of the husband penal too? We are aware also of possible objections that may be raised by cold and heartless advocates that Government interference in such cases would be a violation of the sacredness of marriage union and family peace. Sacredness, indeed! When the husband converts the sacredness of connubial union into a hot bed of connubial oppression, we hold it reprehensible of the

Government not to interfere. This much we may add, that no such state of things would have been allowed to exist for a day in England, and if public opinion had not proved a sufficiently strong safeguard against such ill treatment of wives, law would have interfered long before now. As it is, law is not needed in England,—*ergo*, our rulers argue, law is not needed in India.

Not the least important defect in the present system of administration of justice consists, as we stated at the beginning of our article, in the difficulty of ascertaining real facts; and this difficulty is the more singular in a country in which news travels wonderfully fast, and a neighbour is hardly ever ignorant of what his neighbour does. Weakness and dependence on neighbours are among the most marked characteristics of the people of Bengal, and the frequent interchange of service and help is with them a matter of necessity and an every-day and every-hour occurrence. The Bengali considers it a part of his duty to help his neighbours in need, and it is a part of his expectations that his neighbours will help him in need. Naturally enough, the connexion between him and his neighbours is close and intimate, and every one is thoroughly conversant with his neighbour's affairs. Foreigners, who are more exclusive and self-reliant, can hardly have an adequate idea as to how very close this connexion is. Almost every villager knows perfectly well every thing that happens to his co-villager, and there is hardly a single case coming before our criminal courts about which every particular villager does not know the real facts. But the distance at which our courts are placed from particular villages, coupled with the introduction of a foreign and complicated system of law of evidence, has effectually precluded every possibility of the courts' deriving any benefit from this general knowledge among the villagers. While therefore the facts of any particular case are clearly and widely known and loudly trumpeted throughout the length and breadth of the village, the hard working and conscientious magistrate, carefully debarred from such evidence, perspires from head to foot to make out the truth from a mass of false

swearing and exaggerations put forward by so called eye-witnesses. Surely, in the eye of the simple villager the whole proceeding appears as an ingenious mockery of justice, and he would almost wonder why the Magistrate would not stoop to learn the real facts in the same way in which he himself had learnt them.

But the failure of justice in particular cases is not the worst consequence ;—this system of administering justice carries with it a demoralizing effect among the people, which cannot be too strongly censured. People have learnt that the court is determined to act only on the testimony of so-called eye-witnesses produced in the court from a distance sometimes of 20 or 30 miles. To get up such witnesses, to coach them thoroughly, as to what they are to say in a court of justice, to give them lessons in lying and false ~~testimony~~—these are the proper means to win a case ; and people are not slow to adopt such means when their efficacy is proved every day and every hour. Fraud and chicanery are increasing, and the present system of administration is thus contaminating the morals of the villagers of Bengal.

But though we have been free in exposing the evil effects proceeding from the difficulty felt by our courts in ascertaining facts, we hardly see any way in which this difficulty may be got over. We are certainly not prepared to recommend the old systems which prevailed in this country, for we cannot forget the *nuzzurs*, the bribery and corruption which such systems fostered. An attempt may however be made with advantage to revive the ancient Panchayets of Bengal. The people of every village might be called upon to nominate a dozen or more persons, say once every year, to serve as members of the village Panchayet, and decide all petty cases *when the parties are willing* to refer their cases to such Panchayets ; and the courts might confirm the verdict of such Panchayets unless they see strong reasons to the contrary. Even in important cases the Panchayet might be consulted by the court, or asked to send up a report, and the vigour of English laws of evidence might be relaxed to admit some particular classes of hearsay evidence for the ends of justice. We

cannot but think that substantial justice might be much better done by allowing the villagers an important share in its administration. At the same time such an arrangement may be calculated to infuse public spirit and a love of justice among our villagers, and give them practical lessons in the art of administering their own villages, and electing their own representatives.

But this is not all. Our Magistrates themselves should have more opportunities of ascertaining the facts of cases, and this can only be done by increasing their number, and placing a Magistrate almost in every Thana, so that he may see with his own eyes almost every thing that passes in the Mofussil. Called upon to administer only about 50 or 60 villages of a Thana, all within the radius of 5 or 6 miles from his court, such a Magistrate may well be expected to have ^{us} ~~enough to do with~~ every one of such villages. At present the police officer in charge of the Thana has such experience, but shameless corruption pervades and pollutes the ranks of the police, and the present Magistrates cannot place any reliance on the more complete and far-reaching knowledge of the police officers. What is wanted, therefore, is the complete merging of the police in the judicial,—the eliminating of big police appointments, and increasing the number of judicial authorities. But this brings us to the important subject of the police, and we must here pause and make a few remarks on this subject.

Time was when the police of Bengal was the dread of the land, when a dacoity was doubly dreaded because a police investigation was to follow ; and up to the present day the traditions of Bengal are replete with police-oppression remembrances. Act V. of 1861 was passed to remedy this state of things, and it is worth while enquiring how far matters have improved since then. Physical torture used to be applied in olden times for the purpose of extorting confession from prisoners or coaching up witnesses. Physical torture is applied in the present day too, but the torture inflicted in the present day is mild and humane compared with the cruelties of the old police which often ended in

death. Now, we maintain that this is the only thing worth mentioning in which the police has improved,—in all other respects its is quite as bad as ever. The corruption of the police is often complained of, but few are aware of the extent to which it prevails in this country. Few have realized to themselves the astounding fact that not one per cent of constables and head constables are above corruption, and that even among Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors an honest man is an exception. Twelve years have elapsed since the passing of the Police Act, every attempt has been made to raise the stamina of the police,—the pay of an Inspector of police has been increased to Rs. 250, *i. e.* the pay of a Munsiff, and certainly a respectable pay for a post of that nature; a fair trial, therefore, ~~it may be supposed that~~ can be given to this Act, and after such trial ~~the~~ Act has failed most ignominiously.

Nor are the reasons of such failure far to seek. The honesty of a particular man may depend on a variety of circumstances, but the honesty of a class of men, it may be taken for granted as a maxim, will always vary in inverse ratio to the temptations offered. A service therefore which holds out ample temptations for dishonesty, and very faint threats of detection and punishment, may be presumed *a priori* to be tainted with corruption, and police service is precisely and pre-eminently such a one. The only measure therefore likely to prove effective would be, somehow to increase the chances of detection, until every act of dishonesty committed in town or in village by the police has at least a fair chance of being detected and visited with punishment.

But how is this to be effected? We have already hinted at the answer before. Under recent orders and circulars of the Lieutenant Governor, the District Superintendents of police have been made almost completely subordinate to the Magistrates;—why then retain that highly paid post. A large saving may be effected by abolishing the post of District Superintendents, and distributing their work among the Inspectors and the Magistrate's subordinates and clerks. A large saving too may be effected by keeping a Sub-Inspector in every Sub-division (instead of an

inspector), making him completely subordinate to the subdivisional officer. Such saving might be very beneficially spent in placing small paid sub-magistrates in charge of Thanas, who would be subordinate to the subdivisional officers in the same way in which subdivisional officers are subordinate to district officers. Of police, a Head Constable would be quite enough for a Thana,—such Head Constable being made completely subordinate to the Thana judicial officer. Such multiplying of judicial officers, and merging of the police in the judicial may be calculated to be of the greatest possible good to the country. By such an arrangement courts will be brought almost to the door of every sufferer who may seek for justice, and Magistrates too will be able to see almost with their own eyes what ~~is~~ ^{passes} in the Mofussil. Such a system too cannot but impart solace and ~~and~~ ^{to} to the much-oppressed ryot of Bengal, for he cannot but be inspired with confidence by seeing within a few miles of his own home a power capable of curbing the much dreaded Naeb and Gomashita.

We have dwelt so long on the subject of the administration of criminal justice that we must content ourselves with a few passing observations on our civil courts, and we shall confine our remarks to the two important and crying grievances, viz, inordinate expenditure and delay consequent to civil proceedings. The number of our civil courts has been increased since the English came to this country, but a still larger increase is we believe necessary in consequence of the entire change which has taken place in the system of the collection of revenue. The demands of the Muhammadan rulers on the landowners and zemindars were peremptory and exceedingly arbitrary, and varied with the wants and exigencies of the state, and the peaceful or troublesome nature of the times ; but these rulers, consistent in their oppressive principle, also allowed such zemindars the exercise of powers equally arbitrary and oppressive on their dependent tenants and ryots. It followed that the ryots could hardly as a matter of right object to the demands of their zemindars, any more than the zemindars could object to the demands of the Subadar's un-

derlings. In the absence of all right therefore, the only effectual checks on the demands of the masters, and the only thing which the rent-payers could urge with any chance of getting a hearing were, firstly, the chance of the ruin of the rent-payers which would stop up the source of revenue, and, secondly, the immemorial custom of the land which among all patriarchal nations answers the purposes of right, and stretches a helping hand to the poor, being often recognized as inviolate even by arbitrary despots. Under such circumstances civil courts were not necessary in revenue matters,—indeed the realization of revenue was considered so important that even criminal courts would hardly interfere to save the wretched ryot from beating and confinement who had failed to pay his rent. The English in India have ushered in a ~~new era~~ ~~new era~~ ~~new era~~ They have imported into India the all-important notion of *right* as it is understood in Western Europe, and they decline to recognize the inviolability even of custom, unless the custom is embalmed and perpetuated by being converted into a right. The English rule has declared and rightly declared, that the ryot, the tenant and the zemindar, will all have their rights and duties created by laws, and even the imperial Government will be subjected to laws of its own creation and invested with rights and duties. A net work of civil courts therefore is necessary in order to the enforcing of such rights; and while, under the old regime, a custom might be enforced by one's taking up the law in his own hand; under the new regime, courts must be applied to in order to enforcing of a right,—and indeed in every step in the process of collecting and realizing rent. Thus the salutary change in the system of collecting rents requires a vast increase in the number of civil courts.

Have the courts been increased proportionately to the requirements? Painful experience proves the contrary. Poor people quarrelling among themselves about bits of land are loathe to incur the expense and the trouble of dancing attendance on civil courts which are too few in number to do all their work with speed, and often seek redress in criminal courts by disguising their civil

dispute in a criminal form, and seek such redress in vain. Zemindars complain with justice, but complain in vain, that the British Government, while rigorously strict in exacting rent in stated times, affords them no means of exacting rent with equal regularity from their dependent tenants and ryots. The ryots complain with justice, but complain in vain, that the kind care manifested by the British Government in the Revenue Laws to protect their interest is all in vain, for the remedy afforded therein, *viz.*, by complaining in civil courts against unjust exactions and unlawful ousting, is too expensive for them to adopt; and law therefore is in many cases a dead letter to them. All the painful consequences which attend the withholding of justice are observed to ensue, in a mitigated form though it be, from the fact of our civil courts chasing off litigants by the dread ~~us, by the~~ prospect of expense and delay which they hold out. The Naibs and Gomasthas turn their faces against such courts, and exact rent from obstinate ryots in the primitive way, *viz.*, by beating and wrongful confinement; and the ryots themselves often take the law in their own hands, and decide with clubs and sticks their disputes, which our civil courts decline to decide within a reasonable time and expense.

We have confined our remarks almost entirely to rent cases, because Bengal is so thoroughly an agricultural country that a very large proportion of civil cases are rent suits. But all our remarks apply equally well to other civil cases, and people of all denominations will hail the day when the stamp duties will be reduced, and civil courts increased in number, and the gates of civil justice will be opened to the rich and the poor alike.

We shall here conclude. We have strongly recommended the multiplying of courts both civil and criminal, and our reasons lie in a nut-shell. The oriental mind has always associated power with oppression,—power with the abuse of power. The annals of centuries have only strengthened the association and turned it into a fixed idea. To disabuse the mind of such a servile association is certainly a gigantic task; but the attempt ought to be made. The attempt has been made,—and with success too.

among the *educated* people of this country ; but when will the attempt succeed with the *masses*? The popular mind is still as staunch a believer of oppression being one of the attributes of power, as stern a disbeliever in right independently of might, as it ever was ; and the head-and-tail system of justice as administered in our courts not unoften appears to them as a concession in favor of tact and money as against poverty and stupidity. Is it worth while to shew to the popular mind instances of power unattended with oppression, of right existing independently of might? Is it worth while to impress on the popular mind,—even as it has already been thoroughly impressed on the educated mind in Bengal,—ideas of right and justice as they are understood in Western Europe? Then the only way is to multiply our courts, and to ~~afford an opportunity~~ obtain justice almost at his own door. The notion of right is a noble one, but we hope it will not be said of it hereafter in this country, that it was a noble idea that died with John Bull.

PIR PA'HA'R,—MONGHYR.

I stood upon the hills at dawn of day,
 Thick wreaths of mist enwrapt their shaggy side,
 And spread along the plain and moorland wide,
 Which, hid from sight, far, far below me lay ;
 But as the sun upon heaven's broad highway
 Marched with his wonted pomp, and state, and pride,
 Like magic was the curtain rent aside,
 And hill, and field, and stream laugh'd in the golden ray.
 In mute and reverent rapture gazed I on,
 I never look'd upon a scene so bright,
 And thus 'twill be, when here our journey done,
 The Lord will come "with a great wakening light,"
 And sudden from our eyes the veil's withdrawn,
 A more resplendent scene will burst upon our sight !

O. C. DUTT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

CHAPTER V. *Feringi Kamal Bose's House.*

It was some day in the year 1834—I don't remember the month or the day of the month—that I accompanied my father to the General Assembly's Institution, now called the Free Church Institution, which was then held in a house, on the Upper Chitpore Road at Jorasanko, familiarly known as *Feringi Kamal Bose's House*. Who this *Feringi Kamal Bose* was I never heard, but I heard that he obtained the *soubriquet* of *Feringi* on account of his connection with a Portuguese mercantile firm, Messrs. D'Souza and Co, the word *Feringi*,—evidently a corruption of Franki, Frank, that is *Fronti*, ~~the la gr~~ ^{as, the la gr} ~~the la gr~~ having once been the predominant European power in India,—though it means any European in general in the North Western Provinces and other parts of India, is applied in Bengal to an East-Indian or a Portuguese. By the way, it seems to have been not unusual in those days for Bengali gentlemen to rejoice in outlandish additions to their names. There was about that time a Bengali gentleman of the name of Tanu *Magh*, or Tanu the Burmese or rather Arracanese, so called, I suppose, on account of his connection with the Arracan trade; and there was another gentleman of the name of Captain Guru Dás. Not that Guru Dás, whoever he was, ever held a commission in the British Indian army; but he obtained the designation of Captain on account of his intercourse with Captains of ships in the harbour of Calcutta, whom he used to supply with provisions and cargo. *Feringi Kamal Bose's House*, which is situated—and it still stands though somewhat changed in form—one or two houses south of the Brahma Samaj building at Jorasanko, is a historical house, as it is associated with the educational progress and religious reform of the people of Bengal. It was in that house that the Hindu College was first opened under the auspices of David Hare and his co-adjutors. I was in that house that Rájá Rám Mohana Ráya inaugurated

his reforms in the national system of religion by the establishment of the Brahma Sabhá. And it was in that house too that the Revd. Dr. Duff laid the foundation of Missionary education in Bengal,—may I not say in India?—a system which educates the entire man, including his intellectual, moral and religious nature.

As I have mentioned the name of Rájá Rám Mohana Ráya in connection with the General Assembly's Institution, I may take this opportunity to state that in the establishment of his school Dr. Duff was not a little indebted to that distinguished countryman of mine, with whom the Scottish Missionary was on terms of intimacy, though they held very different views on the subject of religion. When Dr. Duff expressed to Rám Mohana Ráya his intention of setting up a school, the latter, who had at the time a ~~small school of his own~~, ~~promised~~ to give to the former all the assistance in his power. And he was true to his word. It was Rám Mohana Ráya that procured for Dr. Duff *Feringi* Kamal Bose's house on a moderate rent. It was Rám Mohana Ráya that supplied Dr. Duff with the five boys with whom he commenced his school. And when the school was established, Rám Mohana Ráya not only constantly visited it, but exercised his vast influence in inducing his countrymen to send their sons to it for education. And, as a striking proof of my illustrious countryman's liberality of views and catholicity of spirit, I may state that, when Dr. Duff spoke to Rám Mohana Ráya on the desirableness of commencing his school every day with a short prayer, the Hindu Reformer not only quite agreed with the Christian Missionary, but proposed that every morning at ten o'clock the Lord's Prayer should be repeated in the presence of all the boys assembled in the Hall of the Institution, as he knew no other prayer more comprehensive in its range, better suited to the wants of man, and more beautiful in its devotion. Dr. Duff followed Rám Mohana Ráya's advice.

Though I believe Dr. Duff took in every boy that applied for admission into his school, my father was under the impression common to a great many of my countrymen, that if he took to

the Missionary teacher a letter of recommendation from some influential gentleman, I should be looked after more than without such a letter. Under this impression he had procured a letter of recommendation from Babu Rádhiká Prasád Ráya, the eldest son of Rajáh Rám Mohana Ráya. Whether this letter was delivered to Dr. Duff or not I do not remember ; indeed, I do not remember that I had a sight that day (I mean the day of my admission into the Institution) of the great Padre whose name had already become a household word in every Hindu home in Calcutta. But I have distinct recollection of having seen that day a European gentleman who was a most important member of the Institution. As I was being taken up to the second floor of the house, I met at the head of the staircase a gentleman dressed in white, and a stick in his hand. He was ~~young and handsome~~, had a very fair skin, seemed to be brimful of energy, and had a determined look. Some of the boys, who were going up the staircase with me, whispered to one another—"Kilif Sáheb ! Kilif Sáheb !" This was Mr. Clift, the Head Master of the Institution, who was the author of a popular book on Political Economy at one time much used in some of the English schools in Calcutta, and of a still more popular book on elementary Geography which is still used in, I believe, almost all the English schools of Lower Bengal.

When I was admitted into the Institution I had no knowledge of English,—indeed, I could not distinguish A from B. But, thanks to the admirable system introduced by Dr. Duff, in a few days I not only mastered the English alphabet, but was able to read short and easy monosyllabic sentences, without going through the drudgery of committing to memory those unmeaning sounds—b a, ba ; b e, be ; b l a, bla ; c l a, cla ; and the rest of that Babylonish jargon. This latter system, namely, the "b l a bla-system," which was prevalent in all the schools at the time, Dr. Duff hated with a perfect hatred—his object being to interest little boys from the very first day of their entrance into school by communicating to them some knowledge. But of this

I shall speak more at large when I come to treat of the system of teaching pursued in the General Assembly's Institution, now called the Free Church Institution.

It was about a month after I had been admitted into the Institution that I had a near view of the Revd. Dr. Duff. He went into the Class while we were engaged in reading the first page of the *First Instructor*,—the first of a series of Class-books compiled by the Reverend Doctor himself; and though thirty-nine years have elapsed since the occurrence of the incident, my recollection of it is as vivid as if it happened only yesterday. I cannot say he walked into the Class—he *rushed* into it, his movements being exceedingly rapid. He was dressed all in black and wore a beard. He scarcely stood still for a single second, but kept his feet and hands moving incessantly like a horse of high mettle. He seemed to have more life than most men I had seen. But what chiefly attracted my notice was the perpetual shrugging of his shoulders,—a habit which he afterwards left off but which he had at the time in full perfection. In our lesson there occurred the word “ox,” he took hold of that word, and catechized us on it for half an hour. He asked us (the Master interpreting his English to us in Bengali) whether we had seen an ox, how many legs it had, whether it had any hands, whether we had any tails, &c., &c., &c., to the infinite entertainment of us all. From the ox he passed on to the “cow,” and asked us of what use the animal was. The reader may rest assured that Dr. Duff did not speak before Hindu boys of the use made of the flesh of the cow, but dwelt chiefly on milk, and cream and curds. He ended, however, with a moral lesson. He knew that the word for a cow in Bengali was *goru*, and he asked whether we knew another Bengali word which was very like it in sound. I was stupid enough not to know what Dr. Duff meant; but a sharp class-fellow of mine quickly said that he knew its paronym, and that it was *guru*, the Brahman spiritual guide. Dr. Duff was quite delighted at the boy's discovery, asked us of what use the *guru* was, and whether, on the whole, the *goru* was not more

useful than the *guru*. He then left our Class and went into another, leaving in our minds seeds of future thought and reflection. Such is my earliest recollection of the Revd. Dr. Duff.

A short time after the occurrence of the above incident—I could not say whether it was one month or two months or three months—we all heard that Dr. Duff had become dangerously ill and that his medical advisers had ordered him away to the bracing climate of his native mountains. The present writer was told many years after by Sir Charles Trevelyan, when that gentleman was the Chancellor of the Indian Exchequer, that, on the occasion alluded to, Dr. Duff was actually carried on board ship and that he was more dead than alive.

After the departure of Dr. Duff, the superintendence of the General Assembly's Institution devolved ~~on~~ colleague the Revd. William Sinclair Mackay, who had joined the Institution in 1831, just one year after its establishment. Of this highly-gifted Missionary I scarcely saw any thing at the time of which I am now speaking; but I shall have to speak a good deal of him and of his varied accomplishments in a subsequent part of these "Recollections," when I had the inestimable privilege of sitting at his feet. Dr. Mackay was ably assisted in the work of the Institution by Mr. Clift, with whom we in the lower classes oftener came in contact than with the amiable and accomplished Missionary at the the head of the establishment. And here let me mention an anecdote of Mr. Clift which fell within the ken of my observation. There were two class-fellows of mine who were brothers, and who rejoiced in the names of Bhima and Pándava. Bhima was of a gentle and quiet disposition; but his brother Pándava overflowed with energy, had a deal of pluck and courage, and was at the bottom of every row in the class. Living in Chunam Gully, in the midst of English sailors who at that time used to take up quarters in that street, they spoke English infinitely better than the rest of the boys in the Class. For myself, I could hardly express one idea in English; and no wonder, for I had read only a few pages of the *First Instructor*, and had

never *seen* an Englishman during the first eight years of my life. I used, therefore, to look upon Bhima and Pándava as perfect prodigies. One day our Master was absent. Mr. Clift, with the invariable stick in his hand, came into the Class-room, and asked us where our teacher was in English, as he was unacquainted with the Bengali language. Most of us gave no answer, as we did not understand the import of the question. Pándava stood up and said—"Sir, our Master has not come to-day." Mr. Clift was apparently struck with the boy's answer and his knowledge of English, said something to him which I did not understand, and immediately promoted him to the class above ours. As Pándava was by no means the dux of the class, we set ourselves up as critics, made many remarks on the promotion, and put ~~him~~ ~~down~~ as a very rash and very whimsical sort of person. I have no other personal recollection of Mr. Clift, as he had left the Institution, and had probably died, before I became a member of the higher classes of the school.

Shortly after Dr. Duff's departure from India we heard a rumour to the effect that the Revd. Mr. Ewart had left Scotland and was coming to join the Institution. As the Overland Route *viâ* Suez had not then been organized, and as all Englishmen came to India *viâ* Cape of Good Hope, it was several months after we heard the rumour that we had the satisfaction of seeing Dr. Ewart personally. About that time took place the public Distribution of Prizes to the students of the Institution, and as all our Prize-books had on their covering the word "Reward" in gold letters, we thought in our simplicity that the name of the Missionary gentleman who was coming to join the Institution was Mr. Reward, and that his name had been printed on all our prize-books as a compliment to him. One day the report spread through all the classes that Mr. Ewart, whom we had mistaken for Mr. Reward, had not only arrived at Calcutta but was in the Institution. Great was our desire to have a look at him. Our curiosity was soon gratified, as he was taken round all the classes. I have a distinct recollection of Dr. Ewart as I saw him for the

first time about thirty-eight years ago. He was a tall young man, about six feet high; well-built, stalwart, bolt upright; though his complexion was fair, his cheeks were ruddy; he had a high fore-head, and a benignant aspect; seemed two or three years below thirty; his countenance beamed with kindness and benevolence: on the whole he seemed to be a man exceedingly loveable, and I felt I could without the slightest fear go up to him and talk to him,—a thing which I, at that time of life, hardly could do to any European. The stalwart young man, who was afterwards to bear, for many years, unaided, the labours of the largest educational Institution in Asia on his own Atlantean shoulders, *walked* every day to school from his house somewhere near Wellington-Square; and I remember I was struck with the fact of his walking instead of driving in a carriage, ~~as I thought School-bus~~ were too noble to make use of their legs for purposes of locomotion. I merely introduce here the Reverend David Ewart to the reader, as I shall have a great deal to say of that devoted and excellent Missionary in these “Recollections.

Before bidding adieu for ever to *Feringi* Kamal Bose’s house, — for the Institution was removed next year to another part of the town,—I may mention an anecdote of my school-life. I was about that time reading the *Third Instructor*, Clift’s Geography, Woollaston’s Elements of English Grammar, and a Bengali Grammar called *Gaudiya Vyākaraṇa* compiled by Rām Mohana Rāya. Our Master was an East-Indian gentleman of the name of J—S—, a man for whom I felt great affection, and whom I cannot now see—for he is still living, and is still connected with the Free Church Institution, may his shadow never growless!—without feeling for him the deepest respect and esteem. Our Master, besides explaining to us every difficulty in the lesson and endeavouring to assist in the development of our faculties of observation and reflection—a point much insisted on by Dr. Duff in his system of teaching,—wished also to cultivate in us the important faculty of Memory. With this view he used to encourage us in committing to memory many passages of the *Third Instructor*.

With our Master's permission we, boys, used to challenge one another to recite two or three pages without a single mistake ; and the boy who failed had to give to the boy who was successful a few pice according to the number of pages recited. This was a private arrangement in our class, made without the sanction or even the knowledge of the Missionary Superintendent of the Institution. As I had a very good memory when a boy,—alas ! that that power should prove so treacherous with advancing years, though I am far from sure that, agreeably to Pope's lines, the "solid power of understanding" has gained proportionally,—I could recite many pages without committing a single mistake, and used therefore to pocket a good many pice from those who accepted my challenge and failed in the mnemonic contest. But, gentle reader, don't imagine that I used to take the pice home. Every pice that any successful competitor gained in these mnemonic games,—and we showed as much enthusiasm in these humble games of ours as the Hellenes did in the far-famed Olympic games,—was spent, during the tiffin hour, in buying sweet-meats for the boys of our Class, which we all devoured with infinite zest ; and as it was generally owing to my feats of memory that these feasts were held, I naturally became immensely popular with my class-fellows. It is questionable whether the sweet-meats did us any good,—so far as I was concerned, they usually gave me diarrhoea,—but the exercises greatly improved my power of memory, for which I could not be sufficiently thankful to my Master.

EASTER.

SOFTLY dawned the morning,
Cold winds were astir,
When the Maries hasted
To the Sepulchre.

Hearts in sorrow beating
For their buried Lord,
For the Master's accents,
For the Incarnate Word.

There a mighty Angel, -
Clothed in spotless white,
With his lightning glance
Met their aching sight.

And he told them, " Maries,
Fear not, Him ye seek
Is not here, but risen,
To His own bespeak."

As with joyous foot-steps
On their way they sail,
The Lord Himself appears
With the words " All hail"

Then they kneel and worship
Thee, the Risen One,
Light upon their garments
From the rising sun.

Each returning Easter
May we joy and pray,
Like to those two Maries
In that glorious day.

H. C. DUTT.

MADEMOISELLE DE LAJOLAIS.

(Continued from page 451.)

It was six o'clock in the evening. A numerous and choice guard were on duty at the castle of St. Cloud. The carriages which entered the avenue were attended or followed by mounted troopers, a large number of promenaders going and coming—all proved that it was for the time being the residence of the Emperor. Against the gate of the park between the two sentry-boxes of the guards, several soldiers, recently returned from Egypt, were chatting and smoking.

"Again then these conspiracies," said one striking against a flint for re-lighting his pipe which had blown out.

"They bring good luck to our Emperor, these conspiracies," said his neighbor, letting go a puff of smoke towards the first speaker.

"Jolly good luck, no doubt," said the other. "To be always on the guard for one's life. On the field of battle, I speak not of *that*—that is of his duty—but in his own house and in his own palace—that passes all limit and toleration."

"All the same; when Bruzaud says that they bring good luck to the Emperor, he is not far wrong," said a third joining in the conversation of the other two.

"An infernal conspiracy made him Consul for life, that which he is now adjudicating has made him Emperor—that's good promotion."

"What is this last?," interrogated a fourth approaching the group:

"You are a capital recruit," said he whose name was Bruzaud. "Where do you come from? From Congo?"

"Well, I do not know whether in French you call Egypt, Congo, but I come from that land of sands where grow the pyramids," said the conscript with a jocose air.

"Then you do not know what has happened here in your absence, and I am going in good fellowship to apprise you of it. Know then that Pichegru, Georges Cadoudal, and Moreau (pity

I have to mention this last because he is brave, I knew him well at Hohenlinden, but it is said jealousy of his ancient companion-in-arms led him to it). These three individuals planned a landing of the English on the coasts of France, and while the first would steal away to assassinate Bonaparte, the two others would render themselves masters of the capital and the provinces—but the worst of it is that all the parties, royalists and republicans, held themselves in readiness to give the finishing stroke, and the final dispute about the cake would certainly have produced a bloody civil war.”

“It is lucky that the thing has been discovered in time,” remarked the unknowing one.

“And how when the Emperor has already granted grace to the two chiefs Polignac and Riviere?” remarked Bruzaud.

“Hold! Riviere, I remember now, that as to Riviere it was only through a trick of Josephine that he has been pardoned,” said his comrade.

“Yes, it was she who solicited her husband. She took upon herself to promise to the aunt and sister of M. de Riviere a free access to the Emperor, although she had been formally forbidden by him thus to interfere, but having learnt at last that these ladies had still been prompted to keep themselves on the look out for the time he would be going to Church, he accorded them grace. I was there, and I heard him repeat several times with quite a composed countenance. “The miserables! To wish to assassinate me—what a mean act! what a mean act!”

A sigh having been wafted towards and heard by Bruzaud as he spoke these words he turned round, and to his astonishment, saw close to him and his companions, a young girl all in tears.

“What do you want, my pretty child?” said he to her.

“The road which conducts to the castle of St. Cloud,” said the young one with an air so modest, so timid, and in a tone so soft, that not a single soldier thought of exchanging any joke or repartee with her.

“You are on it, Miss,” said they.

"O mercy," said the child, as if overcome with great fatigue, "and tell me can any one speak to the Emperor."

"Certainly, it is not forbidden, Miss," said the oldest of the company whose forehead was ornamented with a big head-gear, "any body can speak to him, but to know better his wish and his convenience it will be necessary for you to address the gatekeeper. Enter the compound, you little mother, go across it to the right, you will then see a door with sash frames, knock there, and you will be responded to. Go and dry your tears, believe me. It quite disheartens one to see a young and handsome girl weeping," added he steadfastly looking at her who was thanking him only with her eyes, and directing her steps trembling and unsteady to the spot indicated.

"Sir," said ~~she~~ he, in a voice scarcely audible, to a stout man dressed in a blue coat with red facings who was standing at the gate of the castle, "I wish to speak to the Emperor."

"Have you got a letter of audience, Madam?"

"No, Sir."

"Then I am very sorry you cannot see him."

"And how to manage, sir, to procure a letter of that sort?" asked she with a heavy heart and retaining her tears ready to flow.

But without hearing this, the stout man had already turned from her. Nevertheless a moment after perceiving she was still standing he said to her:

"Get away, Miss, it is forbidden to remain in the compound."

"But I must see the Emperor, I must speak to him," said the young child softly. "Do not send me away I beg you, sir."

"If I allowed all those who would like to see the Emperor and to speak to him to remain here, the compound would soon be full of people. So then, retire, my young lady."

"O Sir, for pity's sake!"

"We have orders, Miss, which it is our duty, carry out; retire then I tell you or I shall have to see you driven out"

"Driven out," repeated Maria and she was going to obey as

her courage had almost deserted her at the prospect of being chased out, when she saw a guard on duty pass by and running up to him she cried, "sir, sir, do accord me a favor, O for pity's sake listen to me."

This voice so pure, these accents which expressed all the sufferings of the heart, touched the feelings of the man.

"What can I do for you, Miss?" asked he.

"I want to speak to the Emperor, sir! O do not refuse it to me," added she with anxiety.

"The Emperor has gone out on a sporting excursion this morning and will not return till late this evening. But what do you want with him?"

"What I want with him!" ejaculated the poor infant astonished, because she thought one may read on her features, in the very tears which she shed, what she wanted, "What I want with him!" repeated she with an appearance of utter desperation, "only the pardon of my father, sir, of general Lajolais sentenced to death by the Emperor."

"Poor girl!" said the guard with an accent so plaintive that the appearance of Mlle Lajolais became somewhat more cheerful.

"You see well," she then said that you cannot refuse my request for speaking to the Emperor."

"He is not here I have told you."

"Or at least to the Empress, or to Madame Louis," added she, for she remembered the praises which were bestowed on the goodness of heart of that young Princess.

"Follow me," said at last the guard moved to the last extremity.

Mlle Lajolais followed the footsteps of her conductor as if afraid that she would not be in time, or that the guard would withdraw his protection from her. Her little feet hardly touched the ground, the appearance of fatigue which was noticeable on her countenance had disappeared as if by enchantment; poor creature! it was hope which reanimated her so: the least

check or discouragement at this moment would have reduced her to nothing.

The guard stopped at the entrance of a small saloon tapestried with green, and pointing out to Maria a young lady who had turned her back towards the door and was busy examining some rare plants in the vases near her, whispered in her ear.—

“That is the Princess Hortense, address yourself to her; her goodness of heart is infinite—go.” Then he retired.

Maria remained standing where she was. Her heart knocked so that she was hardly able to breathe. O how she feared a haughty and cold reception, an evasive reply, a harsh word, how she trembled, the poor child! Alas! she felt that her energies were fast ebbing away, and that if some mild voice did not encourage her a little she was lost, for the life of her father was her’s; at times an oppressing heat, at others a shivering cold seized and oppressed her as she tried to open her mouth and announce her presence to the Princess. This one all the time had her back turned towards the door. One could but see her beautiful blond hair dressed in the Greek fashion and her shape supple and full of grace. A pause; then seeing that the Princess paid no attention to her, Maria hazarded saying,—

“Madam!”

At the sound of this small and trembling voice the Princess turned round; the sight of a young girl all in tears surprised her to the uttermost, “What do you want?” asked she with that air of goodness which gained all hearts for her. But the young girl not replying she added.

“Who are you?”

“Mademoiselle Lajolais,” said Maria with a convulsive sob.

The charming countenance of Madame Louis was suddenly changed into one of lively compassion. “Poor little girl! And what can I do for you?”

“To tell me how I can speak to the Emperor, Madam.”

“Impossible! my poor child,” said the Princess, trying to sweeten by the tone of her voice the bitterness of a refusal.

"O say not, impossible, madam," exclaimed Maria who felt that an audience with the Emperor was the only hope—"say not so, if you knew all that I have undergone to come up to you, you would pity me, you would not say to me, impossible."

"But he is in so great an anger against all the authors of this conspiracy!" added Madame Louis,

"Oh!—nevertheless I cannot believe my father culpable, for then all my courage would leave me."

And Maria allowing herself to be led by the Princess to a sofa dropped upon it with fatigue; Hortense took hold of her hand, pressed it with friendship, and seated herself beside her. Encouraged by this mark of interest, the young girl continued:—"Imagine, Madam, our grief, mine and my mother's, when we heard about this conspiracy, and that my father was implicated in it—no—you can have no idea—then when we heard he had been condemned to death—I do not know how I did not die myself at the dreadful intelligence. I believe that the only thing which sustained me then was the idea of consoling my poor mother.—At last one day—O what a horrible day! we had just risen, mamma had just finished dressing me when a loud noise was heard in the hotel, suddenly our door was forced open, our chamber was filled with armed men, and one of them addressing my mother said 'you must follow us, madam.' And without listening to a single word, without allowing us time to put on our hats or gloves we were made to descend and enter into a carriage; the carriage starts and stops only at a prison-gate——My poor and dear mother at least we were together, that was a consolation," added Maria, crying bitterly all the time. "But they wished to separate us——Oh, death would have been preferable! and notwithstanding my cries, my tears, my prayers, they snatched me from the arms of my mother and shut her up, and put me out at the door senseless. That was the finishing stroke of death for me, madam, and then when I returned to my senses; when I found myself alone, alone in the world without help, without protectors, I so weak,

so full of fear——you can believe it, madam, my heart became as cold as ice and my eyesight grew dim——I thought for a while that it was a frightful dream——But no, it was true——all true——Then I thought of God and prayed!——soon I ceased to implore Him for my father, I had but one only prayer, that is, I asked him for strength or courage to reach you or the Empress——It appeared to me that if I could see you, either you or the Empress, my father's release was certain——And now you tell me——impossible. Why, then, every thing is finished!"

"Well, we shall see," said the Princess who could not retain her tears at this simple and touching recital of sorrows. "But calm yourself. Since when have you left your mother?"

"Since the morning."

"And very likely you have had no food?"

"Pardon me, madam, I have taken a spoonful of soup which the daughter of the turn-key gave me; she had also given a piece of bread which I do not know what I have done with."

"But you must be hungry then? And also if you have walked so far you must feel very much fatigued."

"Oh, I feel neither hunger nor cold, nor fatigue, madam, I feel but one thing that my mother is in prison and my father is condemned to death."

H. C. DUTT.

(To be continued.)

ASCENSION.

LET the sounding anthem swell,
 Christ hath triumphed
 Over sin, and death, and hell :
 Hallelujah.

In a cloud of golden light,
 Past the Saviour
 Out of His own loved ones' sight :
 Hallelujah.

Now He sits at God's right hand.
 Sins forgiving,
 Suppliants we before Him stand .
 Hallelujah.

Once again shall Olivet
 Be in a glow,
 When His throne on earth He'll set :
 Hallelujah.

All His saints with Him He'll bring
 In robes of light,
 He Himself their crownèd King :
 Hallelujah.

H. C. DUTT.

PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA.

RATIONALITY.

THE first and foremost of these Vulgar Errors is the bugbear of rationality. Father, mother, brother, sister, boy, girl, all, all spout rationality. Rationality is stowed forth whole-sale from the forum and the pulpit; rationality is smuggled in retail on the haberdasher's and pawnbroker's stall. Like Hamlet's Ghost, it is rationality here, rationality there, rationality every where! But by Mademoiselle Belinda's ravished lock of hair I swear I can make neither head or tail of this monster Ignis-fatuus that eludes pursuit, and leaves its dupes weltering in the slough of conjecture, or the quagmire of absurdities. What is rationality? Echo cries, what? Is it matter—tangible, eatable, relishable, digestible, matter like pork that invigorates the frame, sublimates the soul, and aids the fulfilment of the command so catholically observed by the well-known orthodox WIFE OF BATH? Or is it airy nothing,—a mere phantasmagoria, presented to the mesmerized vision of the sighing Lothario who, bent on hammering out a dolorous ballad on two deep-blue arches tinsel'd on alabaster, chases fleeting images to which Poetry alone can give a name and local habitation? Or is it neither the one nor the other, as heavy mules are neither horses nor asses?

Heavenly goddess sing!

Declare, O muse! in what ill-fated hour

Sprang the mistake, from what offended power

Old Adam's son a dire contagion spread,

And heap'd the earth with mountains of the dead,

What son of Eve his common sense did slur

And for that son's offence the race did err.

Where is rationality? where dwelleth it, where dwelleth it not? Had it been placed over this curious warehouse of rum odds and ends, like sign-boards of the rival Hatters of blessed emery, balanced on the promontory as hand spectacles without

sied pieces, certainly in these dog-days of cyclones it must have, long ago, been swept off clean to the Bay of Bengal, leaving the Dhobies and Donkeys of this Paradise of Quidnuncs in utrine brotherhood braying syllogisms both *pro* and *con* as regards Joseph Pollock's COSMOGRAPHY or Electorial Theory of the Universe. Is it inside? Ask the Professor of Comparative Anatomy, familiar with every nook and corner of the *Murdanah* and *Zenanah* of the human frame, and fully competent to demonstrate, *quod erat* style, secretion of bile or propulsion of blood after life is extinct, just as the watchmaker illustrates the motions of the various wheels and cog-wheels in the Timepiece minus the mainspring. I say ask the Professor if, in carving the featherless biped from top to toe, his knife ever stumbled upon anything like rationality. Was rationality ever analyzed? Was it ever deodorized? Then why should every mother's son jabber rationality as if it were pickled onions cognizable by princely palates and the palate of the veriest pauper who ever took off hat to a passer-by in the streets of Christian London, where begging for bread has been charitably placed within the provisions of the comprehensive Penal Code, that, here as elsewhere, like the sword of Damocles, dangles, in mid air, suspended by a single hair, over the head of every peacefull citizen living in blissful ignorance when to be victimized by the myrmidons of the universally odious Executive. Instead of incarcerating the famished wretch, disabled by dire disease, or by direr old age, but still fond of clinging to existence by appeals to humanity, we ought to hang, draw, and quarter, each and every itinerant Rationality-monger whose contraband traffic has a more demoralizing effect on society at large than that of the Dullals infesting the purlieus of Conscience Courts or Cosmopolitan Halls.

Can anything more ridiculous be conceived than to stuff the weakest denizen of the globe with idle notions of pré-ominence, that sap and undermine the very foundation stone of the structure on which depend the beauty and harmony of the entire system? Can anything be more mischievous than to knock into heads of

silly mortals the bagatelle of spurious Lordship still sustained by the easy prey of flies and mosquitoes eternally dinning into their ears blistering martial music, and planting the standard of victory under the very nostrils of the Bahadurs in spite of the stupid manœuvres to secure more honorable terms of peace? Can any thing be more impious than to dress up the half-brother of the Orang-outang in garbs coveted by cherubs, and to make him play the Celestial on this ant-eaten bamboo stage, just as his cousin-german Pithecius play the Iron Duke in topboots and pantaloons *a la mode* round the Circus? Can any thing be more blasphemous than to topsy-turvey the arrangement of high Heaven by rudely wrenching asunder the admirable chain that links the semi-vegetable zoophyte with the highest order of angels, and to create a chasm which nothing will bridge over to restore creation to its wonted unity, order and symmetry? No human error—and its name is legion—has proved such a fruitful source of evil as this hypochondria of rationality. Entrenched behind this crape screen bulwark foolish man fulminates his anathemas against the entire animal kingdom, dooming some to slaughter, some to slavery, exacting labor without pay or pension, and goading God's creatures beyond their strength by instruments of cruel device. Nestor is nothing if not instrumental. He eats by means of instruments, he sees by means of instruments, he hears by means of instruments, he moves by means of instruments, and Heaven alone knows what other rational function he means to perform by complications of mechanical powers and by that infernal agent, Steam, which the prince of the fallen angels, foiled in every other attempt to vex Divine Providence, seems to have surreptitiously introduced into the world to rob His creatures of wholesome exercise that so largely contributes to health and comfort, and to reduce the progeny of Adam into an aristocracy of Egyptian mummies? Yes; it is *infra dig* to adjust thy own neck-tie. It is a plebeian occupation. Leave that to proxies, and employ thy rationality for discovering the Philosopher's stone, or ascertaining how many angels can dance on the point of a needle, or,

"Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
 Say, here He gives too little, there too much:
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there,
 Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
 Rejudge His justice, be the God of God.

This morbid appetite for games of Fast and Loose with moral convictions is ill calculated to reflect credit on would-be rational beings. None but an idiot will, it is true, deny that there is a just gradation in the ladder of life. None but a mad man will, on the other hand, admit that the difference in intelligence, sagacity, reason, rationality, or whatever you choose to call it, between one animal and another is a difference of kind and not of degree. The whole animated nature is varied in external as well as internal features. As no two men look alike, so no two think alike. Bentley and Newton interpret identical passages of the "Paradise Lost" as if they were rival texts respectively culled from the Zendavesta and the Alkoran. Descartes represents the ape as a mere "machine," while Darwin recognises in the same gentleman the great progenitor of mankind. Uniformity in effects indicates unconscious mechanism of the cause, diversity indicates intelligent design. In fact, it is these nice shades of distinction in intellect that constitute the strongest argument for establishing the existence of an all-wise Creator. Your accidental ownership of a *kancha* or two of common sense more than your neighbour's is not a reason for calling him a beast any more than the hooked nose of Mr. Smith is a reason for christening Mrs. Brown, who sports a flat one, in the same liberal fashion. Under such a regime, Solon will look down on Lycurgus as a brute, Lycurgus on Draco, and so on *toties quoties*, the mighty brutal tide rolling on South-East by East to the Andaman Islands the

great reservoir of brutality. On all created beings from the highest to the lowest, the brand of imperfection is too legibly stamped to escape the notice of the veriest hobbledehoy that ever wooed a forward girl to contribute to her mirth by the awkwardness of the address. In fact, the magnitude of the imperfection seems to bear a direct ratio to the rank of the blunderer. No archangel stood so high in heaven as Satan, none erred so gravely as he did. No bankruptcy on record, caused by our bazar-going better halves from China to Peru, involved at stake interest higher than the bankruptcy curtain-lectured within the walls of the Garden of Eden.

“ Even so, by tasting of that fruit forbid,

Where they sought knowledge, they did error find;

Ill they desir'd know, and ill they did,

And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.”

It is not the mistake we condemn, but the flimsy attempt to uphold the same after due exposure. We do not find fault with the Crow for sitting upon a Cuckoo's egg, or even upon a rounded piece of chalk ; it is but when genus *homo* buries itself within a huge mare's nest, and broods over shams of uncontested and uncontestable transparency with the rage of storge, that the process of *reductio ad absurdum* receives its finishing stroke—that incubation culminates into the very beautiful and sublime of nonsense. In spite of the wonted eccentricity of the race it may be safely assumed that few will have the hardihood to set up the plea of ignorance in the matter. That would argue a degree of mental obliquity unprecedented in the annals of history. Who has ever examined a bee-hive with average attention and has not had fearfully to discount his own boasted mathematics ? Will the stupid superposition of Euclid stand comparison with the exact science visible in the construction of the hexagonal cells ? But yet in Euclid it is understanding, and in the poor bee a mere instinct ! Coleridge finds the caterpillar wandering from spot to spot, and plant to plant, till it finds the appropriate vegetable ; and again on this chosen vegetable, marks it seeking out and fixing on the part of

the plant, bark, leaf, or petal suited to its nourishment, or (should the animal have assumed the butterfly form), to the deposition of its eggs, and the sustentation of the future *larva*. Again he finds a spinster of five and twenty, with her eyes wide open, lending herself to the lawless embraces of a two legged goat, and, with a view to repeat her innocent recreations *ad infinitum*, leaving the unwelcome intruder by the way side to be wet-nursed by dogs and dry-nursed by jackals. Yet it is reason in the one, and in the other it is "antithesis." It was experience that taught Mozart to play a first rate tune on the Pianoforte in his third year, and only a blind impulse that taught the cat to seek out the particular herb as a recipe for her indigestion! You discover hogsheads of "rational responsible self-consciousness" when GANNA philosophically puts forth his dwarfish hand to pluck the moon out of her sphere, and not a homœopathic dose of that rare commodity in the noble martyrdom of Maida loathe to survive the demise of his beloved master! forsooth! because the magnanimous quadruped does not choose to blow his own trumpet, or pay a gang of hireling pipers to do the elegant for him. Verily, Conceit thy name is HUMBUG!

"A strong conceit is rich, so most men deem :

If not to be, 'tis comfort yet to seem."

Once a Jacobin, a Jacobin for ever. Some crack-brained charlatan in a fit of frenzy dreamt of rationality, and his dear kinsman finds the delusion too sweet to be exchanged for the truth. It serves to feed his vanity, and to preserve inviolate that ghost of a traditional prestige which has done him such yeoman's service. Greed of power makes an arrant coward of him. He lacks moral courage to make a clear breast of it, and by taking his grunting neighbour by the hand, frankly to confess that they are on the same bottom, and that all nursery tales of distinction between them is mere moonshine. In spite of the bluster the bravado is no better than an Oorya-bearer whose clenched fist carried to dangerous proximity of his adversary's hearing organ, is, like the auctioneer's hammer, ever going, but never gone! He

will never do the deed. Driven from one post DON QUIXOTE takes shelter behind a fresh array of quibbles more distressingly amusing than the grasp at straw by the drowning man. "If instinct is understanding, it is not progress!" Progress in perfection! *O tempora! O mores!* Will the author of the "Vital Dynamics" enlighten the world by statistics of the different stages of improvement in the art of human deglutition; and state, in chronological order, when the operation was confined to the optical regions, when to the olfactory, and when, in all rational probability, it is likely to be transferred from its present destination to some other channel more convenient than the gullet? In the absense of such statistics the small fry of thinkers will be apt to place man in the column of brutes so long as progress continues the criterion of reason? If, in the full bloom of rationality, you choose to hobble all the way from the mud hut to the thoroughly cracked High Court of Calcutta, is that any reason why the *Babui* should take to the red tape, and that without the corresponding benefit of a Public Works Department? Or without the benefit of Sir Bartle Frere's prolific Zanzibar mission, the SULTAN BARGASH of the "Community" should forego the luxury of being carried about with his fertile seraglio, palky-fashion, in cases of emergency? The slave-making ant soweth not, but reapeth and enjoyeth immunities not dreamt of in the philosophy of the mighty Sultan of all this gorgeous East. But it is idle, after all, to talk of no improvement amongst the lower animals. Those who choose to remain sceptical in the matter may cross over to the Howrah terminus of the East India Railway, and see with their own eyes the leopard and the keeper lying on the same *charpoy* like man and wife imparadised in one another's arms. Call you this leopard instinct?

"Then vainly the philosopher avers

That reason guides our deeds and instinct theirs.

How can we justly different causes frame

When the effects entirely are the same?

Instinct and reason how can we divide?

'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride."

But the test of the pudding is in the eating of it. The hungry scramble for globules of reason would naturally lead us to suppose that there is really some mystic virtue in this elixir of earthly delight, which would prop up the rickety antediluvian fabric of supremacy for ages clandestinely palmed upon the credulous world, something that would set the clumsy car sticking in the mire agoing again, something that would invest the Neewood JUGGER NAUTH with a hallow of sanctity! Such assumptions, however, are abundantly falsified by every-day experience. Instead of being helped to a higher platform, the chimera has betrayed man into abominations which would put the brutest of the brute to the blush. Not to mention the chicanery, treachery, perjury, forgery, with which this vile abortion of nature has deluged the globe, rendering human society an actual Chinese puzzle that worries the soul, and disqualifies it for the due appreciation and enjoyment of the bounties of Heaven, the very miseries which he unnecessarily inflicts on himself by intemperance and extravagance, will, of themselves, expose the utter absurdity of the claim so arrogantly and shamelessly put forward by him. Point out to me the beast that wastes valuable resource earned by the sweat of the brow at gaming tables, starving its own offsprings, and ruining its own constitution by devoting that time to watch and care which Providence has allotted to rest and peace! Point out to me the beast that poisons itself, and after going through the full complement of alcoholic tactics, is picked up by the Police as a piece of lumber, or, in generous emulation to outfly the lark, is by the laws of gravitation, lodged in the gutter, then and there to be gathered to his forefathers! Point out to me the beast whose nocturnal recreations compel enlightened rulers against their christian instincts to enact laws which in their operations cast into shade the obscenities of the ancient Syrians. If this be rationality, O! save me from it!

“The meaner creatures never feel control
By glowing instinct guided to the goal ;
Each sense is fed, each faculty employ'd,
And all their result is—a life enjoy'd.”

THEN AND NOW.

[*From the German of Hölderlin.*]

As when the bard neath Tibur's trees,
Enwapt in dreams sublime,
Of heaven and all its glorious joys,
Forgot the flight of time ;
When the elms dropp'd coolness o'er him,
And joyously did glow
Around the silver blossoms
The golden Anio.

And as in Plato's classic bowers,
When thro' the foliage green,
Saluted by sweet nightingales,
The star of Love was seen ; —
When all the breezes slumber'd,
And, rippled by the swan,
Thro' myrtle bowers and olive trees,
Cephisus lightly ran.

Such beauty here can still be found,
And still our bosom feels
The blessing which kind Nature showers,
The joys which life reveals :
The sky is still as radiant,
As in the days of yore,
The voice of Spring is still as sweet,
As e'er it was before !

O. C. DUTT.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL AS AN ADMINISTRATOR.

As Her Majesty the Queen of England has just been pleased to confer the distinction of knighthood on His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, a distinction, however, of which he can hardly be proud, shared as it is by men who are vastly inferior to him in abilities, it will not, we trust, be deemed unseasonable briefly to describe the merits of Sir George Campbell as a statesman, and the eminent services he has already rendered to those splendid Provinces the administration of which has been entrusted to his hands. Before being called upon to preside over the administration of Bengal, Sir George Campbell had achieved a wide Indian and British reputation. He had written two works on India containing some very striking and original ideas regarding the better government of the country, and a treatise on Irish Land Tenure which attracted the notice of the British ministry and exercised some influence on the determination of the great Irish question. He had served with distinction in various executive and judicial capacities, and, as a Judge of the High Court of Calcutta, had taken a lively and intelligent interest in the discussions on the great Rent Case. He had been appointed President of the Commission, which was instituted to enquire into the causes of the famine which broke out in Orissa during the administration of Sir Cecil Beadon; and he had in that capacity written an elaborate Report in which some of the defects of the administration of Bengal were pointed out with singular clearness. It was in consequence of these services, and especially of the views of reform held by him that, to use His Honor's own words, "Mr. Campbell was called from his home in the North to preside over the administration of Bengal"; and the history of Bengal during the last twenty-seven months abundantly proves the wisdom of the appointment.

One of the chief characteristics of Sir George Campbell's government is its ceaseless activity. He avowed his determination from the beginning to "govern actively"; and he has been true to

his word. No Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, no administrator of any part of India, ever did so much work during the entire period of their administration, as Sir George Campbell has done within the last twenty-seven months. Sir Frederick Halliday did some good work, but he did a good deal of fiddling too ; Sir John Peter Grant, who was a most able administrator, went through a vast deal of work, and, when roused, was equal to any emergency, but it cannot be said that his administration was habitually active though it was always vigorous ; Sir Cecil Beadon, clever and brilliant, was a "sociable spirit," and depended a little too much on his subordinates ; Sir William Grey, a most conscientious and upright ruler, was highly conservative in his views, and hated change. Sir George Campbell is a miracle of activity. He is a steam engine in trousers. In him is realized the theory of perpetual motion. He knows no rest. One of Pascal's coadjutors said to him, while he was engaged in writing the immortal "Provincial Letters,"—"Let us rest." "Rest !" said Pascal, "have we not a whole Eternity to rest in?" That seems to be Sir George's motto. He cannot rest so long as the helm of the affairs of Bengal is in his hands ; there will be plenty of time to rest in when the vessel safely reaches the harbour. To the Bengali whose maxim is—"It is better to walk than to run, it is better to stand than to walk, it is better to sit down than to stand, and it is best of all to lie down and go to sleep"—to the Bengali, all this ceaseless activity may be ungrateful ; nevertheless, it is beneficial to Bengal which has been for a long time a sort of Sleepy Hollow. The sixty-six millions of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, cannot be sufficiently thankful to have obtained in the person of Sir George Campbell a ruler whose powerful mind is always on the stretch to devise measures of reform and improvement. William Pitt said that he had married the British Constitution ; of Sir George Campbell it may be truly said that he has married the Bengal administration, though the contract is only for five years.

As Sir George is himself a hard worker, he expects hard work from those who serve under him. He does not spare himself,

and he is naturally dissatisfied with the perfunctory discharge of duty by his subordinates. This, if we mistake not, is the secret of his unpopularity with a portion of the Bengal officials. Those good old days have gone by when it was all play, or rather pay, and no work. Sir George is not opposed to good pay, indeed, he has added to it in the case of the Collector-Magistrates ; but he expects honest work.

Another characteristic of Sir George Campbell's government is, that it seeks information. The Lieutenant-Governor at the outset declared it to be his purpose "to seek information in regard to the country and the people of all degrees, and thus obtain the means of elaborating any measures, which might seem to be required, with greater confidence than when we are ignorant of very much that we ought to know." To legislate without full knowledge is to legislate in the dark. Hence all governments in Europe devote no little attention to statistics. In India generally, but especially in Bengal, the Government hardly know any thing of the country and of the people. In Bengal, successive administrations declared such knowledge to be unattainable. Sir George Campbell has already shown that the task is not so impracticable as it has been represented to be. He had been scarcely more than one year in office when a Census of the entire population of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, was taken ; and the elaborate Report just published contains a mass of the most valuable information about the sixty-six millions of people over whom Sir George Campbell bears rule. But these are only the first fruits of the full statistical harvest which is yet to be gathered in in successive years. A statistical department has been organized, the labours of which cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence on the government of the country.

A third feature of the present Bengal administration is, that it is eminently liberal and progressive in its tendencies. In Sir George Campbell's device shines conspicuously in golden letters the word—EXCELSIOR. He has overhauled every department of the state, and endeavoured to re-model and reform it. We need

only refer to the judicial and executive branches of the public service, and in particular to the Police, to Jail discipline, to the Subordinate Executive Service, and to Education. The good effects of some of the changes introduced are not yet apparent as they require time for their manifestation; but any one that considers the character of those changes must feel that they will eventually contribute to the efficiency of the public service and the good of the country. We are of the opinion that the country has lost a great deal by the disallowance of the Bengal Municipalities Bill on which Sir George Campbell bestowed so much attention. That Bill, if passed into law, would have freed the people from those leading-strings to which they have been accustomed from time out of mind, would have raised their dormant energies, created in them public spirit, and trained them to self-government. The fact is, Sir George is a statesman in advance of his age. We are much mistaken if twenty years hence some of his views, which are now reckoned extravagant, will not be adopted and acted upon.

The last characteristic we shall mention of Sir George Campbell's administration, is its cordial sympathy with the mass of the people and its honest desire to enlighten their minds and to ameliorate their condition. We confess the Road Cess Act will operate disastrously on the agricultural population; but that Act, it is to be remembered, is not Sir George Campbell's. It was introduced into the Bengal Council by orders from the Secretary of State, and its provisions had been framed for the most part before Sir George assumed the reins of government. Our countrymen have now been convinced, that they were labouring under a mental hallucination when they fancied that the present Lieutenant-Governor was opposed to high education. It is not that he wishes to educate the higher and middle classes less, but that he wishes to educate the lower classes more. This we regard as the finest feature of the present administration of Bengal. Nothing can be nobler, grander and diviner than to enlighten the minds of the mass of the people, who constitute the real strength of the

nation, and thus to elevate them from their present degraded state. Towards the realization of so glorious a consummation Sir George Campbell has made a good beginning.

It would be idle to deny that Sir George is somewhat unpopular. But what reformer was ever popular with the advocates of the existing state of things? Lord William Bentinck, who introduced many reforms, was greatly unpopular with Anglo-Indians; and yet what name stands higher in the roll of Indian Governors-General for goodness and for beneficence than the honoured name of Lord William Bentinck? To say that a ruler is unpopular with a portion of those over whom he exercises authority,—what is it but to say, that he does not flatter the prejudices of people, that he does not run along the common current of opinion, that he has convictions of his own which he dares reduce to practice in spite of the clamours of the multitude, that he is not a time-server and trimmer, and that he sets greater store by the welfare of the nation than the interests of classes and factions? We dare say the present Lieutenant-Governor would have been vastly more popular if he had led an easy and indolent life at Belvedere, leaving all the work of the administration to his subordinates, if he had oftener given dinners to his own countrymen, and flattered the prejudices of the Baboos of Calcutta. But Sir George Campbell is too dignified, too upright, too earnest, too conscientious a statesman to purchase popularity at so ignoble a price.

THE LAST DREAM OF LIFE.

BY ARCYDÆ.

I.

-Ah who shall say

Why hopes and passions in me star
And struggling in a fearful fray
Oppress my weary sunken heart,
If hopes are cherished to be lost,
And passions felt but to be crost?
In tumult perish all,

And thunder most when deepest fall,
Like cataracts the ear appal !

II.

High hopes were mine when life begun,
And pleasure softly flitting past,
First friendship's dream before me shone,
I fondly hoped the dream would last ;
But friends were strewn before, behind,
Like chaff before the angry wind,——

Each busy in his sphere,—
Each in his round of hope and fear,
Each in his round of joy and care !

III.

And Love ! thou cherub from the skies,
On thy sweet hopes I fondly trusted,
On thee I fixed my wistful eyes,
On thy delusions long I rested.
Of youth's fond eye the fondest beam,
Of youth's wild heart the wildest theme,—
The longest cherished dream !

Alas ! now dried the heavenly stream,
In darkness quenched the lightning gleam !

IV.

Dream after dream by shadows crost !

Like silence after thunder's roll,
Like lurid flames in darkness lost.

And shadows thicken on my soul !
Life's hopes are almost all o'ereast,
Ere yet my sunny youth be past,
Ere cold this cheerless heart !
Then wherefore still new passions start ?
Then wherefore acheth still my heart ?

V.

There's one hope yet ;—still shines afar
Like some unearthly fitful flame,

Ambition's boldly throbbing star,
The radiant beaming star of Fame !
Blazing deed and breathing thought,
Burning thoughts to madness wrought,—
For this my bosom burns,
If this last hope now adverse turns,
I care not,—Dust to Dust returns.

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JULY, 1873.



MADEMOISELLE DE LAJOLAIS.

(Concluded from Page 513.)

THE accent of Mlle Lajolais in uttering these words was so sorrowful that the Princess Hortense stood up, saying—

“Wait for me here, I am going to my mother and we will consult together about the best means of procuring for you an audience with the Emperor.”

“Why speak to the Emperor?” asked a soft voice, which caused the two young people to turn round.

“Mamma, it is Mlle Lajolais”, cried Hortense running towards the Empress, and bringing her towards Maria who had also risen.

“The daughter of the one who wanted to assassinate Bonaparte!” exclaimed Josephine almost in spite of herself.

Maria hid her face with both her hands.

“Is she responsible, mamma?” said Hortense placing her arm around the neck of the Empress and kissing her tenderly.

“O if you but knew how much she is to be pitied, and had any idea of what she has suffered!”

“O that God alone knows”, said Maria with such deep feeling in her voice that the Empress regarded her attentively.

“Who accompanied you here, Miss?” asked Josephine.

“No one, mamma”, replied hastily Hortense, “she has come here alone.”

"So young and alone!" ejaculated the Empress approaching Maria with feelings of interest.

"Yes, alone," repeated Maria with an explosion of anguish.

"And if you do not interest yourself in me, madam, if through you I cannot obtain audience with the Emperor, and if the Emperor does not take pity on me, I shall be soon and for ever alone in the world!"

"Certainly, I will not abandon you", replied at the same time the Empress and her daughter.

"I believe that you are both very good madames, you will have pity for me, but the love of a mother—who will give me that, O my God?"

"Mamma", said Hortense to her mother, "you will be able to procure an audience for her with the Emperor. Is it not so?"

"I am excessively sorry for her, my poor child. But Bonaparte so peremptorily ordered me to spare him such scenes that in truth I fear—and then—he is at the chase as you know—it is necessary that the young girl return some other time."

"And when?"

"To-morrow or the day after. I should wish at least to have the time to apprise Bonaparte beforehand about this new demand for grace."

"But by that time, mamma, her father might be executed."

The Empress reflected for a moment; she hesitated, then seeing the anxiety stamped so vividly on the pale expressive features of Mlle Lajolais she said to her daughter—

"You must keep her here with you—hide her from all eyes, for if Bonaparte knew about her stay here, all might fail—and to-morrow—we shall see what we shall do."

Conformably to her own and her mother's wishes Madame Louis led Mlle Lajolais into her own private apartments; she kept her hid there the remainder of the day and the whole night. The princess herself carried the meals to her, inducing her to eat, but the poor girl had her throat so compressed that she could hardly swallow anything. At night the princess heard her moaning

all the time, and when she rose, she observed that although she had a bed prepared for her in the same room with her, the poor girl had not lain on it. The princess reproached her about it, and Mlle Lajolais pointed out to her a corner on the floor where she had knelt the whole previous night, and said to her—

“I wanted to pray to God only one moment, but the idea that the day which was to appear was perhaps the last on earth for my father kept me there transfixt, motionless—O that God would lend to my accents power to melt the Emperor!”

The princess Louis turned her head to hide tears which filled her beautiful blue eyes.

“Wait for me here,” said she after a pause, “I am going to my mother’s to learn if she has apprised Bonaparte.”

“And I am going once more to pray to God,” added Maria kneeling down.

The gallery which the Emperor was to pass through to the Council Room was a long and broad corridor, lightened through parallel windows, having a view of the Entrance-court and of the gardens. Nine o’clock had just struck, and little by little the two sides of the gallery began to fill with people, with spectators, solicitors, with officers in the service, and with the servants of the mansion. Among all these two women were most conspicuous, the first by her beauty, her toilette, and the gracious air with which she greeted the respectful salutes of all those that passed by her; and the second by her extreme youth, paleness of complexion and features, and beautiful blond hair which fell in numerous curls on her bare shoulders.

“Come, courage,” said the first one to the other, “have courage.”

“I have it,” replied she, but the tone of her voice belied her words.

“I shall not leave you,” said the first. Then to add more weight to her words she laid hold of the hand of the young girl and pressed it with affection.

This act of favor was responded to by a look of sorrow the

most expressive, and incontinently, the beautiful eyes of the child turned towards the door from whence the Emperor was to appear. One could read in those eyes her loving and exalted soul, which seemed to have passed there, leaving the rest of her frame inanimate.

Two hours passed thus, two hours of anxiety and anguish during which both the females scarcely stirred from the place where they stood.

The younger had her eyes fixed on the closed door, expecting it to open, that she may draw her sustained breath and live ; and the other looked steadfastly at her companion. The most profound silence reigned in the gallery, one could almost hear the softest whisper or movement.

Eleven o'clock sounded. The two wings of the door opened and an usher or tip-staff announced—

“The Emperor!”

Several persons pressed forward at the same time.

“Which?” asked Maria with quickness and anxiety.

“He who has his hat on his head,” replied Hortense.

The little girl did not wish to hear more. Seeing or fixing her eyes only on one figure among the crowd which surrounded her, she sprang out and fell at his feet, crying out “Mercy, Mercy!” joining her hands tightly and raising them towards heaven.

At these cries and this unexpected display of feeling the Emperor stopped, knitting his brows.

“Again?” said he in a tone of impatience—“I have already said I do not wish such scenes to occur.”

And crossing his arms on his breast he wanted to pass over.

“Sire,” cried out the young girl to whom the critical position of her father gave an energy beyond her age—“I beg of you, listen to me—in the name of your mother, Sire, do listen to me—in the name of your father accord to me grace for mine. It is my father, Sire,—he must have been dragged, seduced, entrapped into the plot, do forgive him! O, Sire, you hold the life of my father and mine together in your hand—have pity on an

unfortunate child who asks of you the life of her father, Sire, —mercy—pity—pardon”—

“Leave me, mademoiselle,” said the Emperor pushing her almost impatiently.

But without allowing herself to be intimidated (for those moments were to her very dear) Mlle Lajolais trailing on the marble pavement of the gallery cried out with anguish, “O pity, pity, Sire, mercy for my father ! O do cast a look of mercy on me, Sire!”

There was something so heart-rending in that childish voice begging for the life of her father that the Emperor stopped in spite of himself, and fixed his eyes on the one who implored him in so pressing a manner.

Mlle Lajolais was naturally handsome, but at this moment her beauty was that of an angel. Pale as a swan, grief had given to her features an animated expression, her beautiful blond hair was flowing on her bare shoulders, her small hands dry as in fever had at last caught hold of one hand of the Emperor to which they communicated their own burning heat—kneeling, the face bathed in tears, raising her large and blue eyes towards him from whom she expected either life or death—she could no longer speak, nor weep, nor breathe.

“Are you not Mlle Lajolais?” asked the Emperor.

Without replying Maria pressed the hand of the Emperor with more force.

He then said with a severe countenance.

“Know you, mademoiselle, that it is the second time that your father has rendered himself culpable of crimes against the State.”

“I do know,” replied Mlle, “but that only shews that he was innocent,” added she ingeniously.

“But this time he is not so,” said Bonaparte.

“Even if it be so, is it not his pardon I sue for, Sire? grant it, otherwise I shall kill myself in your presence.”

It was not so much what she uttered, but it was the anguish which could be read in her looks, it was the mournful expression

of that charming countenance covering it with a death-like pallor, it was the piteous grip of those small delicate hands, that the Emperor felt and gave way to. No longer able to control his emotion he stooped and said to her.—

“Ah yes, Miss, I do accord it to you—but rise.”

And casting upon her a smile full of goodness and encouragement, he disengaged his hand and disappeared quickly.

The sudden seizure of joy which followed this announcement was more dangerous for Mlle Lajolais than her previous grief. The poor child fell senseless and heavily on the marble floor.

Thanks to the care of the Empress, of the princess Hortense, and of the Court ladies, Mlle Lajolais soon regained her consciousness.

“My father, my father!” murmured she as soon as she could speak—“my father—O may I be the first to announce to him his pardon!”

And rising she attempted to escape from the arms of those who held her, but too feeble from various past emotions, was unsuccessful.

“There is no occasion for such hurry now, Miss,” observed one of the ladies, “take some food and some rest, you may go an hour later.”

“An hour later!” cried Maria. “You wish that I should delay one hour to announce pardon to a man condemned to death, and that man my father! O madame, added she turning towards the Empress, “allow me to part, for mercy’s sake!—Remember, he is my father, that he has his pardon and does not know of it yet.”

“Be it so, my child,” replied the excellent Josephine, adding,

“But you cannot go alone to the prison.”

“I have managed to come alone to the castle,” replied she eagerly.

“Let your Majesty permit us to accompany Mlle Lajolais,” interrupted several voices among the officers and aides-de-camps, who were filled with admiration at the filial solicitude of Mlle Lajolais.

"Monsr. de Lavalette will render me this service," said the Empress smiling with graciousness, "as well as you," pointing out an aid-de-camp on duty, "you will make use of one of my carriages. Go gentlemen, I put under your care Mlle Lajolais."

Although exhausted from fatigue, fasting and trials, Maria refused taking food or repose. She was for seeing the harnessing of the horses herself as well as the other preparations for the departure, and kept quiet only when she found herself and the officers ensconced inside the vehicle.

Then the coach starts at full gallop of six good horses, traversing with incredible rapidity the distance between St. Cloud and the prison. During all the journey Maria, upright and stiff, holds her eyes fixt on the road they had to pursue, her eyes seem to be devouring the distance, her breast heaves as if it was she and not the horses that galloped with the coach, and she is pale, so pale that twice or three times her companions speak to her by way of encouragement, but she does not listen.

When the coach stops she springs from over the foot-step, before Monsr. Lavalette has time to offer his hand for helping her to get down, and she only utters the words "Quick, Quick!" She traverses the long corridor of the prison preceding the jailor and her guides, repeating always "Quick, Quick!" Reaching the door of the prison she is obliged to wait that the jailor may open the lock and withdraw two enormous bolts, but no sooner the door yields than she rushes into the interior, falls on the neck of her father screaming "Papa—Emperor—life—par—," which last word she is unable to complete, her voice is lost in sobs.

General Lajolais believed at first that people were coming to fetch him for his execution, and that his daughter having deceived the vigilance of the guards had braved all risks in order to bid him adieu. But Monsr. de Lavalette soon undeceived him, for seeing that Maria overcome with emotion could not utter a single word, he spoke himself.

"The Emperor has accorded you grace, General," said he to him, "and you owe it to the courage and tender feelings of your daughter."

After this with an emotion which he could not subdue, he recounted to him all that his daughter had done for him.

O how very happy she felt, this young girl, how this moment compensated and more than compensated all that she had suffered ; suffered ? had she really suffered ? she had no remembrance of sufferings at all. All remembrance of sufferings had vanished in the presence of her father, who pressed her with transport to his bosom, covered her face with kisses and tears, and called her his saviour, his providence.

The first transports having subsided, they thought of Madame Lajolais. But the good and excellent Princess Hortense who still lives, blessed and loved by all, she had not forgotten her. By the intercession of her mother, she had obtained the Madame's pardon, and her sentence of transportation had been annulled.

O what a happy moment must Mlle Lajolais have had when, by her courage and perseverance, she found herself reunited to her father and mother ! One must have suffered himself, one must have been separated from the authors of his being and have trembled for their lives, in order to understand how delicious, holy, and ineffable the moment of reunion is ; God alone can give such moments to His chosen !

H. C. DUTT.

THE VETERAN'S ADVICE.

(From the German of Stollberg.)

TAKE, my son, this trusty brand,
Now too heavy for my hand ;
Take my lance and carbine too,
And my courser tried and true.

Hair which now so white appears,
Bore the casque for fifty years,
Fifty bouts in battles brave,
Blunted have both axe and glaive.

When thy sword once sees the sun,
Sheath not till the fight is won ;
Watchful be and prompt alway,
And a lion in the fray.

Ever ready, and in thy post
Where the battle rages most ;
Spare the helpless in the field,
Down with him who scorns to yield.

When thy wavering troops would flee,
And thy flag's in jeopardy,
Fiery daring thou must show,
Rush resistless on the foe.

On the field thy brothers died,
Seven brave youths—their country's pride,
And thy mother pined with grief,
Soon in death she found relief.

I have nearly run my race ;—
Boy,—remember thy disgrace
Will indeed more bitter be,
Than thy brothers' loss to me.

Fear not therefore thou to die,
Trust in God and Death defy ;
May thy gallant deeds proclaim
Thou art worthy of my name.

O. C. DUTT.

RETRENCHMENT OF STATE EXPENDITURE.

"My falcon flies not at ignoble game."

IN concluding his Minute on Local Taxation, Lord Northbrook thus deploras the paucity of suggestions by the Local Administrations for reduction of expenditure, in reply to a circular addressed them on the subject :—

"Lastly, the Governor-General in Council is obliged to express disappointment that in these papers so few suggestions are made which are likely to lead to reduction of expenditure. His Excellency in Council is confident that this is not owing to any want of willingness on the part of the officers of the Government to promote economy in the administration, wherever possible ; and the subject is commended afresh to the anxious consideration of every Local Government and every influential public officer."

We are not very sanguine, we confess, about the results even of this second appeal. The reduction of a clerk may be recommended here, or of a mohurir or chaprassee there ; or a little curtailment of stationery may be thought of somewhere else. But any really effective suggestions for economising the public expenditure must, from the *very nature of things* as they stand at present, touch the emoluments and the patronage of the very heads of the local administrations themselves ; and the lion, when made the arbiter of his own share, certainly does not think that he has *too much*. If Lord Northbrook is earnest about the matter, therefore, —and we have no doubt that he is so,—His Excellency must take the shears into his own hands, and apply them mercilessly wherever there is a redundant growth to be pared, regardless of the yells of interested factions and cliques. Opposition in this he will have to encounter, no doubt, and powerful opposition too ; but abuses were never put down with rose-water alone, and a financial reformer, above all others, must be prepared to brave the most envenomed darts.

Thirty years ago Sir Charles Napier said:—"In India economy means, laying out as little for the country and for

“noble and useful purposes as you can ; and giving as large salaries as you can possibly squeeze out of the public to individuals, adding large establishments. What is an establishment ? An immense number of half-caste and native clerks to do the work that ought to be done by the head of the office ; then add a large number of messengers, or as they are called *peons* or *chaprassis*—*Anglice*, servants for the private convenience of the chief.” How have matters mended since ? The policy in regard to Public Works and office establishments has undergone some change, no doubt,—hereafter to be more fully remarked upon ; but salaries to individuals continue as large as ever ; and the squeezing process has gone on with an accelerated force, till public discontent, rising to a pitch of almost ominous significance, necessitated a parliamentary enquiry into the financial mismanagement of the country. The Supreme Government, no doubt, tried to meet the evil betimes. Unfortunately Lord Mayo and his counsellors were unable to hit on any thing better than a bit of charlatantry of which a quibbling attorney ought to be ashamed. For what, after all, can be the meaning of the famous Decentralization Scheme but to tell the public of India—‘Oh we know you have been bled enough and are faint ; so we don’t want to bleed you any more. We mean only to hand you over to the tender mercies of your own Provincial Administrations for that.’ Divested of its verbose pomposity, this Resolution is but a disgraceful shirking of responsibility at the best,—an attempt to soothe the goaded horse by applying an additional pair of spurs to its sides.* The country ought to be grateful to Lord Northbrook, therefore, for suspending its operation for the present. In his Lordship’s opinion “no further increase of local taxation is now required.” Under a better system of financial administration, we are sure, it will not be required for many a long year to

* In condemning this Resolution in so far as it arms the Provincial Administrations with powers of taxation, we are not to be understood as condemning also the portion of it which gives them discretionary power as to expenditure from *fixed* assignments:

come. And as His Excellency has invited suggestions for reducing expenditure, we mean in this paper to furnish him with a few.

It was remarked by the Honourable Bullen Smith, in course of the debate called forth by the imposition of the 3½th per cent. Income Tax, that retrenchment, to be at all effective, must begin at the *top*. There cannot, we believe, be a second opinion on the subject ; and we intend, therefore, to put the proposition here in a somewhat more definite and practical form. The reader may be aware that the emoluments of Sir Charles Napier, including his sumptuary allowance, when holding the double office of Governor of Scinde, and of Commandant of the forces there, did not exceed 7000£ per annum ; and this he considered to be “really very high pay.” When Lord (then Sir Henry) Hardinge wanted to put him “in point of pay on the same footing as “the Lieutenant Governor of the North Western Provinces,” his answer was, “I am quite satisfied ;” and in a letter addressed to his brother at the time, he remarked—“were I “Hardinge, I would not raise the Scinde salary but *pull down* “*all the others.*” But Lord Northbrook is Hardinge now. Let him only take his cue from Sir Charles, and savings will be effected as with an enchanter’s wand. The tallest poplars must be lopped the first. This done, it will be easy work with the rest. Until the tallest are reduced to reasonable proportions, however, we do not think that it would be fair or expedient to touch the lesser ones. Neither is such a process likely to be attended with much success. We shall be told perhaps, that wholesale prunings from the top downwards, as is recommended here, will impair the efficiency of the administration. We do not believe a bit of it. Even without being edified by His Excellency of Bombay, we knew very well that “money is the only remedy that has yet “been found [by Englishmen] for life in India.” We never did them injustice by crediting them with any higher motives. It will not be denied, however, that, even with the magnificent salaries, hitherto allowed by India to her rulers, she has not been able to obtain the services of any really first class men. We

doubt, in fact, whether with all her profusion in this respect, she has yet succeeded in attracting a single individual of the calibre of those who constitute the front ranks of Cabinet ministers at home. The truth is that men, with reasonable prospects of a career in their own country, will not be tempted out of it, for considerations of a merely pecuniary kind. We do not mean to imply by this that the Indian services have been wholly destitute of able and distinguished men. But these, measured even by the Indian standard, are rare and exceptional cases—mere sprinklings amongst a mass of which average mediocrity only has formed the rule. And for such mediocrity, we must say, the present scale of Indian civil pay is far too high. To realise fully the truth of this remark, it is necessary only to turn to the openings and prospects which lie before this class of men at home; and Sir Philip Wodehouse, we believe, has (unwittingly) done an acceptable service to the cause of Indian economy by unfolding the secret to the public here. Now—we have it on Sir Philip's authority—"the salary of the mass of "public servants on entering the service of the Crown in England "is perhaps £ 100, or something short of Rs. 100 per month. "They work on for forty years; rising to the highest positions in "their respective departments. They are entrusted with business "affecting the whole world—most confidential and intricate—"and at the end of forty years they arrive at a salary of "£1,000." And "that (adds Sir Philip) is a fair description "of the position of public servants of the best ability and education "in England." Mr. Stephen observed in one of his speeches before the Legislative Council, that Indian emoluments for Englishmen ought to be three times as much as they are at home. According to this scale, then, Indian salaries ought to range only from £300 to £3,000 the year. But how vastly in excess of it are they at present! Were the salaries of our Governors, as hinted by Sir Charles Napier, however, (Bengal, the North-west Provinces, and the Punjab being placed on the same footing with Bombay and Madras) to be fixed at £7,000 per annum, and

the other civil salaries to be cut down in proportion, still the range will be from near £400 to £7,000. In other words, public servants on entering the Indian service will receive 4 times as much as they begin with in England, and after serving for 30 or 35 years, 7 times what they can hope to rise to, after working on for 10 years at home. And are we to be seriously told that men, with due qualifications, will not be found to fill our civil appointments even with such a premium as this? A boarding school Miss, we believe, knows better than *that*! In point of fact, too, we should like to learn what are the prospects, even in this country, of Military and of Medical Officers? Do they not range very nearly within Mr. Stephen's limits—we mean, as 2 and 2 being put together, those limits turn out to be? And yet neither the military nor the medical branch of the service has gone a-begging as yet.

Or, can it with reason be contended that Civilians, as a body, are a more talented and a more highly educated set of men than Military or Medical Officers? In the non-regulation Provinces of the empire, as the reader is well aware, the civil and military are engaged side by side in the discharge of both judicial and administrative duties; let the administration reports of those Provinces say whether the civil have shone to any very decided advantage over their military colleagues. And as to medical officers, no man, in his senses, we think, will maintain that it requires less brain and less industry to master the difficulties of a learned and liberal profession than to go through a special training in mere red-tape rules. The truth is, that each of the three Services has turned out a few more or less eminent men; each contains a goodly number of drones; and in all three the bulk is composed of mere average men. This is, as it always has been and must always be among every body of men, and is wholly independent of any salaries which may be allowed to them. What earthly reason can then be adduced for fixing the civil pay at so much a higher pitch than that of the other two aforesaid branches of the public service? Or what for not placing a joint-magistrate, in point of allowance, on the same footing with a lieutenant or an assistant surgeon?

Sir Philip Wodehouse, in ~~his~~ late address to the Convocation of the Bombay University, (already quoted from) has been at some pains to impress on the mind of his audience, the "drawbacks, troubles, and trials, which foreign service entails on Englishmen in India," for which they ought to be remunerated more highly here than "elsewhere," and more highly also than native gentlemen holding similar posts. We shall not stop to consider the significance of these "drawbacks, trials, and troubles," here as a ground of distinction between European and Native salaries; but not being peculiar to gentlemen of the Civil Service alone, they cannot certainly be construed into a reason for placing this branch of the service on an exceptionally higher footing as to the pay and allowances of its members. We may just as well take leave to remind His Excellency here, that the scale according to which European officers are still paid and remunerated in this country, was fixed at a time when it took a twelvemonth to receive a reply from home, and when their "drawbacks, troubles, and trials" must have been ten times as great, at least, as now; and requires some revision, therefore, when one can make a trip to England on a three months' privilege leave.

The *number* also of civil appointments—many of them though filled at present by military officers and some even by uncovenanted men,—calls for the paring knife; and the many fat sinecures, pressing like so many dead weights on almost every part of the country, will, we are sure, make its application this way an easy work. The expediency of placing the Governments of Madras and Bombay on a level with those of Bengal, the North-West Provinces, and the Punjab, and of doing away with the councils and other paraphernalia which, at present, belong to them, is now so generally recognised, and has been urged on the attention of the authorities from so many quarters, as to render it unnecessary that we should do more than make a bare allusion to the subject here. We may observe in passing, however, that the constitution of those Governments was determined at a time when British conquest of the country was radiating

towards the centre from a number of independent points on the coasts,—almost wholly isolated from one another ; and, (economical considerations aside) it must be altogether out of date, even as an anomaly politically, in the present consolidated state of the empire, and when Bombay is in direct communication with Calcutta by rail, and Madras is within an easy distance of the latter by sea.

The axe must next fall on the Financial Minister himself. It is needless to say that this post is only a post-mutiny creation, and was then called into existence only to meet an extraordinary and most emergent financial embarrassment caused by that terrible convulsion. If reason and common sense had been consulted at all in the matter, therefore, it ought, after the crisis had passed away, and matters had returned into their ordinary groove,—to have been sent to the eternal regions with the necessity which gave it birth. Had this been done, the oppression and heart-burning caused by the first Income Tax would soon have been forgotten, or excused or palliated by a felt sense of real public wants. But the budget system (in apish imitation of the practice at home) having been inaugurated with it, the post was kept up for the production only of an (estimated) annual balance sheet, in which the figures were correct on neither side ; which absolutely failed to command the respect or the confidence of the public; and which, to meet imaginary deficits, conjured up by the minister himself, led to the imposition of harassing and oppressive taxes. And thus the jugglery went on till, appalled, as it were, by the extent to which it had carried its prunings, the Supreme Government dropped the scissors from its trembling hands, and invited the Provincial Administrations to take them up, as able to wield them with a firmer nerve. The consequences of this, it would be quite a work of super-erogation here to dilate upon. The press both here and in England is resounding with them. In apologising for the errors of estimate in one of Sir Richard Temple's budgets, Lord Mayo cited the hackneyed rule about prophesying, *viz.* 'not to prophesy until you know.' But Sir Richard (he said) was obliged to prophesy without knowing.

We do not question the Financial Minister's right to err under cover of such a patent as this. But it is no reason certainly why the country should be saddled with the cost of a false and blundering prophet. She wants not a privileged and expensive bungler to cast her horoscope once a year. The truth is, that the main bulk of your budget is mere clerical work. Consisting, as it does, of fixed incomes on the one side, and of fixed charges on the other, it is little more than a transcript of the same figures from year to year. The variable items again, which make up the residual part, must of needs, fluctuate from time to time ; and nothing is gained, therefore, by attempting to give them a false budget fixity at the commencement of the year. These items, to be sure, can, without any difficulty, be laid before the Viceroy in Council, by a secretary of the department, in a compendious form ; and thus the grants to be made for extraordinary works and contingent charges can be determined easily without a pretentious farce. Lord Northbrook, indeed, has virtually abolished the farce this year. What need, then, to keep up the ghost of it at an enormous cost ?

It will be perceived from the above remarks, that the Governments of Bombay and Madras, in their present complex and costly form, as well as the Minister of Finance, owe their continuance up to the present day only to a forgetfulness of the circumstances to which their origin is to be traced,—after those circumstances themselves had passed away. The same may be said, in a great measure also, of two out of the three Chief-Commissionerships which have been created within the last 15 or 20 years,—we mean those of the Central Provinces and of Oudh. Chief-Commissionerships are admittedly temporary expedients—as Dictatorships were in Rome,—and intended only to answer some special end. They must be out of date, therefore, when such end has been served. A separate administration for the Central Provinces was necessitated only by their extremely backward state for want of communication with the other parts of the empire. The Saugor and Nerbudda territory, which formed a part

of the N. W. Provinces, could not then be well governed from Allahabad or Agra,—being too distant, almost inaccessible, it may be said, for good supervision from thence. The same may be said of Sumbulpore from Calcutta, which belonged to Bengal at the time. Nagpore itself, again, formed a separate Commissionership by itself, sequestered from the rest of the empire. But the conditions are now altogether changed. Nagpore and Jubbulpore are within twenty-four hours' journey from Bombay by rail ; and Chuttisgurh has been connected with Nagpore by a good carriage road. Neither will Bombay, even with the Central Provinces tacked to it, form a heavier charge than Bengal. Where then is the policy of having two expensive administrations when one will do ? Oudh, in the same way, stood in need of some radical internal changes, when first annexed. New laws had to be introduced, and old institutions had to be wholly annulled or continued only in a modified form. The people, at the same time, had to be reconciled to the pressure of a foreign rule. All this rendered it imperative, of course, that the province should have for a time the undivided attention of a ruler of its own. But these conditions have since been fulfilled. Oudh has now been as much accustomed to British sway as any other province of the empire ; and the economical relations between the different grades of society have also been settled by law. Ethnically the province is closely allied to Hindustan Proper, and geographically it almost forms a part of it. Nothing therefore stands in the way of its amalgamation, administratively, with the latter, with advantage to the State, and consequently to the public at large.

We now come to an extensive genus of animals, whose spécial varieties have overspread the country under the various names of Commissioners, Inspectors, Superintendents, Supervisors, and the like. If Lord Northbrook will only be pleased to call upon these to shew cause why they should not forthwith cease to be, it would be seen what numbers will have to be consigned to the regions of darkness at once. Here then lies a most promising field for retrenchment before his Lordship ! We can vouch for it that

many of the class under notice have literally nothing to do beyond compiling an annual report from data supplied them by the officials below; and well may the uninitiated ask what the nature and value of this report must be. Bishop Heber, when reviewing Lord Byron's tragedy of *Cain* for the *Quarterly*, naively observed to a friend,—“Of course, I have had occasion to find a reasonable quantity of fault.” So the first thing with your Commissioners and Inspectors in preparing their annual report is “to find a reasonable quantity of fault,” somewhere or with something done. The good Bishop was driven into this *finding* in consequence of being forestalled, in regard to the really salient points of criticism, by a rival of greater taste and skill. But Commissioners and Inspectors, it must be allowed, have a much better reason for following in his steps. Were they to do otherwise, their very occupation will be gone. And then as to the rest of the report, we neither distort nor exaggerate matters when we say, that it has for its basis only some tabulated figures, prepared by a mohurrir on 15 or 20 Rs. a month, (resting, in many cases, on the respectable authority of village *kutwals*, or such like reliable dignitaries,) and is made up of comparisons chiefly of these with the like figures of the previous year. But all this, of course, is laid before the reporter ready cut and dry by his office clerks. All that the great man himself has to do is to add some remarks by way of explaining away the discrepancies between the two years' results. And this he does by indenting on his imagination as best he may; for up to the time of taking up his pen he knew just as much of his subject, or cared to know, as the man in the moon. How precious must be the result!

It deserves to be noted here that the offices of a portion of the class under reference serve also as posting stages for letters and communications between the Secretariats and the offices below. But the labor, the wear and tear of brain, caused by these halts may be summed up thus:—When the letter or communication is travelling in an upward direction, it has to be forwarded, of course, under a decent cover. This begins with the time-honored

official *join*—"I have the honor to submit for the consideration of &c. &c." Then follows a repetition of the contents of the enclosure itself;—to conclude only with another unvarying *join*—"Under these circumstances I request, or solicit, or recommend," as the case may be. And thus the upward work is done. When the letter or communication has to be sent downwards again, even this expenditure of force is hardly required. The natural law of gravity, perhaps, being then relied upon, it is let fall with precisely five stereotyped words—"Forwarded for information and guidance." We would give much to learn if these halts serve any better purpose than to retard the progress of work—causing, necessarily, no small amount of inconvenience to the outside public. The cost of this luxury has to come from their own pockets too!

Some there are again,—and these, perhaps, the most curious of all—mere heads without trunks or limbs of their own, and grafted forcibly on some other departments to serve instead. These bear the new weight with a hearty aversion, of course, and refuse, as often as they can, to do its biddings. Being fixtures in an unnatural position, and unable to execute any movements at will, these grafted heads—poor fellows!—find it difficult to collect materials even for the manufacture of an orthodox yearly report. Their sole business, in consequence, is to bewail annually, like Syrian damsels for Thammuz's wound, their own luckless fate in being unable to carry out their intentions about this or that, owing to their (valuable) efforts not being properly seconded by the departments to which they had to look for aid. A good return this, no doubt, for the thousands which have year after year to be paid to them.

Seriously, we state it as a conviction forced on our mind by ten years of close official experience, that much of what is called departmental supervision and control is a mere sham and delusion, or only meddlesome interference which never leads to good. Your inspection tours mean only shooting excursions at the public cost, to end with just half an hour's walk through the

wards of a hospital or a jail ; a hurried examination of a class in a school, perhaps in a language which the examiner knows not ;* or a cursory glance at some office routine, as the nature of the case may be. Then "a reasonable quantity of fault" being found, as a matter of course, the inspecting or supervising officer takes his leave, chuckling in his sleeves, as he thinks—ah ! there's some matter for the next annual report. Next, as to the current work of an inspecting or supervising office, the six days of the week may be said to be occupied thus :—Monday, in passing a circular order for observance by the offices below ; Tuesday, in explaining away its inconsistency with some other order of a previous date ; Wednesday, in amending the order in consequence of some misgivings being felt as to the sufficiency of the explanation given ; Thursday, in suspending or cancelling it, doubts still continuing to start up ; Friday, in calling upon the subordinate offices to explain why the order has not been acted upon, forgetting that it has been suspended or cancelled ; Saturday, in reviving it again on the suspension or cancellation being brought to notice.† The reader will readily understand how, under such a chaos of clashing and contradictory orders,—each new incumbent being ambitious also to inaugurate a system of his own, making a more or less clean sweep of all that his predecessors had done,—references and explanations must multiply without end, and thus valuable time is wasted in correspondence without any real progress being made. Every thing, we are sure, will go on a great deal more smoothly and expeditiously if the real workers were left a little more to themselves, and were less hampered by orders passed in ignorance of details, and clumsy and unsuitable in point

* The writer being required to be present at one of these examinations was not a little amused by a Circle Inspector of Schools (deaf too, into the bargain !) examining classes in Urdu and Hindi, of which he was unable to read a paragraph himself with ordinary fluency or ease.

† This is no imagination. The records of any office almost will shew how very large a proportion of them is made up of the same things *done*, *undone* and *re-done*, *ronud* and *round*.

of practical application. But the present is altogether a top-heavy system, there being just three men to superintend and inspect the work which one has to perform. And as in nature, whatever is, tries to continue to be, these Inspectors and Superintendents, to prolong their own existence, are obliged to create bastard and spurious work in the absence of any thing real or genuine to do. Look at Commissioners of Revenue, for instance, in Bengal and the North West Provinces, side by side with a Revenue Board. Now that the work of the department has been reduced to one of mere routine, can any man in his senses believe that there is still enough of *needful* occupation for both. It passes our comprehension to perceive what will be lost by placing Collectors in direct communication with the Board itself; or why the Board, assisted by a couple of well-paid Secretaries, cannot be equal to the task of holding the reins over them. Or, if Commissioners are to be preferred to the Board, what earthly advantage is gained by keeping up this costly establishment only to serve as a buffer between the Local Governments and them. Are not Inspectors General and District Superintendents of Police an anomaly also, after their work has been reduced to almost microscopic dimensions by the virtual subordination of the department to the Magistrate of the District? His Excellency the Viceroy, we think, would do well to look to the whole thing with a scrutinizing eye.

Office establishments, we believe, have now been cut down to as low a point as, consistently with the work to be performed, it could be done. But much of this, as indicated above, is mere spurious work, entailed on them by the spurious tribe of officers animadverted upon in the above. When these are swept off, further reductions may be feasible even in this unpromising quarter.

Another way of economising work may also be noticed here. "The whole style of the civil and military correspondence in India (says Sir Charles Napier) is bad and vulgar, and not business-like. Instead of pith, half a sheet is filled with titles and references and dates, where a Horse Guards' letter would

“at once touch the subject; and when you wade through this stuff “you come to nothing comprehensible at last, and you have then “to refer to other letters for explanation of the one in your hand.” Compared with the labor of wading through a file of Indian official correspondence, all other labor—not excepting even the perusal of Dr.Nares’ Life of Burleigh,—were, as Macaulay would say, “but an agreeable recreation.” In unmeaning verbiage it is quite a model in its way, and cannot be surpassed. It would seem as if Indian officials were determined to spare no pains to verify the Frenchman’s remark—that language was given to man to hide his thoughts. But can nothing be done to put a stop to this vicious practice? Forensic speeches, among the ancient Athenians, were limited and regulated by the *clepsydra* or water clock, and the advocate was obliged to stop as soon as the water had run out. And it is to this practice that much of the terseness and conciseness of Grecian oratory has been ascribed. India would be grateful for a *clepsydra* to confine, within reasonable limits, on paper, the effusions of official wisdom. No small amount of time and labor would be saved by it, and the public pocket would, in proportion, be spared.

The short-sighted economy with regard to Public Works has been replaced by an extravagance which is altogether blind; and the mischief is the more threatening here in-as-much as the tax-payer, who has to meet the enormous expenditure, thus recklessly incurred, is not always sure whom he has to thank for forcing it on him. Witness, for instance, the gladiatorial struggle between Mr. Grant Duff and Sir Charles Trevelyan, in the examination of the latter before the Financial Committee, about the paternity of the big “reproductive” barracks costing the country some ten millions of pounds. The Under-Secretary struggled hard to credit the Government of India with the responsibility of them. Sir Charles retorted that “the formation of the sanitary stream was in England.” But what with dates to compare, and conflicting quotations from despatches to adjust, the tax-payer is puzzled how fairly to divide his maledictions

between the two. This very anxiety to cast off responsibility, thus manifested on either side, shows, however, how heartily ashamed—now that they have to swallow the results,—the authorities both here and in England must be of the stupendous blunder which has entailed so heavy a sacrifice on the Indian public. And, as it would be too much to hope that this blunder were the last of its kind, when embryo-theorists and interested improvement-mongers are so busy, it behoves the Viceroy, as the appointed and responsible ruler of the country, to be, above all things, on his guard against the broadside which must every now and then be presented by these delectable benefactors of mankind, especially from home. On this most exposed side, in fact, His Excellency is the sole bulwark of the numerous millions whose destinies have been committed to his care. Were he to yield to every pressure put by the Secretary of State, dancing to the music of sympathetic London sanitarians, engineers, and the rest, the fate of the Indian taxpayer would be sealed. But this must not be allowed. The tide must be rolled back by firm and vigorous representations of the financial state and resources of the country, and of the sufferings and oppression caused by the imposition of new and additional taxes. It is thus only by stemming the current at its fountain-head, that wasteful expenditure can in future be avoided, and grievous delusions cease to be perpetrated in the deceitful name of public works. The executive machinery of the department must also, in some measure, be recast. After the fate of the Saugor and Allahabad barracks, its faulty constitution must be patent to all. Mere paper supervision may be reduced with advantage perhaps ; but the quality of the actually working staff requires to be improved. The subordinates of the department, we fear, are too much exposed to temptation under the present regime ; and so long as this state of things is suffered to continue, Government can hardly expect a fair return for its money. Waste, too, will not be stopped.

The reductions of the Military Department are not to be discussed at the far end of an article. It is necessary that a

separate paper should be devoted to the subject. We conclude, therefore, with an observation of Sir Charles Napier, the truth and justice of which must touch a chord in every heart :—" Every shilling taken beyond the just expense of Government in any country is robbery." It is for His Excellency the Viceroy in Council to see that *no such robbery is going on under his rule.*

B

RICE HARVESTS IN BENGAL.

BY ARCYDÆ.

To travel among rice plains and jungly vegetation, among groups of lowly huts, clumps of bamboos and mangoe topes covering and darkening the villages, with no other companions than the simple and wretched villagers, now sowing the *Aûsh dhum* under the midday sun, and now dragged to the Zemindar's *kachari* for inability to pay rent,—how many of you, neatly dressed Babus of Calcutta, will accompany us in this rustic undertaking? How many of you will care to accompany us through dark, jungly, perhaps malarious villages that may give you the fever,—how many of you will travel through almost unending fields of corn under the midday sun which may give you the sun-stroke? Few we apprehend. But if there are any who consider the task of investigating into the habits and occupations of considerably over half of the people of Bengal as an interesting one,—who amid the astounding progress of our towns have cast a sorrowful look towards the stagnant condition of their brethren of the villages,—who have in solitary moments thought and felt within themselves that the true progress of this country will only commence when the poor Bengal ryot will be bettered in condition,—such we shall gladly have as our companions in our sojourn in the villages, and to such we commend this article.

The Bengali year commences with the month of Vaisâkh (April, May,) and agricultural work in Bengal may also be said to commence with that month. Fields parched up by the rainless

winter and spring of Bengal are ploughed up by the cultivators early in Vaisákh, and the first rains of this month are hailed as a warning that the time for *Aúsh* sowings has come. After a long dry season the earth receives as with grateful joy the first showers of Vaisákh, and the cultivators with no less joy and gratitude begin their *Aúsh* sowings on the moistened face of the earth.

It is well known that the two great classes of rice in Bengal are the *Aúsh* and the *Aman*. The *Aúsh* is sown early as we have seen and grows on high lands, and is reaped early too, viz. in the month of Bhadro (August, September.) The name is probably derived from the word *úsu* which means early. The *Aman* on the other hand almost feeds entirely on rain, and is sown on low lands which are inundated year after year. It is sown rather late, viz. in Ashadh (June, July) when heavy rains have moistened and almost inundated the earth, and reaped late in the Bengali year, viz. in Agraháyana and Pous (December.) The *Aman* is the finer and dearer sort of rice used by the middle and upper classes of Bengal, and is of various kinds such as *Dádkhání*, *Bálám*, &c. The *Aúsh* is cheaper and coarser, and used only by poor people and the villagers.

In the annual rice sowings the Mahájan has an important part to play, and we must therefore make a few observations relating to him. The mahájans discharge a very important function in the social economy of Bengal, so important indeed, that all agricultural work would be at a stand still without their assistance. The improvidence of the Bengal ryot is well known,—indeed it is the natural result of the circumstances under which he is placed and has been placed for centuries together. Prudence and foresight in people presuppose times of security,—times when prudent calculations have at least a fair chance of being realized. For, unless what is saved to-day may be fairly expected to be enjoyed to-morrow, all foresight is fruitless and abstinence folly. Unfortunately however the long roll of Indian history does not disclose to us one instance of a sunny era when the peasants could

with tolerable certainty expect to enjoy the fruits of their savings. What with the exactions of Subadars and Zemindars and taxgatherers, what with the ravages of external and internal war, and what with the periodical devastation of predatory races, security was never known to the poor people of India. Even to the present day the relationship existing between the zemindars and the ryots do not, we are bound to say, foster habits of foresight and prudence among the people. All these circumstances have had their influence on the formation of the character of the Indian peasant and made him what he is—a creature without foresight, caring only for to-day and unable or unwilling to provide for to-morrow. When therefore that to-morrow comes,—when the ryot wants money either to pay a tax or for his own support,—either to pay the Zemindar's rent or to sow his lands, he must borrow money or *dhan* at any rate at which it can be had; and exorbitant rates have naturally raised a class of people who following different pursuits of life depend mainly on lending money. Nor is it the ryot alone who is so improvident. The Zemindar, the Taluqdar, the Gantidar, every one resorts to the Maháján in times of need, and resorts to him not in vain. People who know little of village life have been started at hearing the rates of interest (which are never less than 25 per cent, and seldom less than $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent) at which mahájans lend their money and *dhan*; and Government we hear are contemplating taking steps in this subject. We are afraid such steps if taken will produce much harm and no good. The prudence and foresight of the money lenders compensate for the improvidence of the entire village population of Bengal; and they, as a body save entire classes of people from utter ruin year after year. Not even half the zemindars could pay revenue to Government every year independently of the assistance of the mahájans and hardly 10 percent of the ryots could without such assistance carry on their agricultural work year after year. They borrow *dhan* mostly in Vaisákh for the purposes of sowing as well as to live upon, and pay off this agricultural debt at a high rate of interest either at the *Aúsh* harvest in Bhadra, or at the *Áman*

harvest in Magh. Nor would the rates seem exorbitant when we consider it a tax which shameless improvidence pays to the only means that can save it from ruin,—when we further consider the risk undertaken, the difficulties which often attend recovery, and above all the universality of the demand. Indeed in this case, as in every other case of a similar nature, the laws of demand and supply regulate and determine the rates, and government interference will only create mischief. Any usury laws that may be enacted are sure to be evaded, and the poor ryots,—the borrowers,—would have to pay the cost of such illegal evasion over and above the rates.

We hope we shall not be mistaken. It is not our intention to defend money lending as a profession;—we admit all that has been said against it, we admit it has a demoralizing effect on those who borrow, and smothers all noble feelings in those who lend, by teaching them to extort their heartless gain in the coolest and cruellest manner from starving poverty and distress. But admitting all this, we maintain that the profession has become a necessity and settled down into a custom, and Government interference will only do harm. Is it expected that a single enactment will in one day change the improvident habits which the people, as we have already seen, have acquired in centuries? If not, the only other means to do away with money lending at high rates would be for Government to advance money and *dhan* at smaller rates,—taking upon themselves the burdensome duty of realizing their loans from poor ryots. We hardly believe our Government are prepared to go so far, as it would involve them in endless complications and lawsuits. Then, there is simply *no* other alternative than to leave matters alope. But to return to our story from our long digression.

We have seen fields ploughed up and *Atish* sown early in *Vaisakh* (April, May) *Vaisakh* and *Jyastha* pass on, rains increase, until in *Ashadh* (June, July) the skies assume a darksome aspect and rain comes down in torrents. The rainy season in Bengal is certainly one of the most magnificent phenomena that nature

presents in any part of the world, though it fails to strike us on account of our familiarity with it. Skies are filled with deep purple clouds darkening the atmosphere with an aspect of terror and unearthly gloom, lurid flashes of lightning dazzle the eye with their uncommon brilliancy, loud booms of thunder reverberating through the wide atmosphere proclaim to an awe-struck world the wrath of Heaven, storms and cyclones of excessive might batter down huts and trees and howl and sweep across the devoted country with the fury of infernal beings, and torrents of rain such as may be witnessed in very few countries deluge fields and meadows and make rivers inundate entire districts. Miles and miles together in districts near the Sunderbunds remain under water knee-deep or waist-deep for months, and villages which are built on elevated tracts of lands appear like floating islands surrounded by wide masses of waters. It is in such districts that *Aman* grows in super abundance. The Ganges becomes extraordinarily powerful during the rainy weather, spreading her sea-like expanse over miles and miles together, and sweeping away thousands of acres and entire villages in her imperious wrath.

During this inclement weather the peasant does not remain idle. Nursed by the heavy rains the *Aûsh* shoots up rapidly, but with *Aush* also shoot up grass and weeds to choke its growth, and it is only by repeated weeding that the corn retains its health. Nor is weeding by any means a pleasant affair. Toiling in mud and mire, insensible of wind and rain, the peasant looks after his corn with the affection of a parent and is never tired of doing any thing and every thing conducive to a good harvest. Nor must we here forget to mention that it is in this season that *Aman* is sown. It is in the month of Ashadh when lands are well saturated with rain that *Aman* is sown on low lands, and with increasing rain the *dhan* shoots up with mushroom growth.* But of this hereafter.

* Some few species of *Aman* are however sown along with *Aûsh* in Vaisakh. They grow together on the same soil, and when *Aûsh* is reaped in Bhadra, *Aman* is allowed to remain standing and is reaped along with other species of *Aman* in Pous.

Ashadh passes on, and by the latter end of Sravan (July, August) the *Aush* gets ripe, and the harvest fairly sets in in Bhadra (August, September.) Rural prospects in Bhadra are by no means uninteresting. Trees and shrubs and thick groves, washed by recent showers and sparkling under the Indian sun, present a peculiarly fresh and cheerful aspect, and interminable fields of waving golden corn spread their vast sea-like expanse on every side of the rural wayfarer. And now the *Aush* harvest begins. The ryots view with joy the fields of uniform gold that stretch before their eye and begin their pleasant work at once.

Aush is reaped and gathered.—Where?—in the barn houses of the ryots?—Alas! no. The mahajans who lent their money and dhan must now be paid at a high rate of interest. If money was lent, the rate of interest is generally $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and if *dhan* was lent in Vaisakh,—half as much again (*derhi*) or a quarter as much again (*shai*) must be paid back by the end of Bhadra, and this means over hundred per cent. and over fifty per cent. respectively for the whole year. Then again the Zemindar, whose claims legal as well as illegal the ryot can hardly ever pay off in full, comes upon the poor ryot at this harvest time, and when their dues are paid or partly paid the ryot,—he who has labored in morning and in evening, in mud and in mire, in rain, wind and hail, for growing the crops,—has little left to carry home. Alas poor Bengal ryot! when will education enable thee to hold thy own against all others and make thee a prudent, provident and independent creature?

Harvest is a pleasant thing all over the world, and certainly it is not the least pleasant in Bengal. In Italy, France, and other vine producing countries the festivities at vintage gladden the villagers after their annual labor, and certainly the Hindus whose joyousness of spirit is peculiarly adapted to festivities and celebrations yield neither to the Italian nor to the French. The season too is the pleasantest in the year. The heat of summer has departed, and yet winter has not yet come in, rains have disappeared, waters have subsided or are fast subsiding, and the earth rising as

it were from a salubrious bath appears in fresher loveliness and richer green. In such a delightful season the *Aush* harvest closes with Bhadra, and *Asvin* (September, October) therefore witnesses the commencement of a series of festivities equalled in no other part of the world. A beautiful custom draws together brother and sister on the last day of the Durga Puja,—draws together parent and child, husband and wife, master and servant, friend and friend,—aye the most distant relatives to embrace and bless each other with the fulness of heart.

We have viewed the Puja as a harvest festival. It must be admitted however that at present it has very little of the character of a harvest festival, though it undoubtedly originated as such. Nor is it difficult to conjecture the causes which have led to this change. Bengal has always been pre-eminently an agricultural country, and with the exception of Government officers, almost the entire population, including shopkeepers and money lenders, traders and merchants, were intimately connected with villages and village-life, and often had acres of land of their own;—and indeed had their *homes* in villages though most of them lived in towns for the greater part of the year to conduct business. A large portion of the money therefore that accumulated in the country was often spent in villages on various occasions, and on all these occasions the ryots were allowed freely to mingle and share in the joy and festivities. Thus, though the ryots had never probably the competence to indulge in the luxury of Pujas and celebrations themselves, the fact of their freely mingling in the festivities held by the *matubbur* men in the village immediately after the harvest gave such celebrations pre-eminently the character of harvest festivals. Two causes have operated in the way of putting a stop to this state of things. The Muhammadan rulers of our country vigorously proselytized the people, till, as we now find, almost half the agriculturists and cultivators changed their religion, and with their religion gave up their ancient usages. A second and perhaps a still more potent cause will be found in the fact of the contact of this country with European civilization.

Among the many latent but important results of which this contact has been the cause,—not the least important result will be found in the increased importance with which towns are invested, and the wide gulf which has been created between towns and villages. European notions of Utility and Division of labor have caused a general rush of all well-to-do people towards towns, and a desertion of villages to the cultivators. Few will be inclined to question that this is a fact. Nine tenths of the well-to-do people who have now settled down in Calcutta and the suburbs will be able to trace, that their ancestors at no distant date were villagers, or at least had their *homes* in villages though they may have frequented towns often enough. Thus towns are in the present day daily increasing in magnitude and importance, and the wealth of the country is spent in towns. Pujas too have migrated from villages to towns along with those who are competent to celebrate them, and have almost grown into a town institution,—though even now Zemindars and other well-to-do people celebrate them in the *moffussil*. But to our story.

We have seen *Aman* sown in the month of *Ashadh*. There is a main distinction between the *Aman* and the *Aush* as regards the seasons favorable to their growth. *Aman* suffers in drought and *Aush* in years of excessive rain, and it is only in years of moderate rain fall that both crops flourish. *Aman* requires no weeding, it increases with increasing rain, but when little plants have shot up they must be transplanted. The process of transplantation is rather an arduous one, as the plants which have grown promiscuously have to be taken one by one and arranged in uniform rows so that they may grow healthily and steadily. Much rain is wanted in the season of transplanting, but when once transplanted, the *Aman* requires no more looking after. Transplantation generally takes place in *Bhadra* (August, September.)

Aswin (September, October,) and *Kartik* (October, November,) are comparatively speaking months of idleness among the peasantry, in so far at least as the rice harvests are concerned, and the *Puja* festivities which commence in *Aswin* (not among the

peasantry though,) are continued almost unremittingly throughout Kartik. By the middle of Aushran (November, December,) the *Aman* is ripe and harvest fairly sets in at the latter end of that month.

We shall not here forget to mention the temporary emigration which takes place in Pous, (December, January) year after year in Bengal. We have stated before that *Aman* grows best in inundated tracts, and the districts bordering on the Sunderbunds which are inundated year after year produce a plentiful supply of *Aman* more than the cultivators can hope to reap unaided. And as this *Aman* ripens somewhat later than *Aman* in other parts of the country, laborers from all parts can afford after reaping the *Aman* of their own villages to swarm to the Sunderbunds in large numbers with the certain hope of finding work in the *Aman* reaping time, and in this hope they are never disappointed. Thus peasants from all parts of the country crowd to these districts unmindful of malarious atmosphere, of risk, danger and death, each peasant presenting himself to the master under whom he worked in the preceding year, and returning to his own village after corn is reaped, with his fixed quantum of corn as his wages. This annual trip of thousands and tens of thousands of people to the Sunderbunds forms, it must be confessed, a curious commentary on the proceedings of the planters of Bengal. The employers of labor in the Sunderbunds have no agents, they promise no exorbitant wages, they do not provide against risk or illness, they have no dispensaries even though the field of labor is unhealthy and malarious, they do not even provide for proper accommodation for laborers; and yet laborers crowd to the Sunderbunds with alacrity in spite of stounding drawbacks. Why is it that English planters in Bengal with all their brilliant promises often fail to obtain *willing* laborers? Let each answer the question for himself.

The *Aman* harvest closes with Pous (December, January.) The *Aush* harvest, we have seen, is the cause of much rejoicing. The time of the *Aman* harvest is not so favorable to outdoor

merriment, as the cold of Pous keeps people within doors. And yet the people of Bengal recognize the joyousness of the occasion and observe an *in door* practice which certainly does not yield to the merry christmas of England in hilarity and merry-making. On the last day of Pous is held the Pous Parban or *Amani* Parban, as it is sometimes called, which means the festival of the *Aman* harvest. Families gather together in joy and observe a variety of little rites and ceremonies, but the chief part of the festival consists, even like the christmas of cold December, in a warm and hearty dinner, in the preparation and distribution of warm and delicious cake prepared from a variety of materials.

Thus ends Pous. In Magh (January and February) there is little paddy business. In Falgun (February, March) and Chaitra (March, April) many of the ryots who do not grow any other crops on their lands but rice, plough up their land for rice sowings in Vaisakh. With Chaitra closes the Bengali year.

PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA.

GRATITUDE.

"THERE is not," says Addison, "a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude." This I take to be the most charming piece of IRONY my eyes ever lighted upon in writings, grave or gay, prose or poetical. "Cruelly kind" is an instance of bold figure—very bold indeed; but "pleasingly grateful" is *sans pareil*! In these cases, as in those of PATCHES, the more violent the contrast, the more resistless the effect. It is quite possible to conceive an act, kind in itself, associated with cruelty.

"I will speak daggers to her but use none;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites."

Rank hypocrites often prove our best friends on whose seeming cruelty depend our being and prosperity. But for the feigned indignation of our parents and instructors, where and what

would we have been? I assume that *malice prepense* on the part of parents, outside bedlam, is a moral impossibility. The voice of nature cries too vehemently against the monstrosity to permit the entertainment of the supposition for a single moment. There is a secret wire that flashes the sensations of youths to the innermost souls of those who gave them birth. Whatever grieves the child grieves the mother. To inflict pain on her own offspring is to inflict pain on herself. If then she wounds at all, she wounds but to cure. Would, we could predicate the same of school-masters, as a body, without perjuring ourselves or exciting the risible faculties of our readers! We know, to our bitter cost, that most of these titular deities are as sad misnomers as are *Gooroos* themselves, the one efficiently finishing the work of destruction which the other began. *Par noble fratrum!* Equally void of sympathy, equally void of discretion, equally void of experience, the heroes of the birch pretend to lash into the pates of tender youths, what they themselves never learnt, by a Procrustean system of suiting intellects of different sizes to the same stereotyped programme with mutilations more inhuman than those resorted to by the contriver of the iron bed, conjointly accomplishing within a short decade the complete ruin of the wards, and blasting for ever the golden dreams of the guardians. The old woman in the story, seeing that the Dewan fells no wood and draws no water, believed his office to be a sinecure, and complacently jumped into the conclusion that her spoiled child, if fit for nothing else, would make a capital Dewan at any rate! Our old women, in breeches and top-boots, seem to run away with a notion similar to that of the philosophic matron in question. Any body and every body can successfully play the pedagogue, from the itinerant fiddler even unto the cook! The only qualification necessary being, as a late humourist felicitously expressed himself, the tact of sitting *garam* in the chair! *Garam* these worthies white, black or blue, are with a vengeance, and that, in more senses than one, as our urchins counting more marks than years on their backs abundantly testify. Small wonder then that tutored by this motley crew of

ragamuffins, passing giddy with thirty pounds a year, our INCORRIGIBLES, alike blunt in flesh and feeling, are simultaneously matriculated in the Calcutta and Bordeaux universities, leviathans quite invulnerable to coaxing or thrashing from friends or foes.—

“He that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence ;
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.”

But to the subject, —cruelty is not incompatible with kindness nor is pleasure with grief. Most people know, for alas ! how few escape the poisoned darts of the fell archer, who, true to his infernal resolve, is ever busy in perverting the benevolent ends of kind Providence by rudely tearing away from the bosom of the happy family the venerable sire, whose vast erudition and matured understanding always proved a rock of strength to the juvenile members, otherwise hopelessly lost in the meshes of worldly entanglements, the woeful inheritance of weak humanity. Or it may be the little baby, who, yet ignorant of the dread destiny, bewildered and astounded by the ill-understood virulence of the mortal fit, in vain resorts to its wonted defence, the cry, that has hitherto never failed to bring succour within reach. Oh ! what succour can avail when grim Death holds the victim within his giant grasp, chuckling over the rich repast, and enjoying the tremendous crash of hopes piled over hopes on this fragile foundation by the fond couple whom Immortality itself could not guarantee the realization of the smallest fraction. Or worse still, it may be the mother of the child ! That fairy form, to whose benign smile of approbation ever ticked the touched needle of his soul. Nothing pleasure he held but what was shared by her ; nothing pain, on which she poured the balm of her heart-felt sympathy. She was the buoy which kept his sole craft of comfort afloat. Snapped is the hawser, and wrecked his argosy, buried, buried, fifty fathoms deep below the icy brine, leaving him an insolvent, with assets of ease absolute *nil* ! Vacant, by the fire-side, is her seat ; vacant around the festive board ; dreary

and lonesome is the homestead. She is dead and with her is dead the whole world, yea as dead as Death itself ! I say most people know, how dearly at moments like these, the bereaved soul would purchase an hour's respite from the din and bustle of business, from the empty forms and formularies of convention, from the vanities of human life so recently, ah ! so emphatically, pointed out by the finger of Fate ; and, burying himself within the innermost recess of a hermit's cell, uninterrupted, enjoy the luxury of grief ! Anxiously recall to mind every feature, every gesture, every dimple that betokened the flash of her pearly teeth ! Snatch the angel from the past and revel in the honey of her company ! Condolence is impertinent mockery to him, and ceremony is worm-wood to his lacerated heart which bleeds anew at every set phrase cooked up for the occasion, and abominates tears screwed out by effort. What is the world to him or he to the world ? Why should he plod in the jog-trot groove of the social orbit, and continue to grin when others grin for mere grinning's sake ? The centripetal force that confined him so long to the restrained course has ceased to operate and now he "can fly" or he "can run" though Heaven knows ! his task is far, far from being "smoothly done !"

Nature, they say, abhors a vacuum. Whether she does or does not I cannot tell, as the coquettish Dame never vouchsafed to open the least bit of her mind to me. How other chaps have managed to discover on which day of July she is to shut up shop, and perform Suttée with the *Koolin* comet whom the astute *Dai-bagga*, in the land of the Philistines, evesdropped, on the tops of the Neelghirries to catch imprinting a pretty lusty kiss on her right cheek, must ever remain to me a perfect mystery. This much at any rate is certain :—that one thing cannot hate another with greater sincerity than that with which the human mind abhors pain.

"Pain, thou sole perfect thing to earth assign'd,
The body take, but spare, oh spare the mind.
Wreck'd on thy rocks, or on thy billows tost,
Oh, save the compass, though the bark be lost" !

Shade of Epicurus! Once more revisit this sphere of fun and folly, and witness the triumph of thy philosophy, in spite of the host of unscrupulous detractors, who, disgracefully beaten over and over again off the legitimate field of discussion, had recourse to the nasty trick of cowards, and attempted to stifle by scandal what they failed to put down by argument. Witness how modern Catos have taken to ventilated sola hats, and modern Didos have ceased to pinch themselves to death by cramming their muscular amazon feet within the narrow dimensions of kid skin boots imported from Lilliput. Witness how bullocks have been exempted from running like "race horse," and how dogs and "lady dogs" have been taught to die like saints without a groan! Drawing one's own entrails, however, like so many yards of red tape in the Circumlocution office, or mounting the ignited pyre, is nothing in comparison to the acute pain caused by humiliation. But for the direct evidence to the contrary, one would feel disposed to trace the origin of man to Lucifer. Lucifer lineaments are visibly stamped on his mind. He will stand any amount of scratching out side, but forthwith shows fight the moment an attempt is made to push the nail deeper. Neither inoculation nor vaccination protects the man from the infection of sensibility. Office, rank, education all succumb under its galvanic influence. Touch the secret string and Milton forgets his poetry, and the egotistic, opinionative, self-sufficient, pedantic, redundant, Samuel Johnson LL. D. bellows like a mad bull, and bolts out of the mansion to which he was led by his own interest! The fact is, justly or unjustly, each man places himself on a certain pedestal from which he will not be kicked off without a tooth and nail struggle. In other words we cannot afford to be snubbed, and nothing so successfully snubs as the sense of the so-called gratitude! Like BEERBUL's cat it ever cripples the growth and stints the enjoyments of the fated wretch who, "once on a time," had the misfortune to accept a favor from his neighbour. Like the contagion of the 14th Act disease, gratitude runs through the veins of the recipient, and contaminates the life blood of unborn generations. Can any thing

more harassing be conceived than the stone of Sisyphus transmitted from father to son through time without end? Granted some acknowledgement is due on the part of the man helped out of embarrassments, will nothing square the accounts between the parties concerned in this fowl transaction? Will not mountains of gold cancel the obligation, and blot out the stain from the pages of memory? While every thing else on earth is transient, will gratitude alone be endless and everlasting, though the acknowledgement of it, in all shapes, and under all circumstances, must naturally and necessarily be peculiarly distasteful to spirits not crushed by anachronic custom? Will enfranchised youth pay heed to the denunciations of loquacious dotage, and certify that wisdom which is the very quintessence of folly and absurdity? Is the brand of infamy to be cherished as an heir-loom by posterity?—

“Woe to him whose daring hand profanes

The honored heirlooms of his ancestors.”

Thrice woe, I say, to that slave of prejudice who would belie his nature and hug the pageant of a myth for a deservedly forgotten ancestor. He who succeeds to an estate may be supposed to succeed to its liabilities; but he who inherits no property inherits no obligation. The Debit and Credit side of the gratitude account-current must close with the close of the Caterpillar pauper career. Natural laws of limitation will not recognise it as open to the prejudice of glittering Butterflies, who can ill afford to encumber their overburdened memories with such antiquated associations.

High on a gorgeous seat that far out-shone
 Tagrag's brass chain, or Bobtail's borrow'd stone,
 Or that where on her Swells the public pours,
 All-bounteous, sawder soft and windsor showers
 Great FUNGUS sits

All glorious! Around him sit a galaxy of grandees of high and low degree. Developed into the full sized Barrak Baboo by the abundance of Commissariat ghee, he reigns supreme within the sacred hallow of official dignity at a safe distance from home, and

benignly doles out to his unsuspecting satellites measured smiles more sincerely coveted by all than was ever gold coveted by a miser. Genuine patrician looks beam forth from his radiant face when he deigns to drop a patronising word or two on this or that lucky wight whose rare good fortune continues the staple talk of the whole Cantonement for an entire fortnight. His mind is eternal sun shine ! without a single speck to bedim the lustre of the firmament from one end to the other, save and except, when, at distant intervals, the Dak peon hands over a crippled "Bearing" message in hieroglyphics. On occasions like these, an ominous dark spot, very small, smaller than a mathematical point, is visible above the brilliant horizon ; but the recurring cyclone of gaities soon blows it off, leaving an impression no deeper than that of foot print on drifting sand. Durbars by day, and corousals by night, constitute the "grammar" of his life ; but present preparations are unusually grand. It is the birth night of *Mundarjan*, his favourite mahomedan mistress. Who will describe the decorations of the spacious gilded hall, the magnificence of leveried servants, the blaze of aristocratic guests, or the fascinations of the dancing girl, the train of her golden *Peshoes* sweeping behind her slender form that, with airy steps, oscillates in the centre, now softly waving the delicate coloured palm, now archly drawing the thin veil, of Benares texture, over half her large black eye, which, from underneath the eclipse, flashes permanent lightening, while her syren voice cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war ! Fungus is half liquid ! When lo and behold ! his voluptuous eyes encounter two others twinkling over a bag of bones, that, by some sort of miracle still retains the power of locomotion, and sensibility enough to wind round the waist which an infant could span, a few inches of linen unacquainted with any laundry in any part of the globe ! Slowly but steadily moves the spectre, and plants itself close to the *musnud* ! Petrified stand the armed guard, and wonder holds the proud assembly mute. All eyes are fixed on the apparition, all lips are hermetically sealed. A pin-drop silence prevails, which is ultimately broken by the

beseeching enquiry of a distinguished guest. Choked with—"pleasing gratitude" eh!—a voice at last faintly replies, "Y-o-s, the old man was once my Friend! Incensed, beyond measure, the father—for it was he—who undertook a journey on foot to Kaiafoo, to see, if an interview would move his son what repeated messages failed to effect, and save him and his pauper wife from starvation, can contain no longer. "Beg pardon moharajah!" the old man groaned, not your friend but the friend of your Mother! Picture to yourself gentle Reader! the scene that ensues, and then bury GRATITUDE in the tombs of the Capulets now and for ever!

"I can bear scorpion's stings, tread fields of fire,
In frozen gulf of cold eternal lie,
Be toss'd aloft through tracts of endless void—
But cannot live in shame."

THE ANNADAMANGALA OF BHARAT CHANDRA.

In a late issue of this Magazine we gave a brief account of the life of Bhárat Chandra Ráya; and as it is desirable that the biographical account of the poet should be supplemented by a critical notice of his writings, we propose briefly to review his poems, in the order they were written.

We skip over the poet's juvenile production, the *Song of Satyanarayan*, which is of little poetical merit. As a narrative piece, however, it has considerable merit. The poem that next demands notice is the *Annadámangala*,* to the consideration of which we shall confine ourselves in the present paper.

The poem opens, as most poems in Bengali do, with prayers to certain deities of the Hindu Pantheon. Of these that to Ganesa seems to us the best. We here quote a few lines:

হেলে শুঁড় বাড়াইয়া,
সংসার সমুদ্রে পিয়া,
খেলাছিলে করহ প্রলয়।

* It is worthy of note that the whole of the three poems, *Annadámangala*, *Vidyásundar* and *Mánsinha*, are also called the *Annadamangala*.

ফুৎকারে করিয়া হুফি,
পুনঃ কর বিশ্ব হুফি,
ভাল খেল। খেল দয়াময়॥

Here we catch a glimpse of the notion which the Hindus have of the Deluge.

The occasion of the Poem is next described. Facts and myths are beautifully interwoven in this part of the poem. Serferaz Khan, on the death of his father Suja-ood-deen, succeeds to the Viceroyalty of Bengal, Behar and Orissa. Ali Verdy Khan, Governor of Behar, soon wrests the sceptre from him. Murshed Kuli Khan, of Orissa, rebels, but is put down and expelled the country. Ali Verdy appoints his nephew Syud Ahmed* to the governorship of the Province. He proves a weak ruler. One Murad Bakhir usurps the power, and puts Syud Ahmed in irons. Ali Verdy Khan marches against the usurper, whom he totally defeats in a battle. A new Governor is placed over the Province.

About this time, the redoubtable Máhráthá general, Bháskar Pandit, with his fierce hordes, enters Bengal and devastates the country. This invasion of the Máhráthás is very poetically connected with the affairs in Orissa just described. Says the poet:—

উত্তরিল কটকে হইয়া ত্রাপার ।
যুদ্ধে হারি পলাইল মুরাদ বাখর ॥
ভাইপো সৌলদ জঙ্গে থালাস করিয়া ।
উড়িয়া করিল ছার লুটিয়া পুড়িয়া ॥
বিস্তর লক্ষুর সঙ্গে অতিশয় ভুম ।
আসিয়া ভুবনেশ্বরে করিলেক ধুম ॥
ভুবনে ভুবনেশ্বর মহেশের স্থান ।
দুর্গা সহ শিবের সর্বদা অধিষ্ঠান ॥
ভুরাভা মোগল তাহে দৌরাভা করিল ।
দেখিয়া নন্দির মনে ক্রোধ উপজিল ॥
মারিতে লইয়া হাতে শ্রলয়ের শূল ।
করিল যবন সব সমূল নির্মূল ॥
নিষেধ করিল শিব ত্রিশূল মারিতে ।
বিস্তর হইবে নষ্ট একেরে বধিতে ॥

* He is called Soulad Jung by the Poet.

অকালে প্রলয় হৈল কি কর কি কর ।
 না ছাড় সংহার শল সংহর সংহর ॥
 আছয়ে বর্গির রাজা গড় সেতারায় ।
 আমার ভকত বড় স্বপ্ন কহ তায় ॥
 সেই আসি যবনের করিবে দমন ।
 শুনি নন্দি তারে গিয়া কহিল স্বপন ॥
 স্বপ্ন দেখি বর্গি রাজ হইল ক্রোধিত ।
 পাঠাইল রঘুরাজ ভাস্কর পণ্ডিত ॥

Rájá Krishna Chandra Ráya of Nadiyá gets into trouble in connection with the Máhráthá raids. The poet, it must be observed, is not explicit on this point. The cause of the Rájá's trouble is not clearly stated : it is indistinctly hinted at, not explained. But let that pass. The Rájá is imprisoned at Murshidábád, besides being fined in a very heavy sum. A votary of Durgá, he sends up prayers to the goddess for his speedy release from confinement. She appears to him in a dream ; solaces him with the assurances of speedy release ; and commands him to celebrate a grand feast in honor of her. The goddess, at the same time, inspires the poet to compose a poem celebrating her attributes, which is to be recited or sung on the occasion of the feast. The Rájá is liberated ; returns to his capital ; and makes a great feast in honor of Durga in her character of Annapurná. The poem we are reviewing is written and sung every morning and evening during the feast.*

* The writer of the article " Popular Literature of Bengal " in the *Calcutta Review*, No. 26, thus speaks of the origin of the feast :—

Not many years after the great inundation of 1739, and the devastation of Bengal by the Mahratta hordes under Bhaskar Pandit, the Raja, on some particular occasion, made a great feast, somewhat similar, in its pretensions, to that of Ahasuerus which is described at the commencement of the book of Esther.

* * * * *

Bharat Chandra appears to have been a Votary of Durga, to whom, in the work under consideration, he gave, the epithet of Annada, the giver of food, alluding to the distress and famine, from which the country had lately been delivered in his opinion through the favor of that goddess. The term 'Mangal' is another of her titles.

In the *Life of Raja Krishna Chandra Raya* by Rajib Lochan Mukhopadhyaya, there is no allusion either to the confinement of the Raja or the feast here spoken of ; but mention is made of a double feast called *Agnihota* and *Bazpaye* which was celebrated, on a very grand scale, at Krishnanagar, for some days successively.

The story of the Poem is a tale from the national mythology. In the beginning all was water. The Impersonations of the three Gunas, composing the Hindu Trinity, are seated on the vast expanse locked in deep meditation. Māyá, the creative energy, in the form of a corpse, first approaches Brahma, who shuns her in disgust; she then goes to Vishnu, who gives her no better reception. The body next floats down to Siva, who takes hold of, and sits upon, it. The union of Siva and Māya produces the world. This reminds us of the famous lines in Milton :

“——Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty
wings outspread
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the
Vast abyss.
And mad'st it pregnant——”

This primeval union ceases, on the accomplishment of its object, but it again takes place. Maya is born as daughter of Daksha, and is named Sati. She is reunited by marriage to Siva. Daksha, however, hates Siva for his vagrant habits. He makes a great feast, to which he invites all the gods and goddesses, except Siva, who resents the insult. Sati is anxious to go to witness the ceremony; but her lord sets his face against her going: she at last wrings from him permission to go to the feast.* Daksha speaks ill of Siva, which the faithful Sati takes to heart and dies. This excites the wrath of Siva, who vows revenge. Accordingly,

“——He with his horrid crew”

goes to the scene of the feast, and kills Daksha. Daksha, however, through the intercession of Brahma and Vishnu, is revived, but in a disfigured form. Siva seizes the lifeless body of Sati, and, as he is loth to part with it, Vishnu, with his

* Sati on this occasion, appears, successively, before her consort in ten different forms. It was in her terrific form of Kali that she awes him into compliance with her wishes. These ten forms of Sati are spoken of as ten Mahavidyas in the Tantras.

chakra or disc, cuts it into fifty three parts, which, being scattered about, fall over as many places, that thus become sacred.

A voice from heaven informs the gods that Maya is again born as daughter of Himalaya, and is named Uma. Narada settles a match between Siva and Uma. Siva at this time is absorbed in deep meditation, from which Kama (Cupid) rouses him. Kama is reduced to ashes by the wrathful Siva looking at him. The familiar story of Kama and Rati is introduced here as an episode. Siva is married to Uma ; and the happy couple repair to Kailasa. But the flow of matrimonial happiness is interrupted by a rupture between them. Siva leaves home in disgust : but, failing to obtain food, returns home hungry, when Uma gives him a hearty meal. From this circumstance she gets her title of Annapurna.

Siva then founds a place of worship, which he calls Kasi and pronounces to be a place of great religious merit. Siva, with his consort Annapurna, comes and resides here.

Vyasa preaches the superiority of Vishnu over Siva, who expels the recusant from Kasi. The great Apostle of Vaishnavism,

“——not content with such
Audacious neighbourhood——”

resolves

“——To build.

His temple right against the temple of god”
that is, a place of worship of equal merit with Kasi. But he is foiled in his design by an artifice on the part of Annapurna.*

Annapurna desires to extend her worship among mortals, and effects her desire in this wise : Basundar, servant of Kuvera, neglects his appointed duty of gathering flowers for the worship of Annapurna, for which he is condemned to be born among mortals. He is born of very poor parents residing at Bargachi, in Pargana Baguan, and is named Harihar. Harihar worships

* It is supposed, not without reason, that the poet, in the story of Vyasa, ridicules the efforts of Chaitanya to introduce a new form of faith among the people of Bengal.

Annapura with sincere devotion, and prospers in life under her auspices. But he at last forfeits the favor of the goddess, who, annoyed by the constant broils in the family, leaves it, and goes over to the house of a new favorite residing at Andul, also in Pargana Baguan.—Bhavananda Mazumdar, the ancestor, of the far famed Raja Krishna Chandra Raya of Nadiya. Bhavananda attains to immense prosperity through the favor of the goddess. Such is the story of the poem.

We now enter into a discussion of the poetical merits of the Poem. It is impossible, in a short *magazine* article, to attempt a minute examination of a poem like the *Annadamangala*. We shall, therefore, take a general view of it, quoting at times passages in illustration of our remarks. Now, to begin with the Beginning of all things. The notion of a Supreme Being is impressively inculcated in the following :—

অচক্ষু সর্বত্র চান অকর্ণ শুনিতে পান
অপান সর্বত্র গতাগতি ।
কর বিনা বিশ্ব গড়ি মুখ বিনা বেদ পড়ি
সবে দেন কুহতি সুমতি ॥

But the idea is not the poet's own. He seems to have drawn it from the well-known Sanskrit verse, which we quote :—

অপানিপাদেঁ যবনোগৃহীতা
পশ্যত্যচক্ষুঃ সশৃণোত্যকর্ণঃ ।
সবে ত্রি বিশ্বং নচতস্য বেত্তা
তমাত্র গ্রং পুরুষং মহাস্থং ॥

Tested by the Sanskrit canons of criticism, the poem under examination is not found deficient in some of the chief essentials of poetry. One of these essentials is *রস* or *sentiment*, which is said to be the soul of poetry. Sentiment is divided into *শৃঙ্গার* *sringara* (Love); *করুণা* *karuna* (Pity); *বীর* *vira* (Heroic); *হাস্য* *hasya* (Laughter); *অদ্ভুত* *adbhuta* (Marvellous); *ভয়ানক* *bhayanaka* (Terrible); *রোদ্র* *raudra* (Anger); *বীভৎস* *vibhatsa*, (Disgust); and *শাস্তি*, *śānti*, (Veneration.) Instances of one or other of these sentiments are common in the poem. The poet had a keen sense of the *Terrible*, of which the following is a notable illustration. Siva

with his myrmidons, goes to the house of Daksha ; puts a stop to his ceremoney; and then kills him :—

ভূতনাথ ভূতসাথ দক্ষযজ্ঞ নাশিছে ।
 যক্ষ রক্ষ লক্ষ লক্ষ অট্ট অট্ট হাসিছে ॥
 প্রেত ভাগ সানুরাগ বাম্পা বাম্পা বাঁপিছে ।
 ঘোর রোল গণ্ডগোল চৌদ্রলোক কাঁপিছে ॥
 সৈন্য সূত মস্তপুত দক্ষ দেয় আহুতি ।
 জন্মি তায় সৈন্য ধায় অশ্ব চালি মাহুতি ॥
 বৈরিপক্ষ যক্ষ রক্ষ কদ্রবর্গ ডাকিয়া ।
 যাও যাও ছাঁদিখাও দক্ষ দেয় হাঁকিয়া ॥
 সে সভায় আত্ম গায় কদ্র দেন নিরুত্তি ।
 দক্ষরাজ পায় লাজ আর নাহি নিহুতি ॥
 কদ্র দূত ধায় ভূত নন্দি ভুজি সজ্জিয়া ।
 ঘোবশ মুক্ত কেশ যুদ্ধ রজ্জ রজ্জিয়া ॥

* * * * *

মার মার ঘের ঘার হান হান হাঁকিছে ।
 ছপ ছাপ ছপ দাপ আশ পাশ বাঁকিছে ॥
 অট্ট অট্ট ঘট ঘট ঘোর হাস হাসিছে ।
 হুম হাম খুম খাম ভীমশব্দ ভাষিছে ॥
 উর্দ্ধবাহু যেন রাহ চন্দ্র সূর্য্য পাড়িছে ।
 লম্পা বাম্পা ভূমি কম্পা নাগ কূর্ম্ম লাড়িছে ॥
 অগ্নি জালি সর্পি চালি দক্ষ দেহ পুড়িছে ॥
 ভস্ম শেষ হৈল দেশ রেণু রেণু উড়িছে ॥
 হাস্য তুণ্ড যজ্ঞ কুণ্ড পূরি পূরি মুতিছে ।
 পাদ ঘায় ঠায় ঠায় অশ্ব হস্তি পুঁতিছে ॥
 রাজা খণ্ড লণ্ড ভণ্ড বিম্বলিঙ্গ ছুটিছে ।
 হল যুল কুল কুল ব্রহ্ম ডিম্ব ফুটিছে ॥
 মৌন তুণ্ড হেট মুণ্ড দক্ষ মৃত্যু জানিছে ।
 কেহ ধায় মুক্তি ঘায় মুণ্ড ছিণ্ডি আনিছে ॥
 মৈল দক্ষ ভূত যক্ষ সিংহনাদ ছাড়িছে ।
 ভারতের ভুণ্ডকের ছন্দ বন্দ বাড়িছে ॥

The passage is no less remarkable for *Imitative Harmony*.

Of রৌদ্ররস *raudrarasa* or the sentiment of anger, we quote an instance. The irate Siva destroys Kama for waking him from his meditation :—

দেখি পুষ্প শরে ক্রোধ হৈল হরে
 অটল অটল টলে ।
 ললাট লোচন হৈতে ছত্ৰাশন
 ধক ধক ধক ডলে ॥
 মদন পলায় পিছে অগ্নি ধায়
 ত্রিভুবন পরকাশি ।
 চৌদিকে বেড়িয়া মদনে পুড়িয়া
 করিল ভস্মের রাশি ॥

The description of that blissful spot—Kailasa—is exquisitely sweet. Charity, love and peace, that reign there, are beautifully described. We transcribe a passage from the same :—

তরু নানা জাতি লতা নানা ভাতি
 ফলে ফুলে বিকশিত ।
 বিবিধ বিহঙ্গ বিবিধ ভুজঙ্গ
 নানা পশু সুশোভিত ॥
 অতি উচ্চতরে শিখরে শিখায়
 সিংহ সিংহনাদ করে ।
 কোকিল ছক্কারে ভ্রমর ঝঙ্কারে
 মুনীর মানস হরে ॥
 হৃগ পালে পাল শার্দূল রাখাল
 কেশরী হস্তি রাখাল ।
 নয়র ভুজঙ্গে ক্রীড়া করে বজ্র
 ইন্দুরে পোষে বিড়াল ॥
 সবে পিয়ে সুখ নাহি তৃষ্ণা কুখ
 কেহ না হিংসয়ে কারে ।
 যে যার ভক্ষক সে তার রক্ষক
 সার অসার সংসারে ॥
 সম ধর্ম্মাধর্ম্ম সম কর্ম্মাকর্ম্ম
 শত্রু মিত্র সমতুল ।
 জরা মৃত্যু নাই অপরাপ ঠাই
 কেবল সুখের মূল ॥

Pope, in his *Messiah*, has very nearly the same sentiments expressed in as felicitous a manner, which he borrows from the Bible :—

“On rifted rocks, the Dragon’s late abodes,
 The green reed trembles and the bulrush nods :
 Waste sandy valleys once perplexed with thorn,

The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
 To leafless shrubs, the flowery palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead :
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play."

The two passages are so nearly alike in thought that plagiarism on the part of the Bengal Poet would be suspected, if it were not, for obvious reasons, impossible.

The well-told story of Annapurna visiting Vyasa in the disguise of a poor dirty decrepid woman is an instance of *বীভৎস* (*ribhatsu-rasa*) or the sentiment of disgust. But the passage too long to quote.

One of the chief qualifications of a true poet is his ability to portray human nature with truthfulness. Bharat Chandra possessed this qualification in an eminent degree. His portraits of female character especially are admirable : girlish naivete is well drawn in the following. The divine match-maker, Narada, goes to Himalaya with proposals for marriage between Uma and Siva. He finds the young Uma at play with her comrades, and acquaints her, in his wonted playful manner, with the nature of his errand. The simple-hearted maid goes to her mother and informs her of the arrival of the stranger :

আল্যা করি কোলে বসি ছেঁদে ধরি গলে
 ওমা ওমা বলি উমা কথা কন ছলে ॥
 সখী মেলি খেলিছু বাহির বাড়ি গিয়া ।
 ধূলি ঘরে দিতে ছিঁছু পুতুলের বিয়া ॥
 কোথা হৈতে বুড়া এক ডোকরা বামন ।
 প্রণাম করিল মোরে এ কি অলক্ষণ ॥
 নিবেধ করিছু তারে প্রণাম করিতে ।

কত কথা কহে বুড়া না পারি কহিতে ॥

ছুটা লাউ বান্ধা কান্ধে কাট এক খাম ।

বাজাইয়া নাচিয়া নাচিয়া করে গান ॥

ভাবে বুঝি সে বামুন বড় কন্দলিয়া ।

দেখিবে যদ্যপি চল বাপারে লইয়া ॥

Want of space precludes our giving more specimens of human nature truthfully depicted.

The poet possessed considerable powers of description. His description of the ten forms of Sati before spoken of is splendid. We must quote the passage though long. Here it is :—

যত কন সতী শিব না দেন আদেশ ।

ক্রোবে সতী হৈলা কালী ভয়ঙ্কর বেশ ॥

মুক্তকেশী মহামেঘ বরণা দন্তরা ।

শবারুঢ়া করকাঞ্চী শববর্গ পূরা ॥

গলিত কধির ধারা মুণ্ডমালা গলে ।

গলিত কধির মুণ্ড বামকর তলে ॥

আর বাম করেতে রূপাণ খরশাণ ।

ছুই ভুজ দক্ষিণে অভয় বরদান ॥

লোল জিহ্বা রক্ত ধারা মুখের দুপাশে ।

ত্রিনয়ন অর্দ্ধচন্দ্র ললাটে বিলাসে ॥

দেখি ভয়ে মহাদেব ফিরাইল মুখ ।

তারারূপ ধরি সতী হইল সম্মুখ ॥

নীল বর্ণা লোল জিহ্বা করাল বদনা ।

সর্প বান্ধা উর্দ্ধ এক জটা বিভূষণ ॥

অর্দ্ধচন্দ্র পাঁচ থানি শোণিত কপাল ।

ত্রিনয়ন লব্ধোদর পরা বাঘ ছাল ॥

নীলপদ্ম খড়্গা কাতি সমুণ্ড খর্পর ।

চারি হাতে শোভে আটোহণ শিবোপর ॥

দেখে ভয়ে পলাইতে চান পশুপতি ।

রাজ রাজেশ্বরী হয়ে দেখা দিলা সতী ॥

রক্তবর্ণা ত্রিনয়না ভালে সুধাকর ।

চারি হাতে শোভে পাশাকুশ ধনুঃস্বর ॥

বিধিবিধু ঈশ্বর মহেশ কদ্র পঞ্চ ।

পঞ্চপ্রেত নিয়মিত বসিবার মঞ্চ ॥

দেখিয়া শঙ্কর ভয়ে মুখ ফিরাইল ।

হইয়া ভুবনেশ্বরী সতী দেখা দিলা ॥

রক্তবর্ণা সুভূষণ আসন অম্বুজ ।

পাশাকুশ বরা ভয়ে শোভে চারি ভুজ ॥
 ত্রিনয়ন অর্দ্ধচন্দ্র ললাট উজ্জ্বল ।
 মণিময় নানা অলঙ্কার ঝলমল ॥
 দেখি ভয়ে মহাদেব গেলা এক ভিতে ।
 ভৈরবী হইয়া সতী লাগিলা হাসিতে ॥
 রক্তবর্ণ চতুর্ভুজা কমল আসনা ।
 মুণ্ডমালা গলে নানা ভূষণ ভূষণ ॥
 অক্ষমালা পুখী বরা ভয় চারি কর ।
 ত্রিনয়ন অর্দ্ধচন্দ্র ললাট উপর ॥
 দেখি ভয়ে বিশ্বনাথ হইলা কম্পিত ।
 ছিন্ন মস্তা হৈলা সতী অতি বিপরীত ॥
 বিকসিত পুণ্ডরীক কর্ণিকার মাজে ।
 তিন গুণে ত্রিকোণ মণ্ডল ভাল সাজে ॥
 বিপরীত রতেরত রতি কামোপরি ।
 কোকনদ বরণা দ্বিভুজা দিগামুরী ॥
 নাগযজ্ঞোপবীত মুণ্ডাঙ্ঘ্রি মালা গলে ।
 খড়্গ কাটি নিজ মুণ্ড ধরি করতলে ॥
 কণ্ঠ হৈতে ঋধির উঠেছে তিন ধার ।
 এক ধার নিজ মুখে করেন আহ্বার ॥
 দুই দিগে দুই সখী ডাকিনী বর্ণিনী ।
 দুই ধায় পিয়ে তারা শব আরোহিনী ॥
 চন্দ্র সূর্য্য অনল শোভিত ত্রিনয়ন ।
 অর্দ্ধচন্দ্র কপাল ফলকে সুরশোভন ॥
 দেখি ভয়ে ত্রিলোচন মুদিল লোচন ।
 ধূমাবতী হয়ে সতী দিলা দরশন ॥
 অতি রুদ্ধ বিধবা বাতাসে দোলেন্তন ।
 কাকধ্বজ রথী রুঢ়া ধূমের বরণ ॥
 বিস্তার বদনা রুশা ক্ষুধায় আকুলা ।
 এক হস্ত কম্পমান আর হস্তে কুলা ॥
 ধূমাবতী হেরী হর সভয় হইলা ।
 হইয়া বগল মুখী সতী দেখা দিলা ॥
 রত্নগৃহে রত্ন সিংহাসন মধ্যে স্থিতা ।
 পীতবর্ণা পীতবস্ত্রাভরণ ভূষিতা ॥
 এক হস্তে এক অমুরের জিহবা ধরি ।
 আর হস্তে মুদার ধরিয়া উর্দ্ধে করি ॥
 চন্দ্র সূর্য্য অনল উজ্জ্বল ত্রিনয়ন ।
 ললাট মণ্ডলে চন্দ্রখণ্ড সুরশোভন ॥

ক্ষুধি ভরে ভোলানাথ যান পলাইয়া ।
 পথ আগুলিলা সতী মাতঙ্গী হইয়া ॥
 রত্ন পদ্মাসনা শ্যামা রক্তবস্ত্র পরি ।
 চতুর্ভুজ খড়্গ চর্ম পাশাকুশ ধরি ॥
 ত্রিলোচনা অর্দ্ধচন্দ্র কপাল ফলকে ।
 চমকিত বিশ্ব বিশ্বনাথের চমকে ॥
 মহাভয়ে মহাদেব হৈলা কম্পমান ।
 মহালক্ষ্মী রূপে সতী কৈলা অধিষ্ঠান ॥
 সুসর্ণ সুবর্ণ বর্ণ আসন অমূল্য ।
 দুই পদ্ম বরা ভয়ে শোভে চারি ভুজ ॥
 চতুর্দন্ত চারি শ্বেত বারণ হরিষে ।
 রত্ন ঘটে অভিষেকে অমৃত বরিষে ॥
 ভারত কহিছে মাগো এই দশ রূপে ।
 দশ দিগে রক্ষাকর কৃষ্ণচন্দ্র ভূপে ॥

We agree with a critic* in considering this the best passage in the whole poem. Indeed, such descriptive passages are to be looked for in vain in the writings of any other poet of Bengal.

We cannot better conclude our extracts, and, indeed, this paper, than by quoting what we consider to be a gem of poetry. The poet thus panegy-rises his patron, the Raya of Nadiya :

চন্দ্রে সবে ষোল কলা হাস রুদ্ধি তায় ।
 কৃষ্ণচন্দ্র পরিপূর্ণ চৌষাট্টি কলায় ।
 পদ্মিনী মুদয়ে আঁখি চন্দ্রে দেখিলে ।
 কৃষ্ণচন্দ্রে দেখিতে পদ্মিনী আঁখি মিলে ॥
 চন্দ্রের হৃদয়ে কালী কলঙ্ক কেবল ।
 কৃষ্ণচন্দ্রে হৃদে কালী সর্বদা উজ্জ্বল ॥
 দুই পক্ষ চন্দ্রের অসিত সিত হয় ।
 কৃষ্ণচন্দ্রে দুই পক্ষ সদা জ্যোৎস্নায় ॥

We will notice the other poems of Bharat Chandra in a future paper.

SARADA PRASAD DE.

* See the *Halishahar Bazar* for Ashvin 1279. p. 344.

